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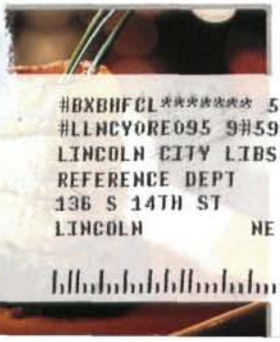

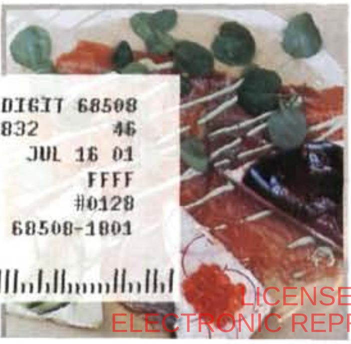

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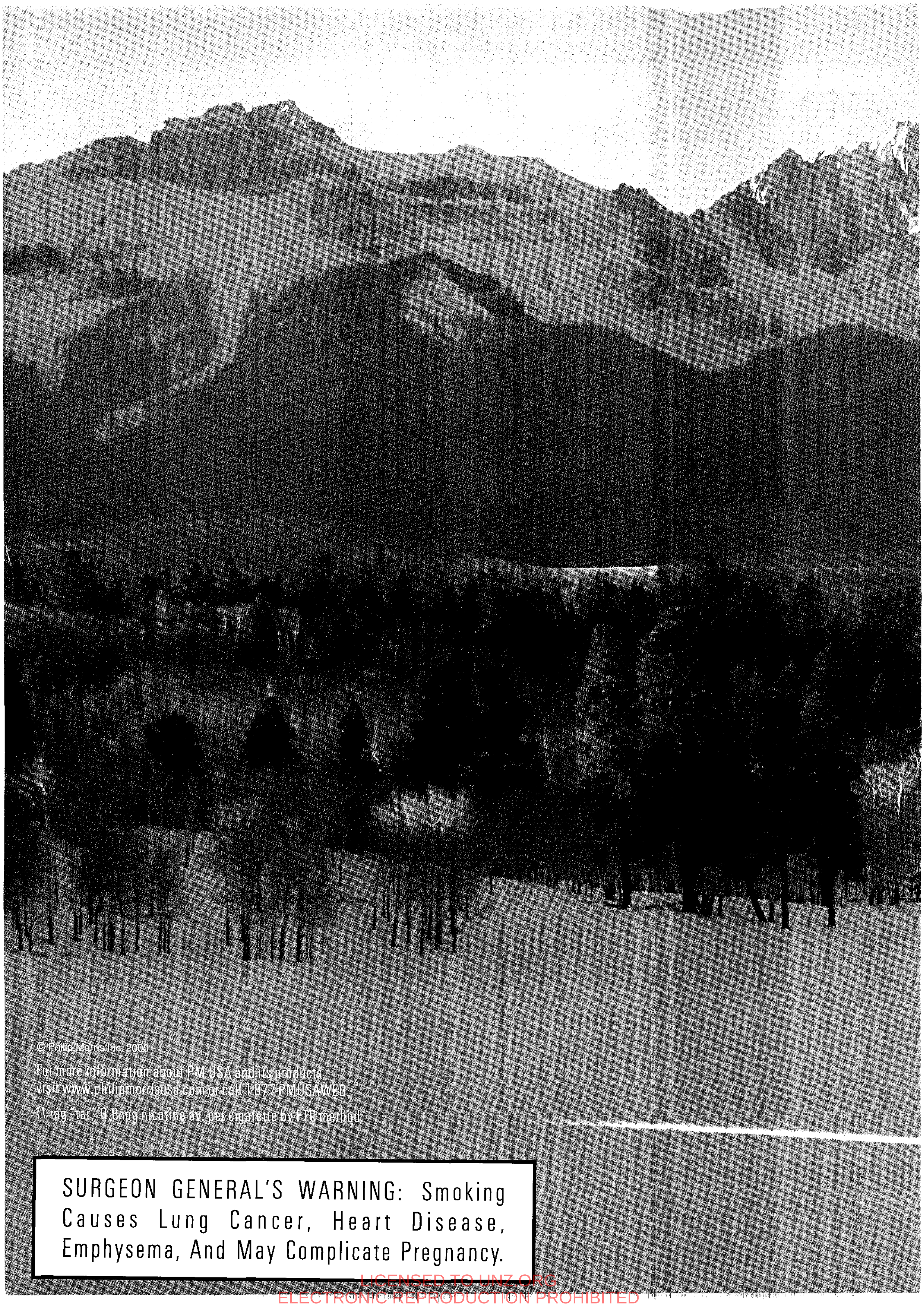

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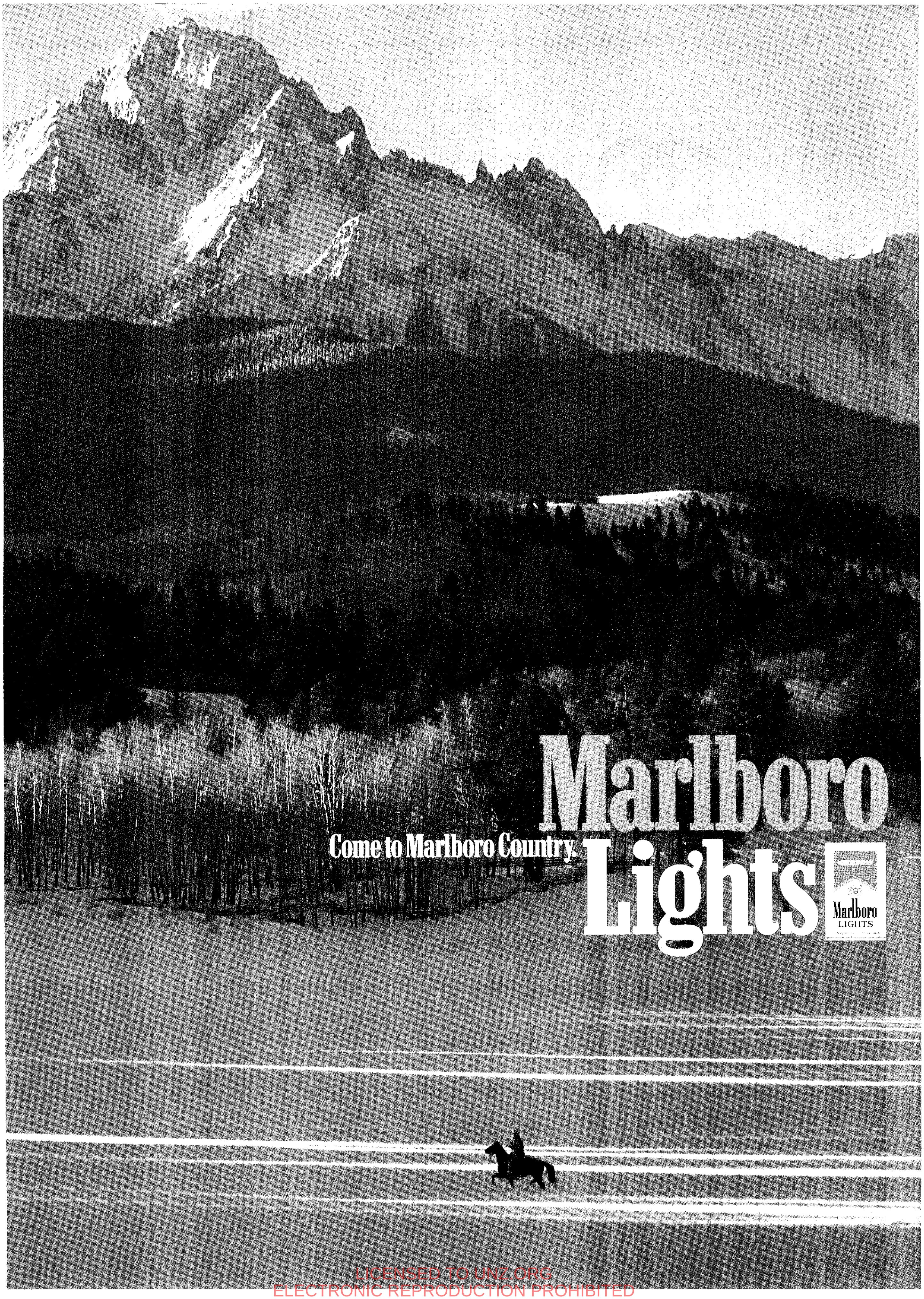
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more N°5 more allure more lips more nails more mascara more brushes more gloss more blush

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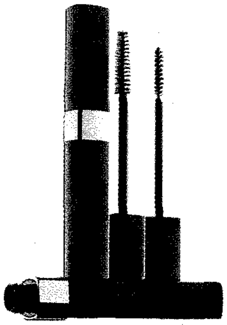
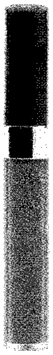
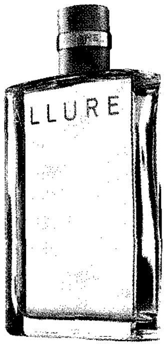
age delay 1.0 oz $60.00



sculpting mascara $21.00

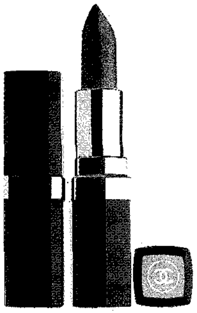


glossimer $23.50



allure 1.7oz edp spray $70.00

more brushes more gloss more blush more skin care more N°5 more allure more lips more nails



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nail colour $16.00

chanel n°5 to go $55.00

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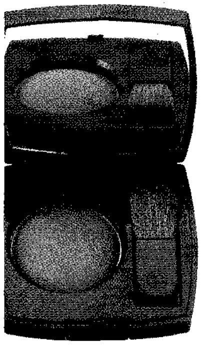
3 x 0.5 FL.OZ.

more mascara more brushes more N°5 more allure more lips more nails more gloss more brushes



powder blush $37.50

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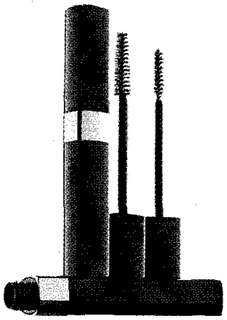
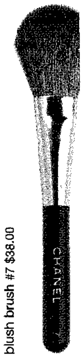


sculpting mascara $21.00



blush brush #7 $38.00

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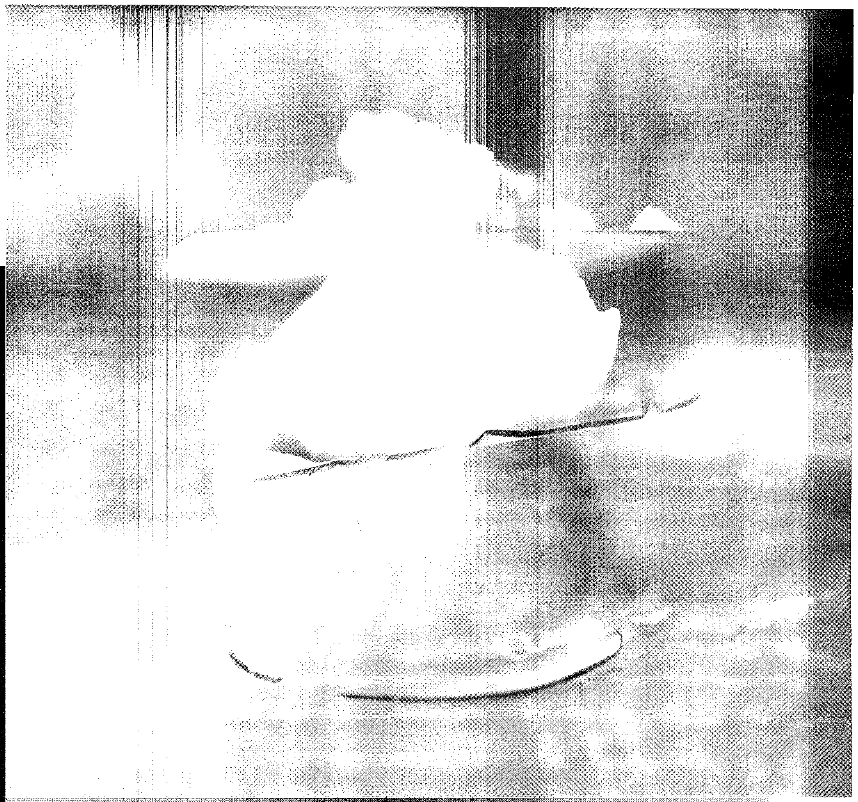

> "Manhattan needs **conspicuous extravagance**—that is, unless stock speculators start jumping out of the few skyscraper windows that actually open."
>
> —Gael Greene, page 42

42 **Feeding Frenzy** By Gael Greene
Navigating the city's vast, spectacular smorgasbord isn't easy. But luckily, our insatiable critic has eaten everything—from perfectly seared steak at Baldoria to foie gras and truffles at Le Bernardin to the quintessential junk-food fix at Peanut Butter & Co.—so you won't have to.

58 **Bull Fighter** By Alex Williams
Bill O'Reilly's years as a TV newsman taught him to distrust the media—and he's turned his anger into a top-rated TV show and a best-selling book.

62 **The Silicon Lining**
The dot-com bubble may have burst, but all that industry-building did not go for naught. Steve Bodow talks with the VCs who, with an infrastructure in place, lots of trained talent, and seed money to spare, are just waiting for the right moment to get back into tech. It won't be long. In the meantime, what's going on with all those Ivy League English majors who migrated here looking to cash in on the e-commerce boom? Vanessa Grigoriadis finds out how Silicon Alley casualties are coping.

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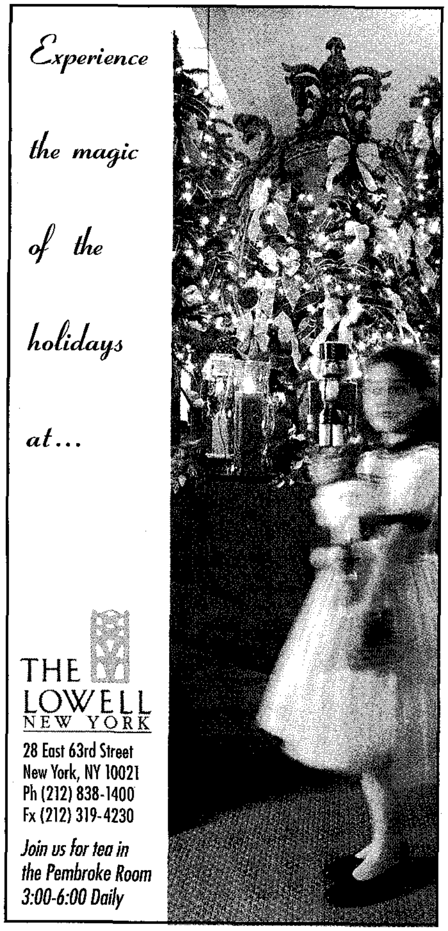

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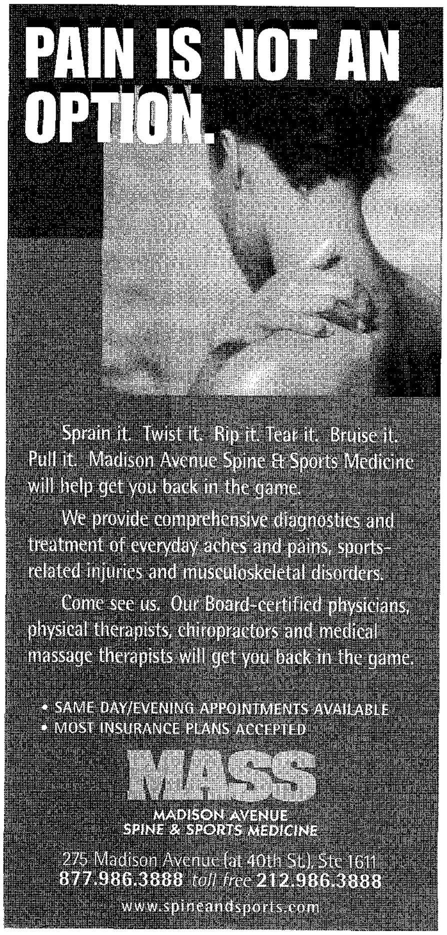

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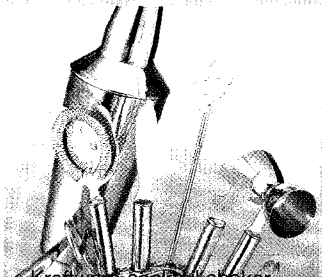

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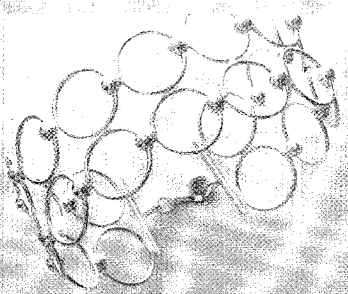

Sterling sliver tattoo bracelet.
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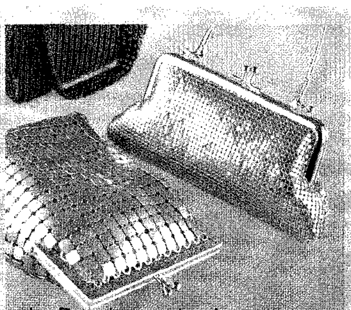

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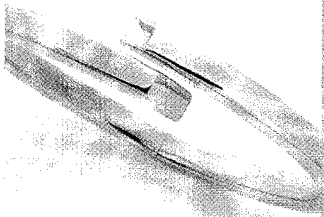

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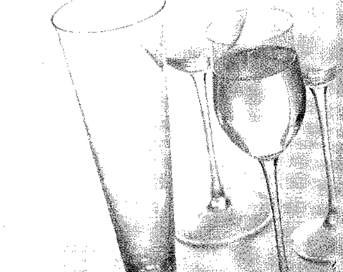

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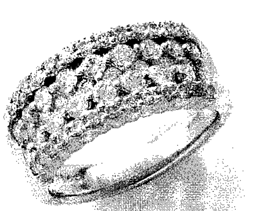

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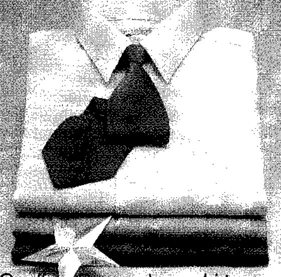

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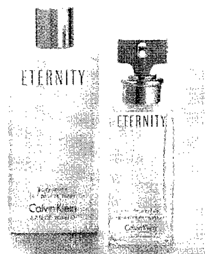
Reg. 39.50-$45 **Sale 29.99-31.99**

onna Karan Cashmere Mist 2-pc.
ift set, a $62 value††. $50



Calvin Klein Eternity 2-pc. gift set, a $74 value††. $56

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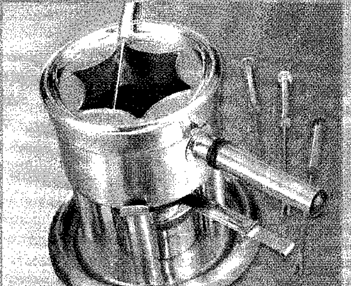

Hoffritz stainless steel fondue set.
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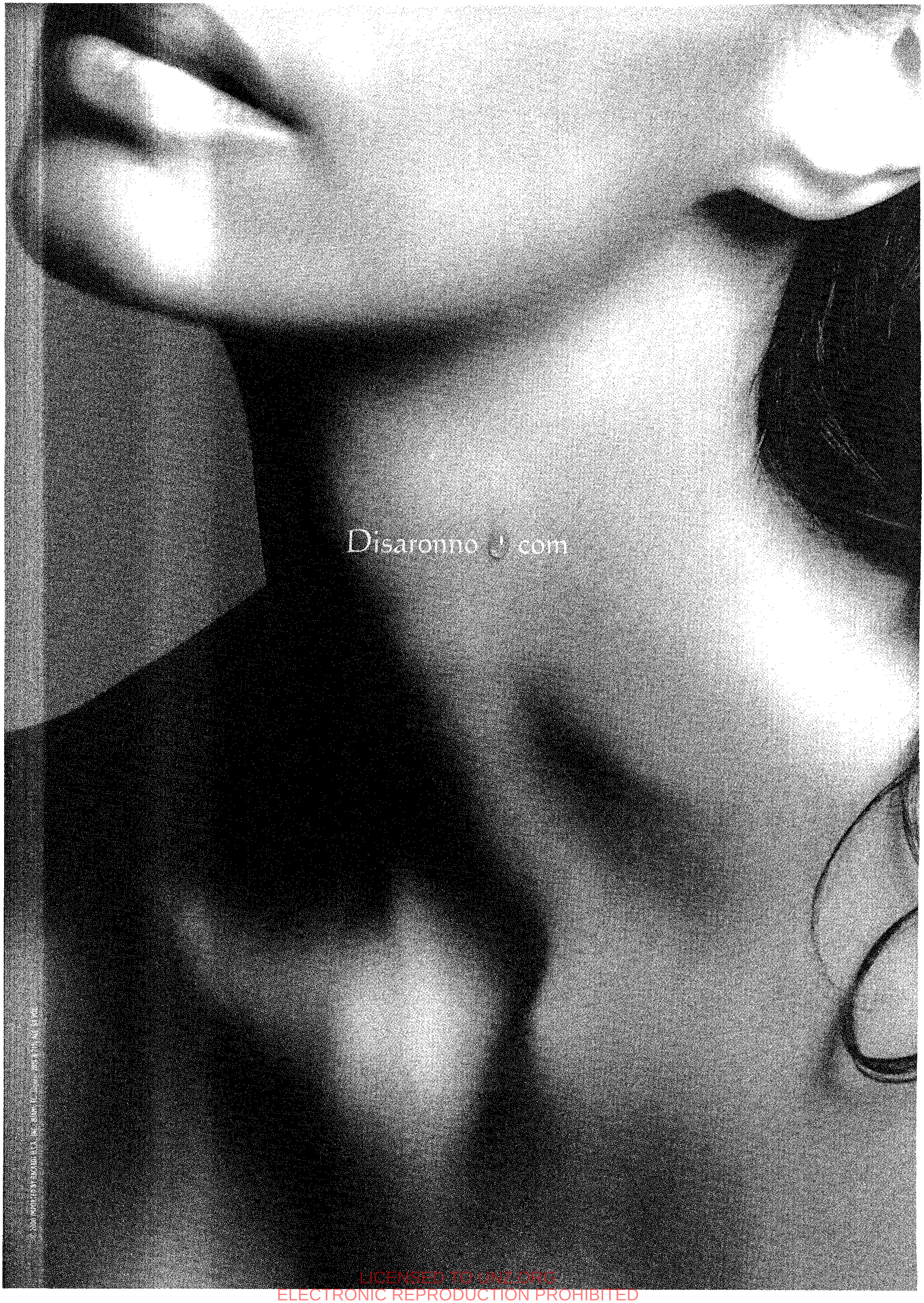
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Letters

"I'm sure Carter will understand if we refer to him as a 'jowly celebrity suck-up.'"

—Jeffrey Gross

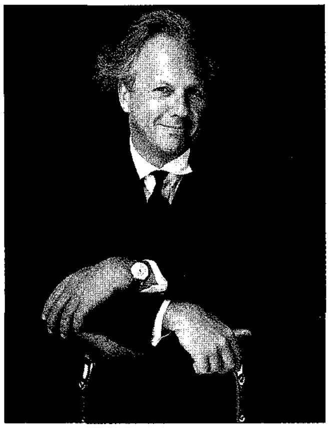
Graydon's Anatomy

Are there really more than a handful of readers who care one iota about such a shallow and despicable person as Graydon Carter ["Graydon Rides the Wave," by Jennifer Senior, December 11]? Carter shows little concern for his wife or his friends, uses degrading words for gays, and pretended to be Jewish when he's actually a poster boy for Waspdom—yet you glorified him with a cover story!

Susan J. Levinson
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

On Graydon Carter's watch, *Spy* magazine made great use of the NAP (nasty adjectival prefix)—"churlish dwarf billionaire," "short-fingered vulgarian," and the like. So I'm sure Mr. Carter will understand if we refer to him henceforth as a "jowly celebrity suck-up."

Jeffrey M. Gross, BROOKLYN



Unexpressed, Graydon Carter's homophobia is probably just his problem. But when he shares it with a reporter ("Brian McNally . . . thinks I've turned into a complete fag"), a line has been crossed. Would he have blithely called himself a nigger or a kike with the press listening? That Carter feels no compunction to censor himself indicates the great distance we have to go to make gay-bashing at least unspeakable.

Arthur Boehm, MANHATTAN

Graydon Carter may have invented himself, but not the "Separated at Birth" feature. Britain's *Private Eye* magazine ran a similar feature as early as 1983.

Ken Peterson, BROOKLYN

Bull Run

James Cramer's screamer that 120 mutual funds are down 40 percent is the latest in his Chicken Little thinking ["Look Out Below!," December 4]. The fact is, there are currently more mutual funds than stocks. If 120 of them are down by 40 percent, so be it. Cramer is a hysteric because he's a momentum player and short-term moves are his game. Over the past decade, technology has been, hands down, the place to be. But stellar returns do not come without substantial risk. My Fidelity Electronics fund is up more than 1,000 percent since 1990. From that perspective, a down year like this one is meaningless.

Eric Van Lustbader
SOUTHAMPTON, N.Y.

Soul Survivors

The story of the man who sold his soul to the devil is an ancient one. Whether it's sold for economic gain, vanity, love, or religion, at the end of the day the price must be paid. Unfortunately, Kay Lowinger's children are also repaying their mother's debt ["An Unorthodox Deal," by Robert Kolker, December 11]. The importance of self-reliance and self-respect is the moral of this story.

Stacy Heller, QUEENS

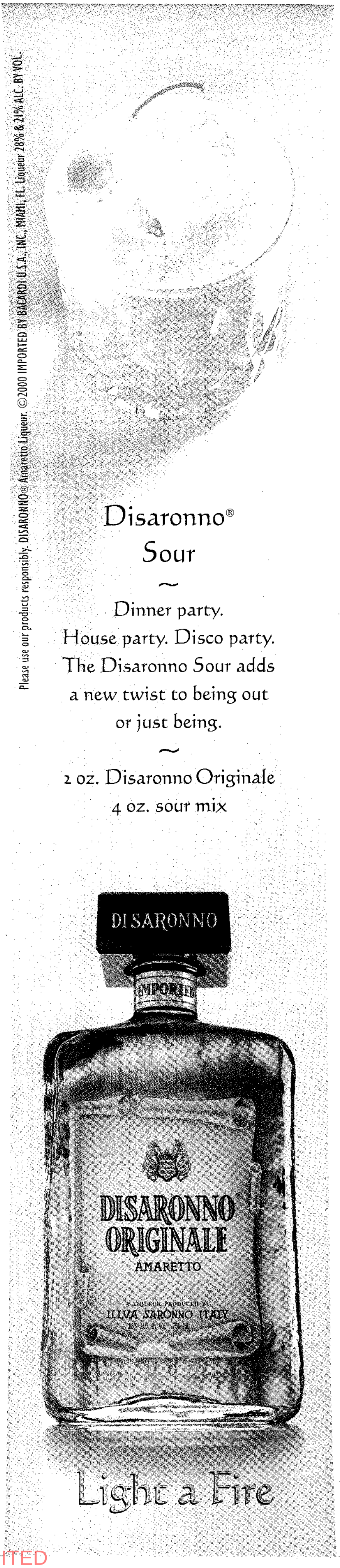
Food Slight

How is it possible that with the large number and variety of restaurants on the Upper West Side above 60th Street—Cafe Luxembourg, Calle Ocho, Ruby Foo's, Cafe Des Artistes, just to name a few—the latest issue of *New York* Magazine listed only three restaurants in the category "Above 60th Street, West Side"?

Eric Lichtman, MANHATTAN

CORRECTION The "Cue Restaurants" article "Elite Meat" (December 18–25) mistakenly referred to Cafeteria instead of Hudson Cafeteria. ■

Photograph by Nigel Parry.



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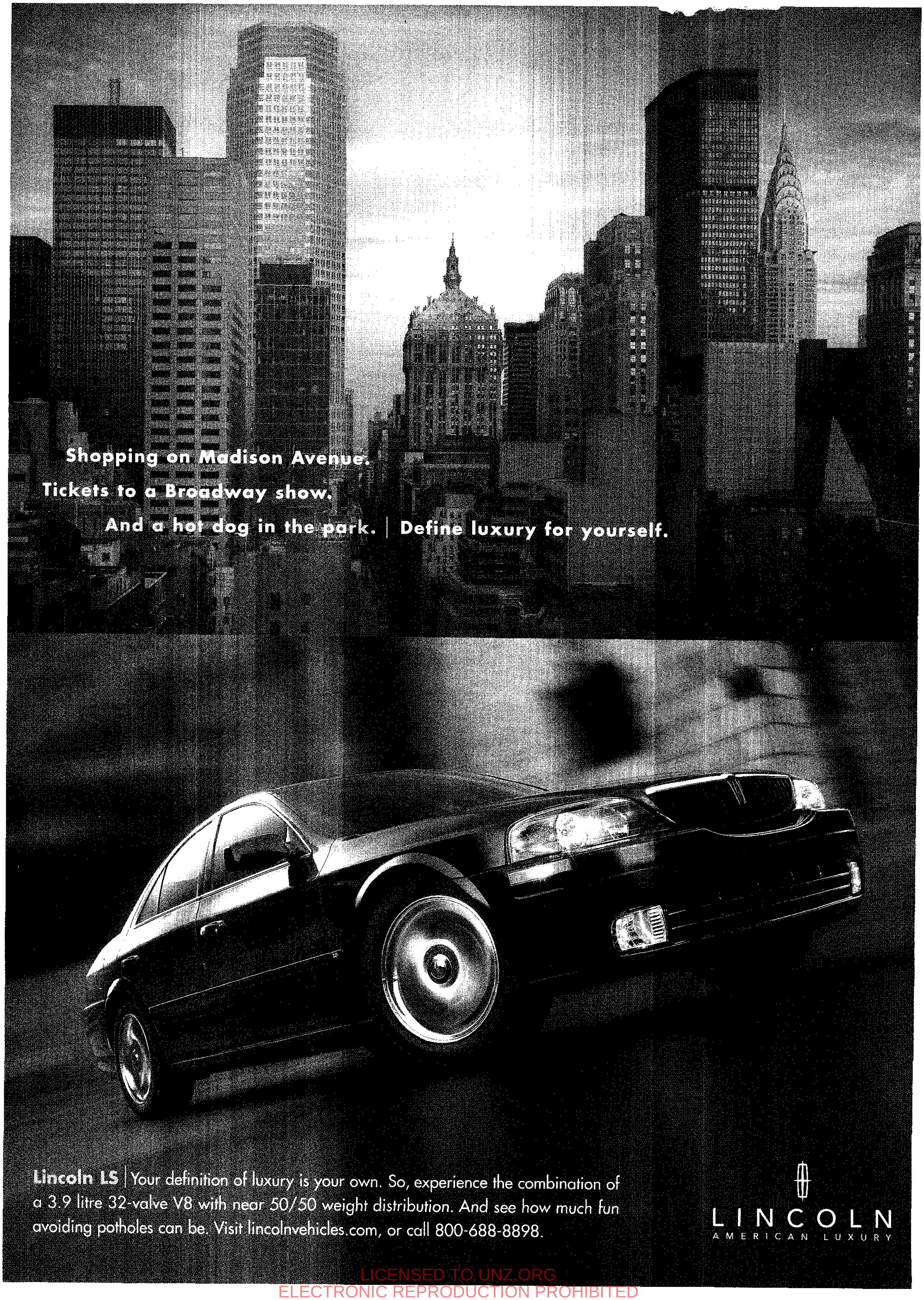
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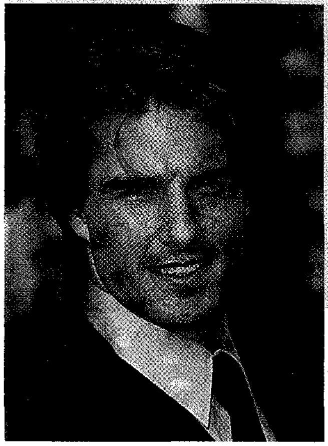
Intelligencer

By Beth Landman Keil and Ian Spiegelman

Tom Cruise's Shutterbug Shutout

Tom Cruise wants to keep his look for the upcoming movie *Vanilla Sky* under wraps. Literally. The star has taken to dramatically swathing his entire head in a hood when he goes on the set to ensure that no photographers can snap a shot of his face, snarled and scarred for a scene in which he's been in a car accident. Sources claim the production company has also hired an army of security officers to seal off an entire city block, further restricting access. "It's police obstruction of the press, and that's very unconstitutional," complains one shutterbug. "It's a gross abuse of police power—bully tactics." The city strenuously denies the allegation. "At no time did they *completely* close the street," insists a spokesperson for the Mayor's Office of Film, Theater, and Broadcasting. But **Lou Palumbo**, director of Elite Group Ltd.—the company hired to secure the set—warns journalists not to stop by Jay Street without calling first. "The press has to be *invited* onto a set. They don't have the prerogative to just walk on unless that invitation has been extended."

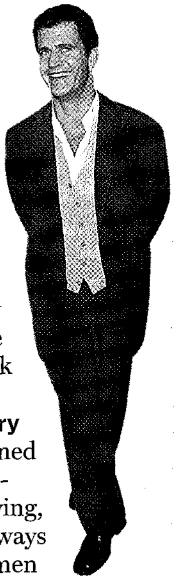


Enough Said at Collegiate

Not only is author **Edward Said** involved in the Middle East turmoil, but he's at the center of a war zone right here in New York. The controversial Palestinian-descended Columbia University professor, who was recently photographed throwing rocks at an Israeli guard house, was selected by Collegiate's new headmaster, **Kerry P. Brennan**, to deliver the prep school's Henry Adams speech earlier this month. But according to an insider at Collegiate (alma mater of JFK Jr. and **David Duchovny**), some of the alums went ballistic when they learned of Brennan's choice. "Parents were also upset. It was like a battlefield," claims the source, who says many lodged protests with the principal. Said claims he's unaware of any brouhaha. "Nobody mentioned it to me. How am I supposed to know anything about it?" he asks. Brennan is equally in the dark: "I don't know of any controversy. Edward Said is one of the leading literary lights in the city. His throwing of a stone was symbolic, and it had nothing to do with the choice of Said as a speaker."

They Know What Girls Like—Sort Of

At the premiere party for **Mel Gibson**'s *What Women Want*, we had a chance to ask a few veteran macho men if they've learned anything about the opposite sex in all these years. Still swaggering at 53, **James Woods** told us the worst communication breakdown he's ever had with a woman occurred "when I said 'I do' to my second wife." Still, he has learned something: "You start to realize that they *aren't* crazy," says Woods, who in 1987 dismissed the persistent advances of Sean Young after she reportedly had a butchered doll delivered to his home. "You just have to speak their language." Gibson himself has been wed for twenty years and says he started understanding his wife after a mere "ten, twelve, fifteen years—you get a little epiphany every couple of years." The only male in the pack who had a surefire philosophy was **Henry Winkler**, who explained the success of his 23-year marriage by saying, "All I know is you always say yes, because women are smarter and stronger." Good God, Fonzie, what's happened to you?



GERBER'S BABY: Rande Gerber, Cindy Crawford's model husband and owner of the Whiskey Bar, will partner with **Todd English** to open a lounge below Olives in the Union Square W hotel, tentatively named Underbar.

MUSCLE MERGER: Equinox is being sold. North Castle Partners, which owns Elizabeth Arden spas, is anteing up millions for the tony, family-owned fitness club, with its eleven gyms and vitamin and clothing lines.

Additional reporting by Abbey Goodman.

Countess Rejects Lowbrow Suitors

Some actresses will go only so far for publicity. **Jennifer Woodward**—who plays the wife of troubled Victorian social theorist John Ruskin in the long-running Off Broadway drama *The Countess*—agreed to be fixed up for a date by a Queens matchmaker as part of a P.R. stunt, but hastily backed out when she got a load of the bachelors. The man who hatched the scheme, **Beck Lee**, tells us Woodward was supposed to choose from three potential suitors in front of the audience as part of an ongoing post-performance talk called "Victorian Nights." After Woodward and audience members were shown photos of a dentist, a hotel supplier, and a therapist, the thespian suddenly announced she was "running away with the butler" and hightailed it offstage. "I was appalled," says Lee, adding that he'd hoped to get the date covered by **Joan Rivers** or CBS's **Amy Stone**. "The men were good-looking, they had good jobs—I mean, she could have played along a little more." Woodward tells us she never promised to do anything more than look at pictures of hopeful paramours: "Trust me—none of these guys were appealing, and I'm *really* not into dating men that I don't even know." Now she tells us.

Photographs: top, Alec Michael/Globe Photos; bottom, Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos.

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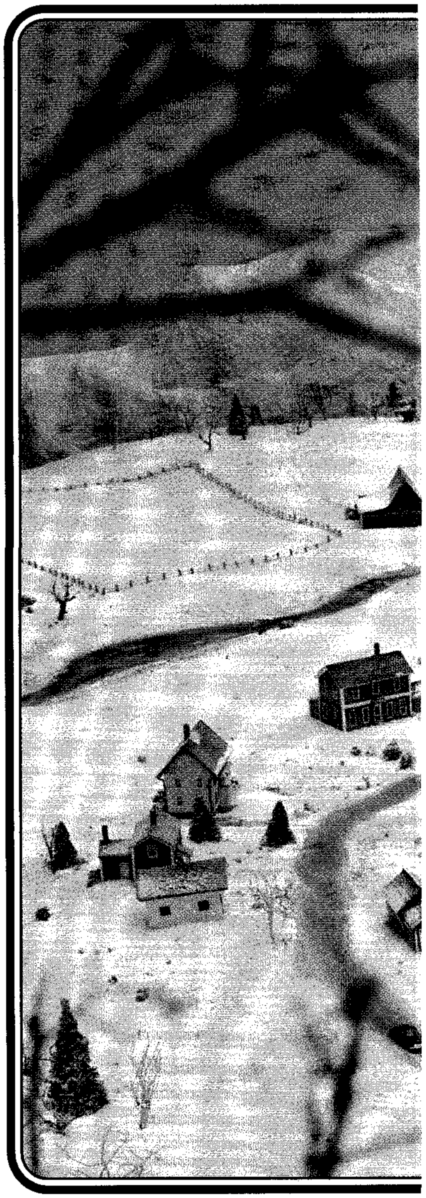

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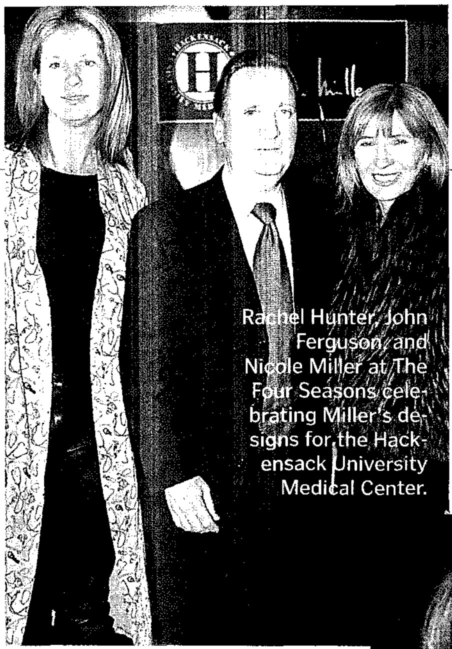
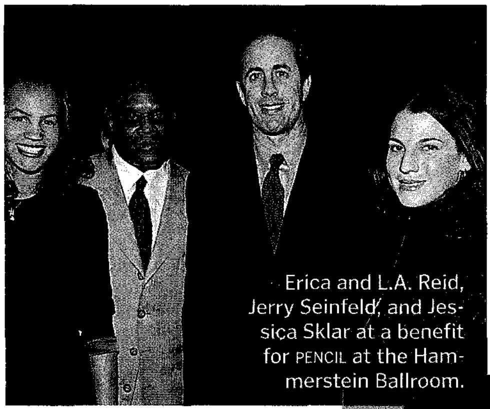
Scene



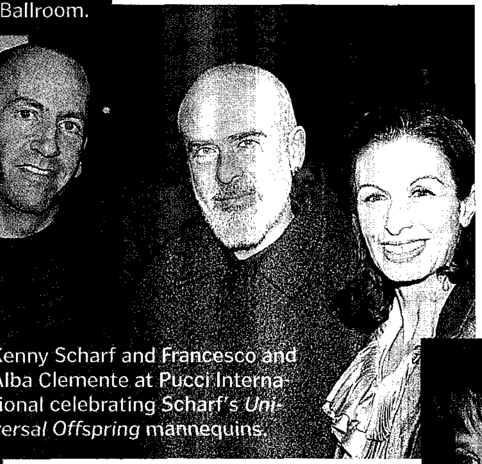
Rachel Hunter, John Ferguson, and Nicole Miller at The Four Seasons celebrating Miller's designs for the Hackensack University Medical Center.



Erica and L.A. Reid, Jerry Seinfeld, and Jessica Sklar at a benefit for PENCIL at the Hammerstein Ballroom.

Stella Tennant at the Roseland Ballroom for a DIFFA benefit.

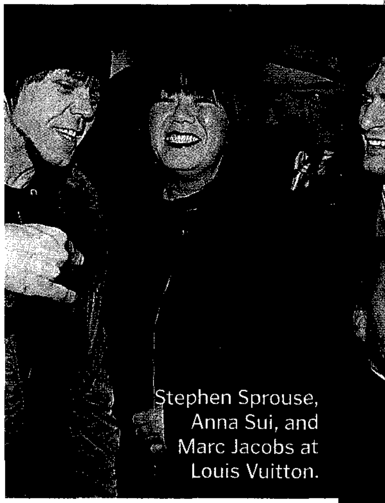
Rita Magli and Rena Sindi at Bruno Magli for a benefit for Memorial Sloan-Kettering.



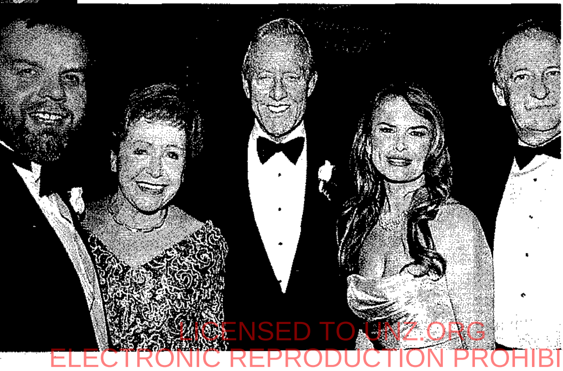
Kenny Scharf and Francesco and Alba Clemente at Pucci International celebrating Scharf's *Universal Offspring* mannequins.

Sachi Parker and Shirley MacLaine at the Directors Guild awards.

Maggie Rizer and Blaine Trump at the Celine luncheon at ACE Gallery.



Stephen Sprouse, Anna Sui, and Marc Jacobs at Louis Vuitton.



Niall O'Dowd, Mary Higgins Clark, William Flynn, Roma Downey, and Bruce Morrison at the Plaza for *Irish America Magazine*'s fifteenth-anniversary ball.

Praise You

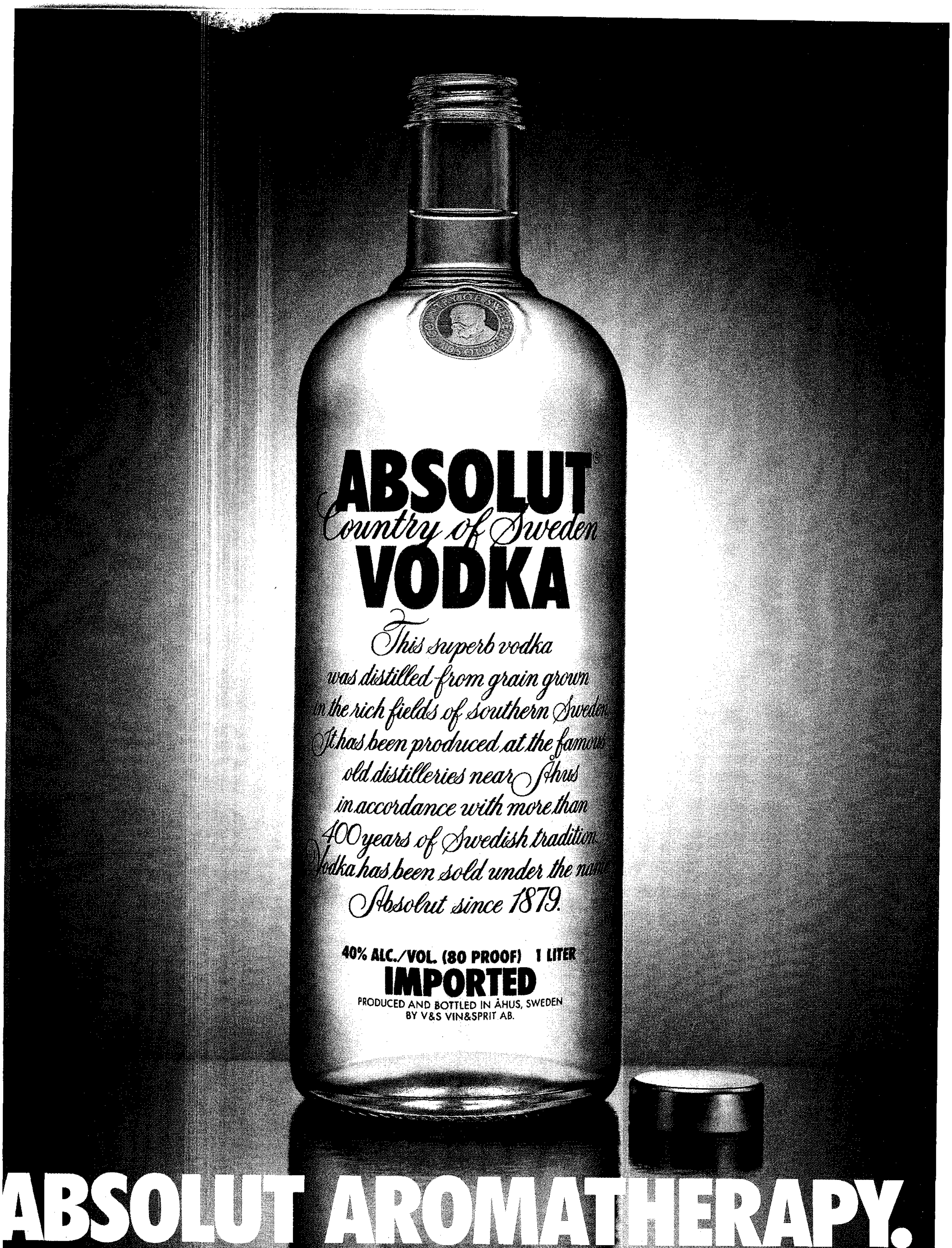
"I'm not a bit nervous," **Ellen DeGeneres** huffed as she made her way into the Grand Hyatt ballroom on December 10 to host **Tom Cruise**, **Senator Edward Kennedy**, **Sydney Pollack**, **Ron Howard**, and other Hollywood types who braved the cold and drizzly East Coast to pay tribute to themselves at the Directors Guild of America Honors. "I've met enough celebrities that have turned out to be jerks," DeGeneres added, "so, believe me, I don't put anyone up on a pedestal." But as soon as **Shirley MacLaine** whispered some praise to the comic, DeGeneres rethought her position. "Cool," she said. "That was Shirley MacLaine!"

DAVID AMSDEN

How Amusing

Designers **Marc Jacobs** and **Stephen Sprouse** must have been plenty inspired at the December 11 opening of the new Louis Vuitton store on Fifth Avenue. There were muses all over the place! Jacobs arrived with **Zoe Cassavetes**, **Michelle Hicks**, and **Deborah Harry**, and Sprouse, his new collaborator, supplied more than just the black-lit graffiti logo on the storefront: His own loyalists, **Paige Powell** and **Tama Janowitz**, stood before a towering stack of the much-coveted Sprouse luggage—as did the security guards. "I'm a huge fan of Stephen's," Janowitz said. "And I have been since the eighties." AMY LAROCCA

Photographs by Patrick McMullan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GOTHAM

Edited by Jessica Lustig

Sykes Unseen

Plum and Lucy have already conquered the New York party circuit—now it's time to expand the franchise. Meet baby sister Alice. By Sarah Bernard

Now that grabbing as many goodie bags as one can stuff into a waiting Town Car, guzzling as much Veuve Clicquot as one can stomach, and then bragging about which celebrity-studded events one is "so exhausted" from attending is standard operating procedure, it's safe to say that A-list socializing in New York has never been more of a competitive sport. Taking a place at the starting line can be understandably overwhelming to newcomers, but Alice Sykes, who gave up the Notting Hill nest she shared with her boyfriend for an East Village sublet, is already posting victories.

"Harrison & Shriftman put me on their database immediately," recalls Sykes, 28, who has been in New York since September, "and said, 'You must come to everything!' " As the director of U.S. sales for Lulu Guinness handbags—Guinness herself is a party-page regular in the U.K. whose whimsical creations sell out at Bergdorf Goodman and Kirna Zabête—Sykes was never in danger of wanting for dinner invitations. But she also had the more significant advantage of being coached by two reigning champions of society-as-sport: her sisters, fashion-world figures and premier partygoers Plum (a writer at *Vogue*) and Lucy (a stylist at *Marie Claire*).

"The fact that they're English, twins, really beautiful—it's the hook someone needed," says Alice. And some of their glitter dust is already rubbing off: Last week she found herself featured on an E! segment and sitting for a *Glamour* photo shoot. "People say, 'Oh, it must be so easy for you.' And I *have* met all these people I'd read about—Manolo Blahnik had a party at Barneys. But the best thing about having Plum and Lucy here is going round to their house, sitting on the bed, watching a film, and eating chocolate."

A recent week in Sykes's engagement calendar, however, left little room for such desultory pleasures. MONDAY: Sykes sisters' dinner at Indochine. TUESDAY: cocktail party at Neiman Marcus in White Plains ("I've never been to New Jersey before!"). WEDNESDAY: a DKNY-sponsored book party at Laparue. THURSDAY: Tuscan Steak restaurant opening. FRIDAY: Lucky Strike with Plum and Plum's boyfriend, artist Damian Loeb.

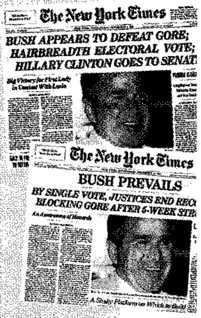
>

Photograph by Brian Finke.

Talking Points

Double *Times*

An AP shot of a victorious Dubya made the *Times* front page on December 13, after the Supreme Court tossed him the victory—and on November 8, under the headline BUSH APPEARS TO DEFEAT GORE. "It ran in only 110,000 copies" the first time, says a spokeswoman. "Considering our 1.1 million circulation, it had little exposure." Moreover, "we still felt it was the best available upbeat photo of Bush."



The New York Times

BUSH APPEARS TO DEFEAT GORE;
HAIRBREADTH ELECTORAL VOTE;
HILLARY CLINTON GOES TO SENAT

Big Victory for First Lady In Contest With Lazio

The New York Times

BUSH PREVAILS

BY SINGLE VOTE, JUSTICES END REC
BLOCKING GORE AFTER 6-WEEK STR

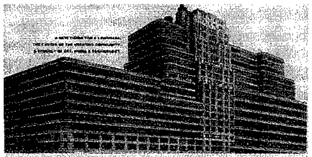
Bad! Bad Parent!

Tour season at the city's elite private preschools just ended, and it's comforting to hear that not all parents are obsessing about their darlings' Harvard potential. A few expressions of concern, recently overheard: *"Does this school use blocks in the classroom? My son doesn't do blocks."* • *"I don't think an Asian kid who was adopted by a white couple represents diversity in the classroom."* • *"Did you notice that one of your students pictured in the promotional material is flipping the bird?"*

Dot-com Hell

When the Starrett-Lehigh building on Eleventh Avenue was sold in 1998, out went

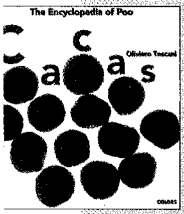
Talking Points



printing and storage tenants (brutally; one broker called the owner "expert in how to make a tenant's life unhappy" in the *Times*) and in came techs like Network Plus and Screaming Media. "When all of this was tinged with the idea of a boundless future, all these decrepit spaces and run-down bathrooms felt adventurous," says one dot-commer. "Now it's like, *ugh*." Owner rep Rob Kurtz claims that "actual dot-com tenancy is less than 5 percent." So there's no contingency plan to lure the printers back? "I don't think so."

And a Crappy New Year

Oliviero Toscani's new *Cacas: The Encyclopedia of Poo*, a compendium of excreta, seems museum-bookshop-friendly, with its lush photographs of, for example, elephant dung (page 113). But the Brooklyn Museum of Art isn't carrying it. "We sent a copy to their buyer," reports Pam Sommers of Taschen Books. "But they said they weren't going to be able to take it for the holidays."



Tel Avoid

Since the State Department gave Israel the same travel advisory Angola and Bosnia have, the number of people

Television

Monica's Second Act

She could be the top culture reporter for NY1 if she weren't so recognizable: the new girl in town, a little giggly, our latest Mary Tyler Moore. "The Statue of Liberty is the most *famous* of American postcards," Monica Lewinsky announces in singsongy TV-speak, her bangs flapping in the breeze off New York Harbor, "but Lady Liberty, as she's known here, is *more* than just a pretty face."

That Woman has taped a collection of six TV segments, titled *Monica's Postcards*, for Channel 5 in London—a sort of out-of-town tryout for a broadcasting career, should the handbag thing not work out. As media strategies go, it's pretty meek—especially considering some of her other offers. "She was offered a role as a correspondent on *Extra*," reveals her publicist, Juli Nadler, "and NBC wanted her to do promos for *DAG*," the Delta Burke sitcom about, of all things, the First Lady. "She has not been pursuing a media career," Nadler insists. "The media has been pursuing *her*. This was an experiment. Now, does this mean she may do it again? Sure."

The former intern has control over whether *Monica's Postcards* airs Stateside, so for the moment, at least, Americans won't get to see the once-publicity-shy Lewinsky playing tour guide as she hops aboard Coney Island's Cyclone ("Oh, my *God*! Oh, it's *crazy*! Oh, my God! *Oh! My! God!*") and mixes margaritas at Tortilla Flats, grinning as a woman gets a birthday spanking. In L.A., she gawks at the stars' homes, pigeonholing the guide: "Do you find that these celebrities *like* the fact that people look at them?" "Peter Falk, he still waves to us," the guide says with a shrug, "only he just uses his middle finger." "Oh, *my*!" Monica titters.

As the sun sets over Beverly Hills, she adds a P.S.: The guide "kindly offered me a ride home—because, of course, he knew *exactly* where I lived. But I politely declined."

ROBERT KOLKER

ALICE SYKES

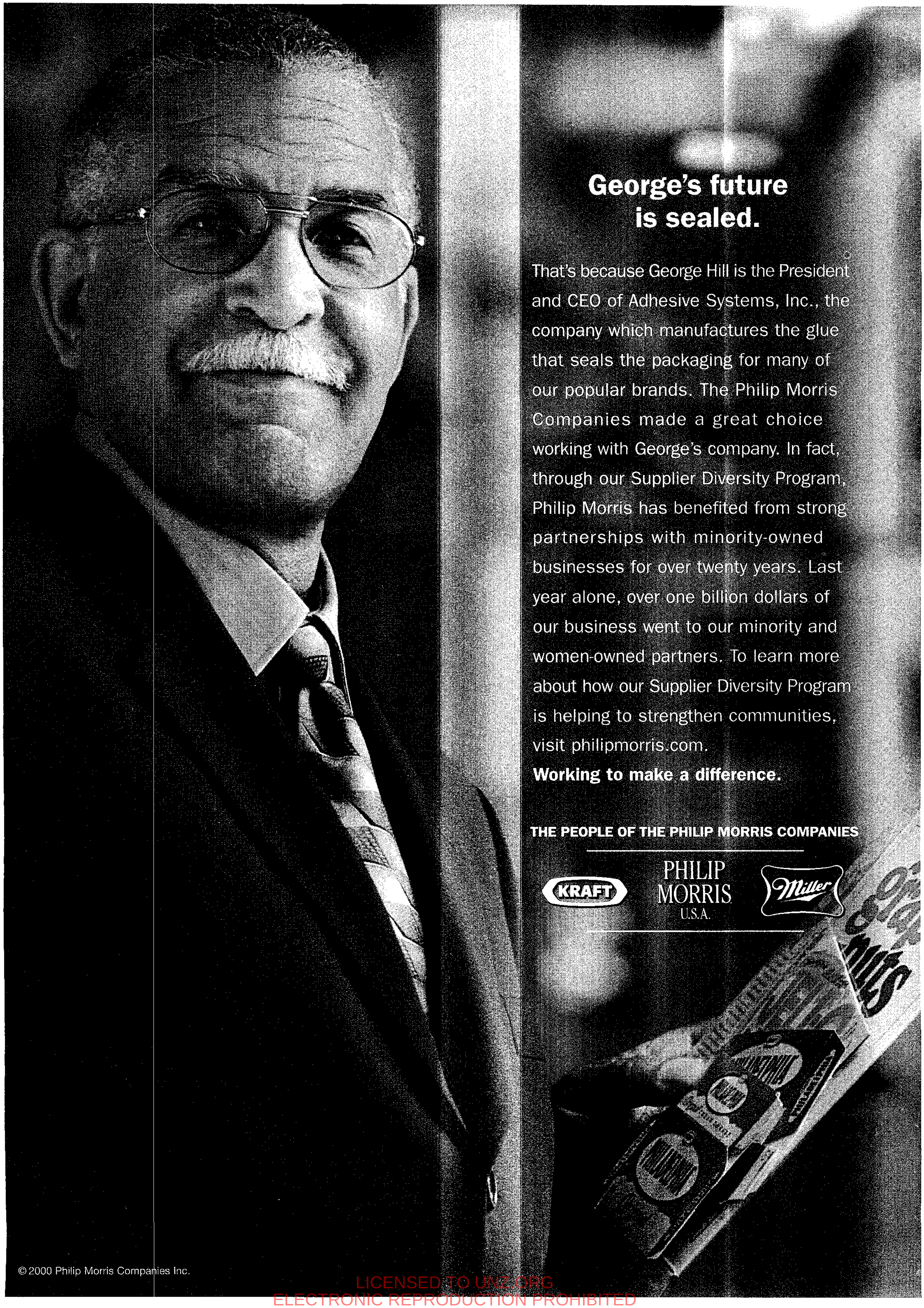
continued from page 15

SATURDAY: Plum and Lucy's joint thirty-first birthday party at Amy Sacco's yet-to-open Bungalow 8, where the younger Miss Sykes lounged on Moroccan pillows, ogled Ralph Fiennes—"he's so gorgeous"—and wriggled with a transvestite belly dancer.

"Because my boyfriend's in England and Plum has a boyfriend here and Al doesn't, we seem to spend a bit more time together," says Lucy Sykes, the white-blonde sister whom Alice more closely resembles. "I took her to John Barrett the other day and gave her a New York makeover. Me and Plum give her all our clothes." "I've never seen girls with as amazing clothes as them," says Alice with a sigh. "The most incredible clothes you wouldn't be able to afford, but designers want to promote their clothes so they sell them wholesale."

It's a trick Alice just might adopt as she attempts to grow the handbag house in the States. Already they've gone from being carried in only 18 stores to 100 as of January. Her best marketing tool may be her sisters, who will host a tea for the fall 2001 line.

"Across the ocean," says Alice, "you open *Vanity Fair*, there's an amazing picture of Plum. Then you close it and get on with whatever you're doing. Lulu said, 'Alice, you're going to get rung up and get interviewed about what it's like to be a sister to Plum and Lucy.' " She laughs. "And I got here, and it's true. I didn't really know how famous they are."



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Talking Points

flying in from New York has fallen 70 percent. So Councilman Noach Dear and his travel-agent pals recently announced that, despite the televised carnage, Israel is safe to visit. The Feds were . . . diplomatic. "We don't issue travel warnings lightly, and we think this warning accordingly represents the situation," says a Consular Affairs spokesman.

A Fetching Scent

Oh My Dog! is the first "uni-species" fragrance meant to be shared by dogs and their owners. "In Tokyo, the club kids have made it their cult fragrance. In Paris, it's secretly adored by socialites," says co-inventor Laurent Jugeau, formerly of Givenchy. But in New York, at Saks, "it is apparently being discovered by gay men."

Video-Game Violence

At the Software Etc. store in Herald Square, the staff warned two customers toting a new PlayStation 2 that a woman was recently mugged for hers. "Take a cab—not the subway," they advised, adding that they should ditch the PS2-emblazoned blue bag. But a Midtown South press officer was reassuring: "I haven't heard anything about a rash of PlayStation 2 robberies on subways, if that's what you're asking. I don't think there's any reason to be worried."

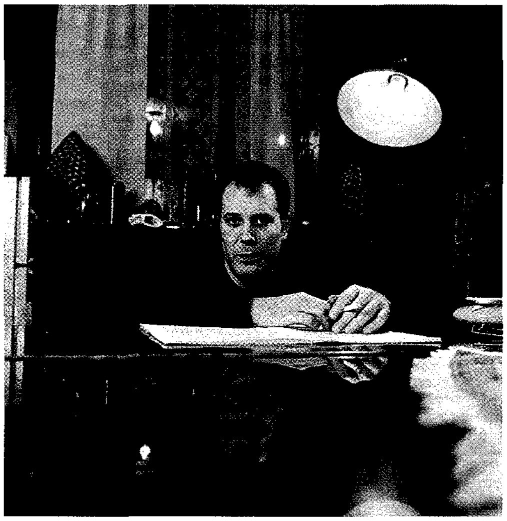
Careers

Coffeehouse Musician

Prokofiev's Eighth Piano Sonata is no "Chopsticks." It's a ferocious virtuoso piece that demands technique, endurance, and interpretive fire to bring off. The last person you'd expect to see banging it out with any kind of finesse is some guy behind a Starbucks counter serving you latte.

"You never know who it is selling you that shirt, making you your coffee, or putting the shoes on you," says Christopher Basso, who's been an assistant manager at the East Village outpost of the caffeine cartel on Second Avenue and 9th Street for six years. In Fort Worth this past June, Basso won the second annual Van Cliburn Competition for Outstanding Amateur. Prominent music critics such as the Boston *Globe*'s Richard Dyer dubbed him "electrifying" and "wonderful." But although he is talented and boyishly handsome, Basso, at 41, is twice as old as his hip-hop-happy co-workers, not to mention most of his would-be rivals for classical-music stardom.

"There is a big difference between the way I played when I was 20 versus now," he says in his small East Village apartment, framed between his upright and grand Yamahas. "There's more life and depth to it, elements in it that I don't think anyone at 20 years of age has. That's one of the problems today—promoting 16-year-olds as if classical piano is like figure skating or gymnastics and you only have five years to do your thing."



Basso is recording the Prokofiev as well as Schumann's equally difficult *Kreisleriana* for Pilot Records, a small independent New York label, and he'll be giving recitals in St. Barts this month and Palm Beach in March, as well as at small summer festivals in Rockport and the Catskills.

None of which allows him to give up the daily grind just yet. "I thought it would be humiliating to return to Starbucks," he admits, "but it wasn't. Suddenly, this day job doesn't necessarily seem like forever." He's cut down to only three days a week in order to practice more—fortunately, his neighbors are sympathetic musicians and choreographers. "Winning the competition is definitely a confidence booster," says Basso. "I think something will happen."

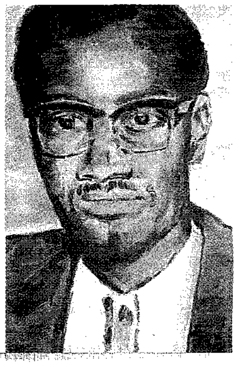
ROBERT HILFERTY

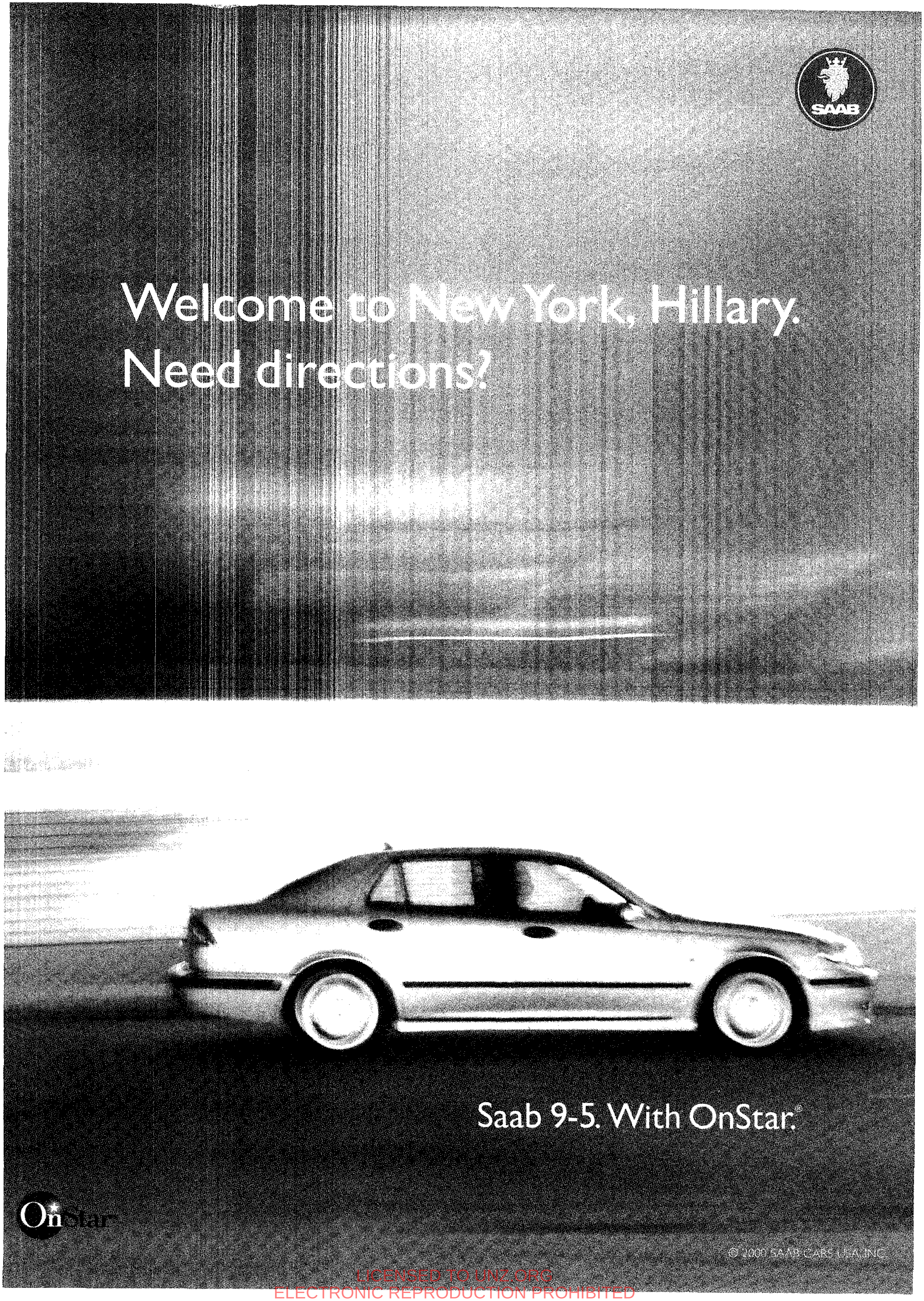
Art by Numbers

Congo Line

When a hot painter like the 42-year-old Belgian Luc Tuymans produces only about fifteen paintings a year, the competition to acquire them can mean prices that quickly escalate. At a just-closed show at SoHo's David Zwirner Gallery, Tuymans's nine images related to Congo—formerly Zaire, and before that the Belgian Congo—were priced from $70,000 to $180,000, and almost all went to museums, including unnamed U.S. institutions and S.M.A.K. in Ghent, Belgium. Just two years ago, Zwirner was selling Tuymans's paintings for $40,000 to $80,000. "It's simply such high demand and the strong secondary market," he explains, "that made Luc's primary gallery, Zeno X in Antwerp, set these prices." Just how strong is that secondary market? Only five Tuymans paintings out of approximately 400 have ever been sold at auction—his collectors don't want to antagonize dealers and be unable to buy more.

JOSH BAER

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Williamsburghers

Can Williamsburg make the transition from Alphabet City East hipsterdom to the next Fort Greene yuppieville?

'This place is so hot—it's sizzling!" says William B. May broker Penny Pear, swaddled in fur in the backseat as her hired Mercedes cruises by the Sukkoth tents in this Hasidic block in Williamsburg. "This is the best-kept secret in New York, I swear!"

For pretty much anyone who's graduated from college in the past five years, this bleak Brooklyn neighborhood, with its playground of bars and revivified diners, isn't exactly unknown. But as postgraduate ghettos go, Williamsburg remains mostly rental-driven—the slacker younger brother to nearby Fort Greene and Clinton Hill, where renters have matured into buyers and prices are up as much as 20 percent in the past two years.

Certainly, the Hasidic community is expanding. "They're buying houses from the blacks, Hispanics, and Italians, gutting them, and moving their people in," says Pear. But will kids busy growing retro eighties rat tails want to set down roots in the polluted postindustrial soil? "It's like ripples in a pond," predicts Jeffrey Jackson, who runs the city's largest appraisal company, Mitchell, Maxwell & Jackson. "For the past couple of years, you've had prices in the surrounding areas pushed up to a point where they're totally out of proportion with Williamsburg. It's only a matter of time before things catch up."

One landlord who owns eight buildings says his tenants now "run between the ages of 21 and 30 and pay like clockwork." And while competition among landlords is heating up—"It took me two years to buy a building here that's the biggest piece of garbage in America!," says this anonymous owner—it's not at all clear that his tenants will want to *own* there. The tenements and warehouses might be fine for the *vie boheme* set, but Williamsburg's not exactly brownstone Brooklyn.

CHRISTOPHER TENNANT

Off Broadway

Closing Notice

Broadway showman **David Merrick** died last spring, and his showstopper of an estate is finally having its curtain call: His townhouse at 130 East 71st Street, most recently occupied by an ex-wife he married twice, has sold for $4.9 million. The flamboyant producer looked like the villain in a Victorian melodrama and reveled in his rep as the "Abominable Showman," doing whatever it took to succeed—or at least get press. His hits included *Gypsy, Hello, Dolly!,* and *42nd Street.* Married six times, Merrick spent much of his life in court—especially divorce court. He left everything to Natalie Lloyd, whom he married not long before his death. That included this townhouse, even though his ex was living in it. The 5,120-square-foot house has five fireplaces. "It was in great shape," raves its broker, Douglas Elliman's Lisa Wong. (The buyers were brought by Elliman's Sally Barnett.) Wong's also selling Merrick's $4.6 million flat at the Galleria, where his white piano survives him.

Big Deals

Upper West Side

200 Riverside Boulevard
4-bed, 4-bath, 2,000-square-foot condo. Ask: $1.925 million. Sell: $1.925 million. Charges and taxes: $1,031. One year on market.

With this sale, the Donald's sold out the first mammoth Trump Place condominium tower, part of his $3 billion riverfront complex. Eventually, there will be sixteen of these Philip Johnson–skinned residential towers, each tastefully trimmed in gold. This one has a wall-to-wall view across to Jersey and a two-door kitchen, says Corcoran's Tina Eichenholz, who sold it. If the buyers can't sleep, they can shuffle down to the lobby before dawn and watch fellow resident Bryant Gumbel clamber into his Town Car on the way to the *Early Show* (in the similarly Trump-branded GM building).

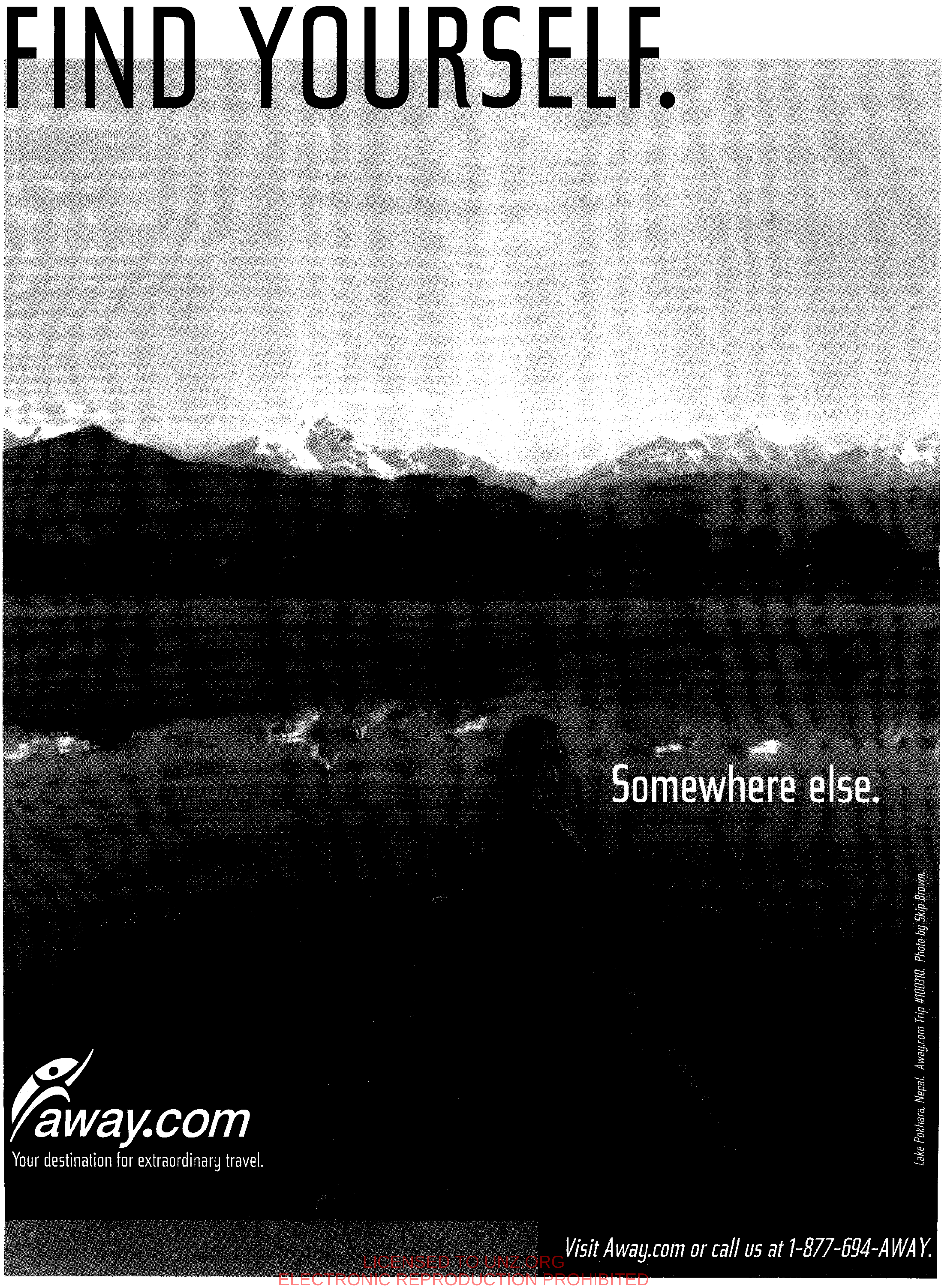
JOY ARMSTRONG

Brooklyn Heights

65 Montague Street
4-bed, 2½-bath, 2,100-square-foot co-op. Ask: $799,000. Sell: $850,000. Maintenance: $1,270. One week on market.

After coveting his neighbor's duplex for nearly a decade, hoping to expand the two-bedroom he shares with his French wife and their two kids, the buyer of this prewar finally got his chance when the neighbors relocated to Philadelphia. But it wasn't easy: "It came down to a bidding war with another couple who didn't live in the building," says Corcoran's Ann Macdonald, the broker on the sale. The insider won, and, appetite sated, he's annexing only the top floor of his new duplex and selling off the bottom floor. EMILY GITTER

Photographs: top, Sean Hemmerle; bottom, Robin Platzer/Twin Images.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I'm Right, You're Wrong

ED KOCH VS. AL D'AMATO

D'Amato waxes enthusiastic over Carl McCall and, yes, Mark Green! Koch cozies up to Republican Michael Bloomberg! Blame it on the holidays.

Maer Roshan: Now that we've spent five weeks fixated on Florida, I thought we'd start off closer to home with the mayoral race, which is quickly heating up. Now the *Post* is reporting that Bill Clinton may have his eye on Rudy's job.

Al D'Amato: *Please.* Could he run and win? Obviously. Will he? Never! It's preposterous.

Ed Koch: I think he might want to run, but Hillary won't let him. In this city, the mayor is much more important than the senator, and Hillary isn't about to be overshadowed again. It's too bad, 'cause he'd be a fun mayor. Like Jimmy Walker without the corruption—lots of style, nightclubs, Hollywood, and no insults. *That* would be a nice change.

M.R.: So let's assume Clinton isn't running. Who's the strongest contender?

Al: Ferrer, Vallone, and Hevesi have all thrown their hats in the ring, but the odds-on favorite is Mark Green. He's working his tail off. He has a strong following among Democratic activists and runs very well in the minority community too. So it's his to lose. Now, having said that, the wild card is Al Sharpton. I have no doubt Sharpton is going to run, and when he does, he'll force a runoff, because in a crowded field no one candidate will be able to top 40 percent. Sharpton may even end up clobbering everyone in the pack. But if he doesn't run, Green will be very hard to beat.

M.R.: So why is there such antipathy toward Green? Among some Democrats, his victory is seen as a not-too-exciting inevitability, like Gore during the primaries.

Al: People are concerned about some of Green's past positions. He's viewed as an old-style liberal who won't be good for business. I'm not saying that's the case, but that's what people believe. Personally, I think he's very bright and will surprise people. You know, when Ed here first ran for office, people thought *he* was a little kooky, too, but now look at him! Maybe Green will turn out to be more capable and moderate than people give him credit for.

Ed: Hold on, Al! You're usually pretty astute, but I disagree with you about Green. Mark is quite smart, but he's a pain in the ass, and everybody knows it. [*Laughs.*] He just *irritates* people! And now he has Ralph Nader like an albatross around his neck! I myself am for Vallone, but I think that on the Republican line Michael Bloomberg might have a chance. I recently had lunch with him at The Four Seasons and he asked me my advice. I told him Republicans in this town only win every 30 years, when some Democrat fucks up and a Republican rides in to save the day, like La Guardia, Lindsay, Giuliani. Bloomberg would be following a Republican, so he's at a disadvantage. But it helps him that the city's economic bubble is about to burst. He can run on the theme that as a billionaire businessman, he is the only one with the expertise to keep the city prosperous.

Al: Maybe, but let me tell you, the candidate who'd trounce them all if he chose to is Carl McCall. Gracie Mansion would be his for the asking because he's viewed very favorably by both the business community and the white power Establishment. He towers over the field physically and politically. And I think he could *really* help heal race relations in our city, which are still tenuous.

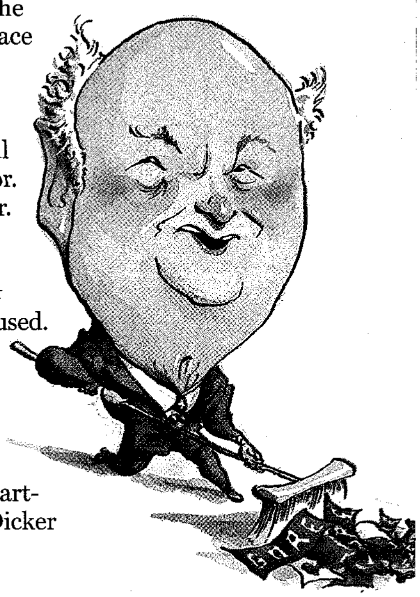
M.R.: Problem is, McCall doesn't want to be mayor. He wants to be governor.

Ed: True. They tried to convince him to run *last* time around, and he refused. Though why *anyone* wants to be governor is beyond me. [*Laughs.*]

M.R: Moving on to the Strange Bedfellows department. The *Post*'s Fred Dicker claimed in a recent column that Democrats are grumbling at what they see as an unseemly political flirtation between Chuck Schumer and Pataki. Have you heard that?

Al: I heard it and dismissed it. Schumer's big crime was pointing out that the economy upstate isn't nearly as bad as Hillary Clinton claimed it was during the campaign. He's right, but it's not like he's campaigning for Pataki. That's bull!

Ed: I'm not sure, Al. I think since Hillary's election, Schumer has been desperate to find a way to maintain his stature as New York's senior senator. He knows he's in danger of being eclipsed by a star who burns everything in her way. To make up for it, Chuck's decided to align himself with the *other* big power in the state, the governor. His major goal is to maintain his hegemony, but it's a losing battle. ■



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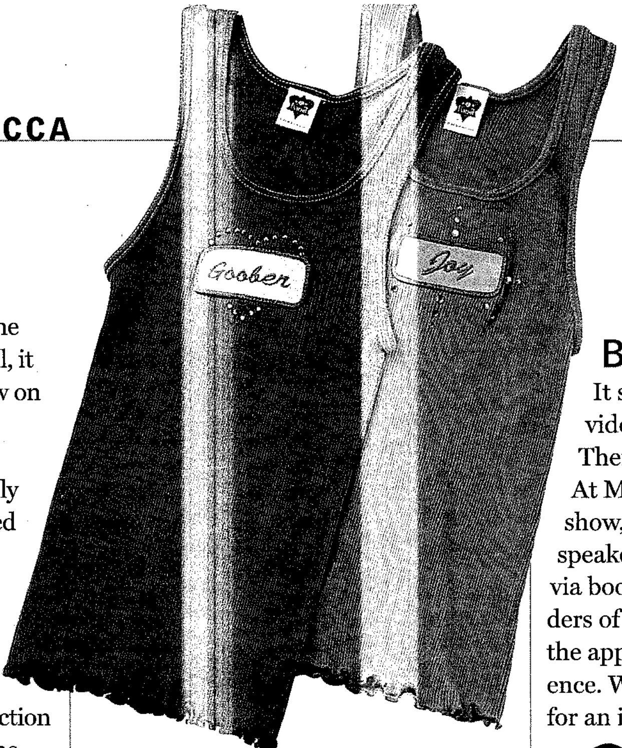
Style

AMY LAROCCA



Clash of the *Titans*

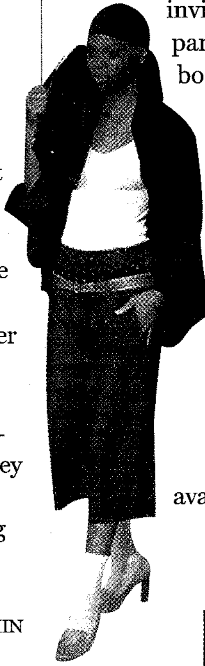
When Aaron Spelling's new nighttime drama, *Titans,* was launched this fall, it was easily the most fashionable show on the air. With its high-gloss *Dynasty* overtones, it played right into the eighties wave that was simultaneously sweeping the runways. It even starred Victoria Principal! But news last week that the show had been canceled shocked those designers whose eighties-inspired collections have yet to hit the racks. Alice Roi, whose spring collection is reminiscent of the froufrou costumes that were piled onto Principal and the rest of the cast, is philosophical about it: "That whole eighties glamour thing just got a little oversaturated," she says. "And on TV, people want to see someone who has less fashion sense than themselves. They want to see the cast of *Friends.* They want to go, 'Ha, ha! These are the mundane people! *I'm* ironic. I wear eighties.' They wanted to keep their chic a novelty, not see it in the mainstream." A.L.

Just the Two of Us

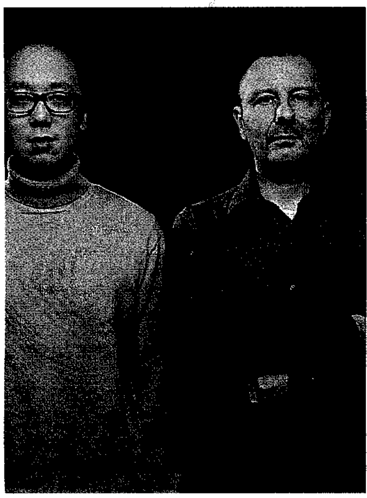
We all know how annoying it is to run into someone wearing the same shirt. But if the shirt is an update of the half-of-a-heart friendship necklace you split with your best friend from camp, then it might be the key to finding your doppelgänger. Cheryl Gaskill and Leslie Hoskulds's tees come in very limited editions—only two of each shirt will ever be made ($58–$68 apiece at Henri Bendel). You choose a word that best describes your unique and trendy self—POSTAL, FREELANCE, REDNECK—and if they haven't thought of it already, they'll stamp it onto a patch. Then you can log on to 2-of-a-Kind.com to find the only other person out there who's as unique and trendy as you. WANWISA KAMOLVATHIN

Boom Town

It started with the Fatboy Slim video for "The Rockafeller Skank." Then the fashion world picked it up: At Miguel Adrover's spring 2001 show, the music piping through the speakers stopped and the beat went on via boomboxes perched on the shoulders of the models. *Very street,* came the approving murmur from the audience. When D.J. Mad Anthony looked for an image to put on the recent invitations to his weekly party, he turned to . . . the boombox. "The boombox is definitely coming back," he says with confidence. Boomboxes have been seen and heard blaring New Wave in the East Village and salsa on Christopher Street. "It's a few brave people who are sporting them," adds the D.J. "But then, of course, it's going to be an avalanche." Of course. A.L.



Smart Set



Leslie Chin and Mark Walsh

Vintage clothing has become quite the style badge—there is, it seems, nothing more fabulous than the offhand *"Oh, this? I found it at a yard sale."* Mark Walsh and Leslie Chin have been collecting vintage couture for the past 25 years, selling primarily to museums and private collectors, and they approach the subject as true scholars. Through January 5, they're offering the top of their wearable collection at Linda Dresner, priced from $300 to $6,500, and it's selling fast: After the first day, they had to send in a resupply (484 Park Avenue; 308-3177). Instead of such standard secondhand fare as pilly Pucci and starchy Sasson, expect sheer gowns, lamé shawls, and brocade opera coats dating from the twenties and thirties. "We're re-educating the customer," Walsh explains. "A handmade dress from the thirties is just so much better than something that's being hawked as vintage from the seventies. You can't get the fabrics now, and if you do they're on a John Galliano couture dress that costs $100,000." A.L.

Photographs: clockwise from top, Andrew McCaul; firstview.com; Andrew McCaul; Nick Ruechel; Paul Drinkwater/NBC.

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Michael Tomasky THE CITY POLITIC

Closing the Books

Daniel Patrick Moynihan brought to the Senate a scholar's nose for historic issues, and to the academy a pol's ear for issues of moment.

PAT MOYNIHAN, WHAT DO *YOU* THINK YOUR legacy is?

He pauses. He has called me on a Saturday morning about two weeks after the election, from the same farm near Oneonta whose loam I had despoiled, along with about 250 of my closest friends, that long-ago July day when the proprietor walked Hillary down the road and into New York politics.

"Well, I have two tracks in my life," he says. "One is that I have been a writer, and I have written some pretty serious books. And then there is the time in government. My time in the Senate could be easily defined. My interest was foreign affairs, but my responsibility was New York."

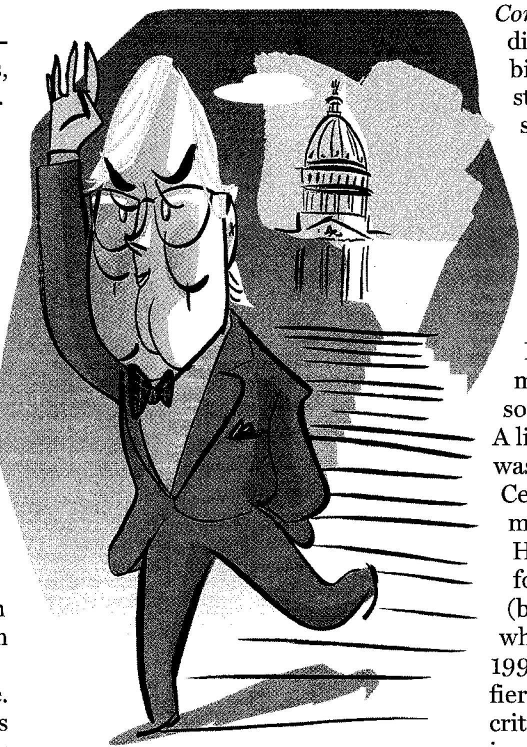
I wanted to know because, in the previous couple of months, the *Times* had begun to size up his legacy in two articles. The conclusions: half-baked scholar, gadfly-ish and inconsequential pol.

Strange, I thought. When South Carolina's Strom Thurmond retires, or dies, they'll probably name the state after him. Jesse Helms's career of blocking family-planning money for countries where birth rates challenge Sprewell's scoring average and keeping funds away from the United Nations will be celebrated by every newspaper in North Carolina when the day comes. But here's Daniel Patrick Moynihan—the Senate's philosopher-king and all that—hanging up the voting card after 24 years, and all the state's flagship liberal paper has to say to him is *Don't steal any paper clips on your way out.*

MOYNIHAN IS, IT ALMOST GOES WITHOUT saying, a fascinating fellow. But if anything, Moynihaniography—that is, the study and interpretation of Moynihan down through the decades—is even more fascinating.

For years, his reputation was inviolate. He was a seer, a thinker, a man, as it was often put, ahead of his time on issues ranging from poverty and illegitimacy to the collapse of the Soviet Union to the reemergence of ethnic nationalism. This was how Moynihan was seen by liberals and conservatives alike (the hard-shell left, of course, has reviled him pretty steadily since the mid-sixties).

But over the past few years, two things happened. First, the postmodern academy took up the question of white liberals' attitudes on race since the fifties and largely concluded that thinkers like Moynihan had ended up supporting the forces of reaction. Second, a new generation of more wisecracking journalists and pundits came along that had little use for the qualities Moynihan embodied—his courtliness, his traditionalist's reverence for the institutions of government. To this generation, Moynihan seemed fusty, remote, carved from marble. And so the revisionism began.



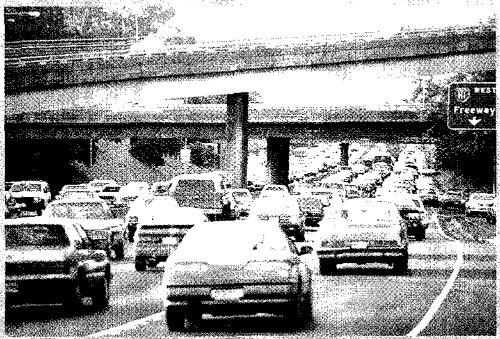
The academy's view of Moynihan, which is not unlike the hard left's, has *never* been particularly fair—especially with respect to "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action," his 1965 Labor Department study of black-family problems and what the government could do about them. The report, which is known by most people only for the phrase "tangle of pathology," devoted vast sections to discussions of slavery, Reconstruction, urbanization, deindustrialization in the cities, and discrimination. These sections of the report were completely ignored in press reports.

If you still want to insist that he should have known better than to drag family structure into it, fine. But before you do so, read his 1967 defense of the report in *Commentary,* where he argued that he did it because he believed that the possibility of federal programs aimed at strengthening families would "enlist the support of the more conservative . . . centers of power in American life whose enthusiasm for class legislation is limited indeed."

The ideological dichotomy the report expresses, relying on analyses that we would label both liberal and conservative, is symbolic of Moynihan's whole career. He is a moving target, in very quirky and sometimes difficult-to-grasp respects. A liberal cold warrior in the old days, he was also one of the chief critics of the Central Intelligence Agency's anti-democratic unaccountability and stealth. He pushed the idea of welfare reform for many years, even passing a mild (by current standards) bill in 1988; but when the climactic moment came, in 1996, he was one of welfare reform's fiercest critics on Capitol Hill (he was criticized by many on the left for not doing enough to oppose the bill, but his

Illustration by Tom Bachtell.

MAJOR CONGESTION IN
NEW YORK



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Brief Summary of
Prescribing Information as of June 1998A

ALLEGRA-D®
(fexofenadine HCl 60 mg and pseudoephedrine HCl 120 mg) Extended-Release Tablets

INDICATIONS AND USAGE

ALLEGRA-D is indicated for the relief of symptoms associated with seasonal allergic rhinitis in adults and children 12 years of age and older. Symptoms treated effectively include sneezing, rhinorrhea, itchy nose/palate/ and/or throat, itchy/watery/red eyes, and nasal congestion.

ALLEGRA-D should be administered when both the antihistaminic properties of fexofenadine hydrochloride and the nasal decongestant properties of pseudoephedrine hydrochloride are desired (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY).

CONTRAINDICATIONS

ALLEGRA-D is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to any of its ingredients.

Due to its pseudoephedrine component, ALLEGRA-D is contraindicated in patients with narrow-angle glaucoma or urinary retention, and in patients receiving monoamine oxidase (MAO) inhibitor therapy or within fourteen (14) days of stopping such treatment (see Drug Interactions section). It is also contraindicated in patients with severe hypertension, or severe coronary artery disease, and in those who have shown hypersensitivity or idiosyncrasy to its components, to adrenergic agents, or to other drugs of similar chemical structures. Manifestations of patient idiosyncrasy to adrenergic agents include: insomnia, dizziness, weakness, tremor, or arrhythmias.

WARNINGS

Sympathomimetic amines should be used judiciously and sparingly in patients with hypertension, diabetes mellitus, ischemic heart disease, increased intraocular pressure, hyperthyroidism, renal impairment, or prostatic hypertrophy (see CONTRAINDICATIONS). Sympathomimetic amines may produce central nervous system stimulation with convulsions or cardiovascular collapse with accompanying hypotension.

PRECAUTIONS

General

Due to its pseudoephedrine component, ALLEGRA-D should be used with caution in patients with hypertension, diabetes mellitus, ischemic heart disease, increased intraocular pressure, hyperthyroidism, renal impairment, or prostatic hypertrophy (see WARNINGS and CONTRAINDICATIONS). Patients with decreased renal function should be given a lower initial dose (one tablet per day) because they have reduced elimination of fexofenadine and pseudoephedrine (See CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY and DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION).

Information for Patients

Patients taking ALLEGRA-D tablets should receive the following information: ALLEGRA-D tablets are prescribed for the relief of symptoms of seasonal allergic rhinitis. Patients should be instructed to take ALLEGRA-D tablets only as prescribed. **Do not exceed the recommended dose.** If nervousness, dizziness, or sleeplessness occur, discontinue use and consult the doctor. Patients should also be advised against the concurrent use of ALLEGRA-D tablets with over-the-counter antihistamines and decongestants.

The product should not be used by patients who are hypersensitive to it or to any of its ingredients. Due to its pseudoephedrine component, this product should not be used by patients with narrow-angle glaucoma, urinary retention, or by patients receiving a monoamine oxidase (MAO) inhibitor or within 14 days of stopping use of MAO inhibitor. It also should not be used by patients with severe hypertension or severe coronary artery disease.

Patients should be told that this product should be used in pregnancy or lactation only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus or nursing infant. Patients should be cautioned not to break or chew the tablet. Patients should be directed to swallow the tablet whole. Patients should be instructed not to take the tablet with food. Patients should also be instructed to store the medication in a tightly closed container in a cool, dry place, away from children.

Drug Interactions

Fexofenadine hydrochloride and pseudoephedrine hydrochloride do not influence the pharmacokinetics of each other when administered concomitantly.

Fexofenadine has been shown to exhibit minimal (ca. 5%) metabolism. However, co-administration of fexofenadine with ketoconazole and erythromycin led to increased plasma levels of fexofenadine. Fexofenadine had no effect on the pharmacokinetics of erythromycin and ketoconazole. In two separate studies, fexofenadine HCl 120 mg BID (twice the recommended dose) was co-administered with erythromycin 500 mg every 8 hours or ketoconazole 400 mg once daily under steady-state conditions to normal, healthy volunteers (n=24, each study). No differences in adverse events or QTc interval were observed when subjects were administered fexofenadine HCl alone or in combination with erythromycin or ketoconazole. The findings of these studies are summarized in the following table:

Effects on Steady-State Fexofenadine Pharmacokinetics After 7 Days of Co-Administration with Fexofenadine Hydrochloride120 mg Every 12 Hours (twice recommended dose) in Normal Volunteers (n=24)

Concomitant Drug	$C_{max\ SS}$ *(Peak plasma concentration)*	$AUC_{SS}(0\text{-}12h)$ *(Extent of systemic exposure)*
Erythromycin (500 mg every 8 hrs)	+82%	+109%
Ketoconazole (400 mg once daily)	+135%	+164%

The changes in plasma levels were within the range of plasma levels achieved in adequate and well-controlled clinical trials.

The mechanism of these interactions has been evaluated in *in vitro, in situ* and *in vivo* animal models. These studies indicate that ketoconazole or erythromycin co-administration enhances fexofenadine gastrointestinal absorption. In vivo animal studies also suggest that in addition to enhancing absorption, ketoconazole decreases fexofenadine gastrointestinal secretion, while erythromycin may also decrease biliary excretion.

ALLEGRA-D tablets (pseudoephedrine component) are contraindicated in patients taking monoamine oxidase inhibitors and for 14 days after stopping use of an MAO inhibitor. Concomitant use with antihypertensive drugs which interfere with sympathetic activity (eg, methyldopa, mecamylamine, and reserpine) may reduce their antihypertensive effects. Increased ectopic pacemaker activity can occur when pseudoephedrine is used concomitantly with digitalis.

Care should be taken in the administration of ALLEGRA-D concomitantly with other sympathomimetic amines because combined effects on the cardiovascular system may be harmful to the patient (see WARNINGS).

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility

There are no animal or in vitro studies on the combination product fexofenadine hydrochloride and pseudoephedrine hydrochloride to evaluate carcinogenesis, mutagenesis, or impairment of fertility.

The carcinogenic potential and reproductive toxicity of fexofenadine hydrochloride were assessed using terfenadine studies with adequate fexofenadine exposure (area-under-the plasma concentration versus time curve [AUC]). No evidence of carcinogenicity was observed when mice and rats were given daily oral doses up to 150 mg/kg of terfenadine for 18 and 24 months, respectively. In both species, 150 mg/kg of terfenadine produced AUC values of fexofenadine that were approximately 3 times the human AUC at the maximum recommended daily oral dose in adults.

Two-year feeding studies in rats and mice conducted under the auspices of the National Toxicology Program (NTP) demonstrated no evidence of carcinogenic potential with ephedrine sulfate, a structurally related drug with pharmacological properties similar to pseudoephedrine, at doses up to 10 and 27 mg/kg, respectively (approximately 1/3 and 1/2, respectively, the maximum recommended daily oral dose of pseudoephedrine hydrochloride in adults on a mg/m^2 basis).

In in-vitro (Bacterial Reverse Mutation, CHO/HGPRT Forward Mutation, and Rat Lymphocyte Chromosomal Aberration assays) and in vivo (Mouse Bone Marrow Micronucleus assay) tests, fexofenadine hydrochloride revealed no evidence of mutagenicity.

Reproduction and fertility studies with terfenadine in rats produced no effect on male or female fertility at oral doses up to 300 mg/kg/day. However, reduced implants and post implantation losses were reported at 300 mg/kg. A reduction in implants was also observed at an oral dose of 150 mg/kg/day. Oral doses of 150 and 300 mg/kg of terfenadine produced AUC values of fexofenadine that were approximately 3 and 4 times, respectively, the human AUC at the maximum recommended daily oral dose in adults.

Pregnancy

Teratogenic Effects: Category C. Terfenadine alone was not teratogenic in rats and rabbits at oral doses up to 300 mg/kg; *300 mg/kg of terfenadine produced fexofenadine AUC values that were approximately 4 and 30 times, respectively, the* human AUC at the maximum recommended daily oral dose in adults.

The combination of terfenadine and pseudoephedrine hydrochloride in a ratio of 1:2 by weight was studied in rats and rabbits. In rats, an oral combination dose of 150/300 mg/kg produced reduced fetal weight and delayed ossification with a finding of wavy ribs. The dose of 150 mg/kg of terfenadine in rats produced an AUC value of fexofenadine that was approximately 3 times the human AUC at the maximum recommended daily oral dose in adults. The dose of 300 mg/kg of pseudoephedrine hydrochloride in rats was approximately 10 times the maximum recommended daily oral dose in adults on a mg/m^2 basis. In rabbits, an oral combination dose of 100/200 mg/kg produced decreased fetal weight. By extrapolation, the AUC of fexofenadine for 100 mg/kg orally of terfenadine was approximately 10 times the human AUC at the maximum recommended daily oral dose in adults. The dose of 200 mg/kg of pseudoephedrine hydrochloride was approximately 15 times the maximum recommended daily oral dose in adults on a mg/m^2 basis.

There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. ALLEGRA-D should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus.

Nonteratogenic Effects. Dose-related decreases in pup weight gain and survival were observed in rats exposed to an oral dose of 150 mg/kg of terfenadine; this dose produced an AUC of fexofenadine that was approximately 3 times the human AUC at the maximum recommended daily oral dose in adults.

Nursing Mothers

It is not known if fexofenadine is excreted in human milk. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, caution should be used when fexofenadine hydrochloride is administered to a nursing woman. Pseudoephedrine hydrochloride administered alone distributes into breast milk of lactating human females. Pseudoephedrine concentrations in milk are consistently higher than those in plasma. The total amount of drug in milk as judged by AUC is 2 to 3 times greater than the plasma AUC. The fraction of a pseudoephedrine dose excreted in milk is estimated to be 0.4% to 0.7%. A decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. Caution should be exercised when ALLEGRA-D is administered to nursing women.

Pediatric Use

Safety and effectiveness of ALLEGRA-D in pediatric patients under the age of 12 years have not been established.

Geriatric Use

Clinical studies of ALLEGRA-D did not include sufficient numbers of patients aged 65 and older to determine whether they respond differently from younger patients. Other reported clinical experience has not identified differences in responses between the elderly and younger patients, although the elderly are more likely to have adverse reactions to sympathomimetic amines. In general, dose selection for an elderly patient should be cautious, usually starting at the low end of the dosing range, reflecting the greater frequency of decreased hepatic, renal, or cardiac function, and of concomitant disease or other drug therapy.

The pseudoephedrine component of ALLEGRA-D is known to be substantially excreted by the kidney, and the risk of toxic reactions to this drug may be greater in patients with impaired renal function. Because elderly patients are more likely to have decreased renal function, care should be taken in dose selection, and it may be useful to monitor renal function.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

ALLEGRA-D

In one clinical trial (n=651) in which 215 patients with seasonal allergic rhinitis received the 60 mg fexofenadine hydrochloride/120 mg pseudoephedrine hydrochloride combination tablet twice daily for up to 2 weeks, adverse events were similar to those reported either in patients receiving fexofenadine hydrochloride 60 mg alone (n=218 patients) or in patients receiving pseudoephedrine hydrochloride 120 mg alone (n=218). A placebo group was not included in this study. The percent of patients who withdrew prematurely because of adverse events was 3.7% for the fexofenadine hydrochloride/pseudoephedrine hydrochloride combination group, 0.5% for the fexofenadine hydrochloride group, and 4.1% for the pseudoephedrine hydrochloride group. All adverse events that were reported by greater than 1% of patients who received the recommended daily dose of the fexofenadine hydrochloride/pseudoephedrine hydrochloride combination are listed in the following table.

Adverse Experiences Reported in One Active-Controlled Seasonal Allergic Rhinitis Clinical Trial at Rates of Greater than 1%

Adverse Experience	60 mg Fexofenadine Hydrochloride/120 mg Pseudoephedrine Hydrochloride Combination Tablet Twice Daily (n=215)	Fexofenadine Hydrochloride 60 mg Twice Daily (n=218)	Pseudoephedrine Hydrochloride 120 mg Twice Daily (n=218)
Headache	13.0%	11.5%	17.4%
Insomnia	12.6%	3.2%	13.3%
Nausea	7.4%	0.5%	5.0%
Dry Mouth	2.8%	0.5%	5.5%
Dyspepsia	2.8%	0.5%	0.9%
Throat Irritation	2.3%	1.8%	0.5%
Dizziness	1.9%	0.0%	3.2%
Agitation	1.9%	0.0%	1.4%
Back Pain	1.9%	0.5%	0.5%
Palpitation	1.9%	0.0%	0.9%
Nervousness	1.4%	0.5%	1.8%
Anxiety	1.4%	0.0%	1.4%
Upper Respiratory Infection	1.4%	0.9%	0.9%
Abdominal Pain	1.4%	0.5%	0.5%

Many of the adverse events occurring in the fexofenadine hydrochloride/pseudoephedrine hydrochloride combination group were adverse events also reported predominately in the pseudoephedrine hydrochloride group, such as insomnia, headache, nausea, dry mouth, dizziness, agitation, nervousness, anxiety, and palpitation.

Fexofenadine Hydrochloride

In placebo-controlled clinical trials, which included 2461 patients receiving fexofenadine hydrochloride at doses of 20 mg to 240 mg twice daily, adverse events were similar in fexofenadine hydrochloride and placebo-treated patients. The incidence of adverse events, including drowsiness, was not dose related and was similar across subgroups defined by age, gender, and race. The percent of patients who withdrew prematurely because of adverse events was 2.2% with fexofenadine hydrochloride vs 3.3% with placebo.

Pseudoephedrine Hydrochloride

Pseudoephedrine hydrochloride may cause mild CNS stimulation in hypersensitive patients. Nervousness, excitability, restlessness, dizziness, weakness, or insomnia may occur. Headache, drowsiness, tachycardia, palpitation, pressor activity, and cardiac arrhythmias have been reported. Sympathomimetic drugs have also been associated with other untoward effects such as fear, anxiety, tenseness, tremor, hallucinations, seizures, pallor, respiratory difficulty, dysuria, and cardiovascular collapse.

Prescribing Information as of June 1998A
US Patents 4,254,129; 5,375,693, 5,578,610.
alldb0698Ae

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1. Gender. Check one:
( ) Male ( ) Female

2. What is your date of birth? ____________–____________–____________

3. Which ALLEGRA® product did you purchase with this offer? Check one:
( ) ALLEGRA-D® Tablets ( ) Other ______________

4. Please indicate the number of times you have filled an ALLEGRA® prescription in the last 12 months. Check only one:
( ) 0 ( ) 1 – 3 ( ) 4 – 7 ( ) 8 or more

5. Check the seasons during which you suffer from seasonal allergies. Check all that apply:
( ) Summer ( ) Spring ( ) Fall ( ) Winter

6. How many days, per year, do you, yourself, medicate/take medicine (prescription or over-the-counter), to relieve allergy symptoms? Check only one:
( ) 1 – 30 days ( ) 61 – 120 days ( ) 31 – 60 days ( ) 121 days or more

20188301/4015S0

7. Which of the following are you allergic to? Check all that apply:
( ) Grass ( ) Trees ( ) Weeds

8. What allergy medication(s) have you taken in the past year? Check all that apply:
( ) Allegra®
( ) Benadryl®
( ) Chlor-Trimeton®
( ) Claritin®
( ) Claritin-D®
( ) Flonase®
( ) Tylenol® Allergy/Sinus
( ) Vancenase®
( ) Zyrtec®
( ) Other__________
( ) None

9. Other than yourself, do any other members of your household suffer from seasonal allergies? Check all that apply:
( ) Spouse
( ) Child 12 or older
( ) Other____________
( ) No one else suffers from allergies

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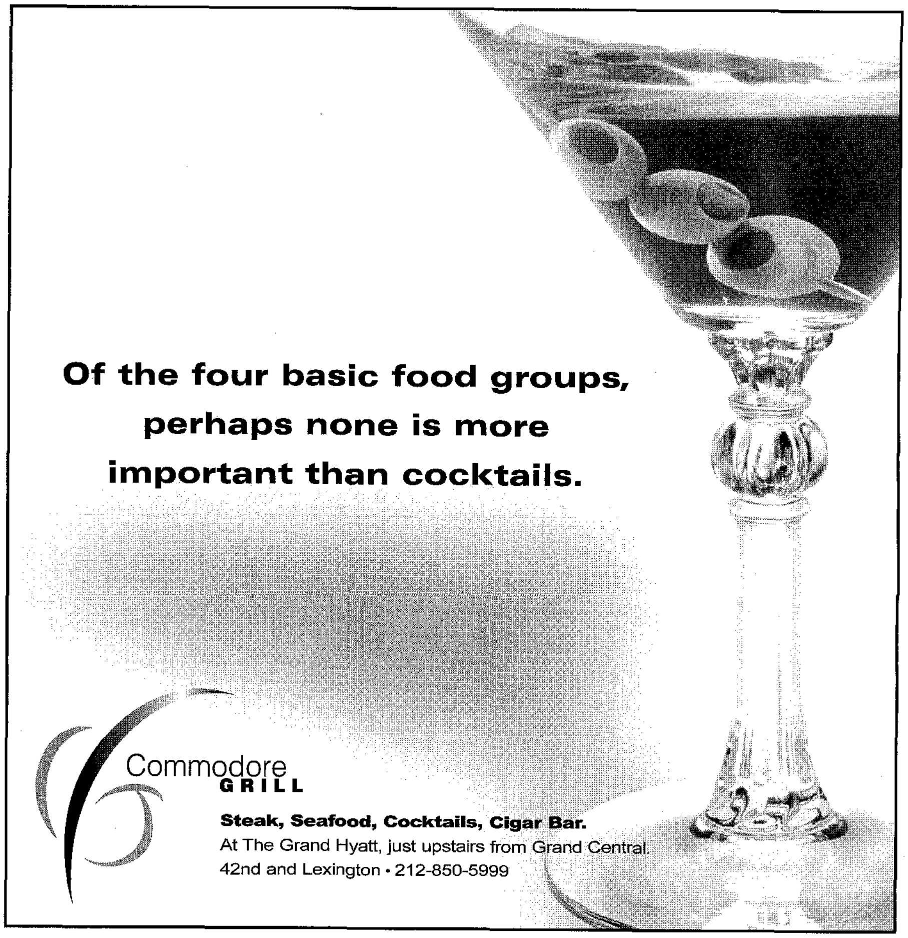
legacy on the topic will be that his approach was both farsighted and comparatively humane). He is a great admirer of latter-day Tammany Hall and the unflinching party loyalty that was its mother's milk. But he worked for Republicans and was among the first Democrats to denounce Bill Clinton when the Lewinsky story broke.

So Pat has been hard to pin down. And it's true that the legislative notches in his belt may not match Teddy Kennedy's, although they are not nearly as few as the recent conventional wisdom would have you think. There was the 1988 welfare bill. There was the $5 billion he got the federal government to pay back to New York, as it had promised to do some 35 years earlier, when the state paid to build the Thruway. There was the 1991 Intermodal Surface Transportation Efficiency Act of 1991, which, as Moynihan quite rightly puts it, "rewrote American transportation policy." With that law, federal highway money could go not only to highways but to "any form of transportation that was most efficient"—commuter rail and light rail and subways, even. Getting that language changed was a good day's work (there aren't many subways in Mississippi). We might toss in the fact that he chaired the Finance Committee—the first New Yorker to do that since before the Civil War—when, against mighty opposition from the right, that committee sent to the floor Bill Clinton's 1993 budget package, the one on which Al Gore cast the tie-breaking vote, which helped spark the boom. And finally, assuming this new Penn Station happens, and it appears that it will, that's all Moynihan. Throw in eighteen books, and I'd say that's a life well spent.

SO WHY THE KNOCKS? I THINK MOYNIHAN revisionism has less to do with the man himself than with the fact that the times changed furiously on him and left him looking like he belonged to another age. He says he's not troubled by the dour assessments. "It makes my wife feel a lot more animated than I," he says. He may be too idiosyncratic to satisfy any one ideological cluster. But in a time in which even Supreme Court justices have stooped to the most rancidly ideological strong-arm tactics, maybe Washington will miss someone who was rather less predictable. Besides that, he is serious, brilliant, intellectually curious, decent, polite, and civilized. George W. Bush's Washington will surely be short on people like that. ■


Of the four basic food groups, perhaps none is more important than cocktails.

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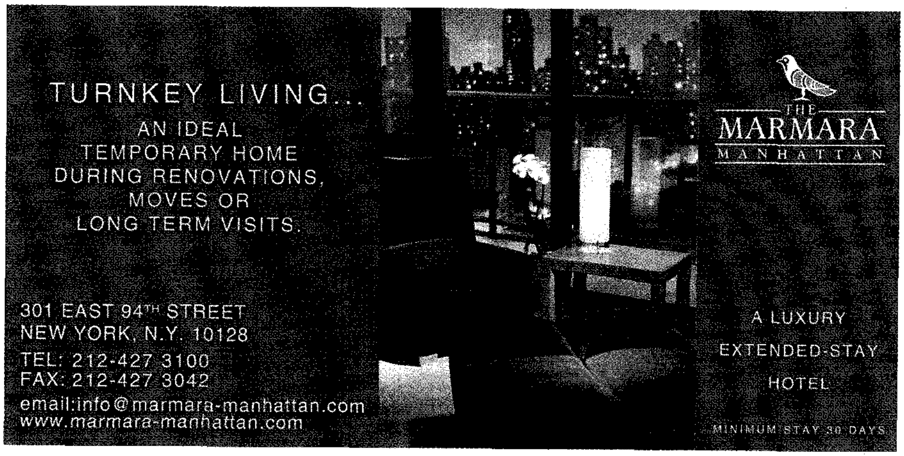
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James J. Cramer THE BOTTOM LINE

The New New Me

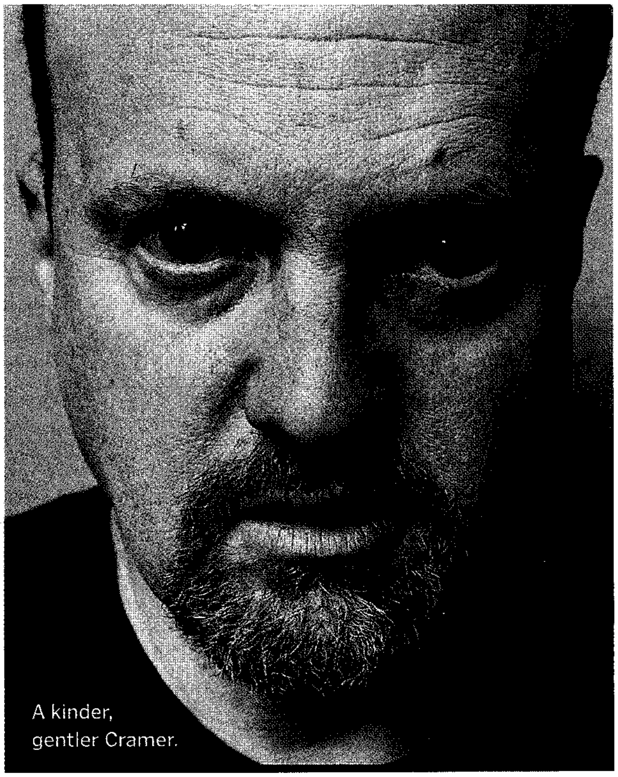
After two decades of high-octane, high-stress, high-stakes hedge-fund trading, the author's taking the biggest risk of all—he's quitting.

EVERYONE KEPT HIS HEAD DOWN. THEY knew the drill by now. The boss was upset with a trade, a simple 10,000 shares of Brocade, and now the stock was collapsing in after-hours trading, and he was doing what he always does when a trade goes against him. First to go was the keyboard. Sometimes he just smashed it with the phone; this time he picked it up, turned it on its side, and gave it four good whacks with enough force to send the QWERTY keys to the left and the ZXCVB keys to the right—that's where Jeannie Cullen sits, his sidekick, his desk mate, his confidante, and she's been picking flying letters out of her coffee, her sweater, and her hair for six years now. Jeannie shuddered. (Later she admitted that she was praying he wouldn't slam the monitor with the staple gun, or overturn the whole desk, because in the past that had led to shards of arcing broken glass that gave the whole staff splinters during the ensuing cleanup.)

Next came the phone. As Brocade continued to fall—down twelve quick ones, plunging into the $140s—the boss yanked the phone off the cord and pounded it into the desk until it split into dozens of sharp pieces; he was beating time to a cadence of shouted curses, all directed at the sinking stock. Still no one looked up. They knew that as long as the stock kept sinking, everything on the boss's desk could be turned into a missile launched right toward one of them.

And as it hit $143, the second keyboard went into orbit, the space bar and backspace key separating in midair, before it collided with the stuffed-animal totems that lined the partition between the boss's desk and that of the now-absent head trader, who knew enough to slink out well before he became a target.

At last, the stock bottomed, and then, mercifully, it bounced, and the boss stalked off to his private office to scream over the phone at a few colleagues in the field. He always did that; partly so that Jeannie could pull out the backup keyboards and phones, tidy up, and have everything ready for the next outburst. She kept a closetful of spares.


A kinder, gentler Cramer.

But there would be no more tantrums. Because the very next day, the boss quit.

I had broken enough furniture and monitors and keyboards and coffee mugs to last a lifetime. More than a lifetime, in fact. As a 45-year-old hedge-fund manager, I knew I had already overstayed my actuarial table. Time to get out before the game killed me. Time to get out before I killed someone else!

This month, at the top of my game after nineteen years of running other peoples' money, I resigned. I'm turning the reins over to my 33-year-old partner, Jeff Berkowitz. It's his turn to slam phones or shatter monitors. His turn to sweat and worry and fret about how well he's doing in the viciously competitive hedge-fund world.

I want none of it. I'm giving it up willingly, without a fight, because I know that I don't have it in me to care enough come January, when it's time to feel the angst of starting over at zero again, even after turning in a terrific year-2000 performance. I simply can't summon the stamina to pick stocks in this crazy environment, where you can lose a fortune in 40 minutes of trading.

You have to understand that with the ranks of hedge-fund managers swelled by the thousands since I started trading in 1981, the pressure to be the best, to outperform all others, and to make the most money for your partners has gotten greater every year. Making things even tougher are the changes by the government to level the playing field by taking away the professional's informational edge. Increasingly, only speed and wits matter in this game, and while I was long on the latter, I had gotten too old to maintain the former.

I wanted to get out before it became obvious to all that I had lost my trading edge. And a plus-35 percent year, when

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Check out the "Streetside Chat" this week, where market guru Ray Dalio, head of Bridgewater Associates, is interviewed. Available free at www.thestreet.com.

Photographed by Henry Leutwyler.

Maybe I was supposed to get Parkinson's.

Maybe the last 20 years were just a warm-up for this moment. After all, my career has given me a certain stature (even for a short guy). And people seem to pay attention when I speak. So listen to this: Of all the brain disorders, Parkinson's is the one that scientists truly believe may be closest to a cure. Yet it remains severely underfunded. In fact, with enough funding, they feel they can crack it within 10 years. And if they can cure Parkinson's, then similar diseases like Alzheimer's, Huntington's, and ALS (Lou Gehrig's Disease) may not be far behind. You can help make that happen. Go to my Web site. Or call to make a donation. You have the power to wipe out this disease. To affect millions of lives. Okay, okay. I'll get off my soapbox now.

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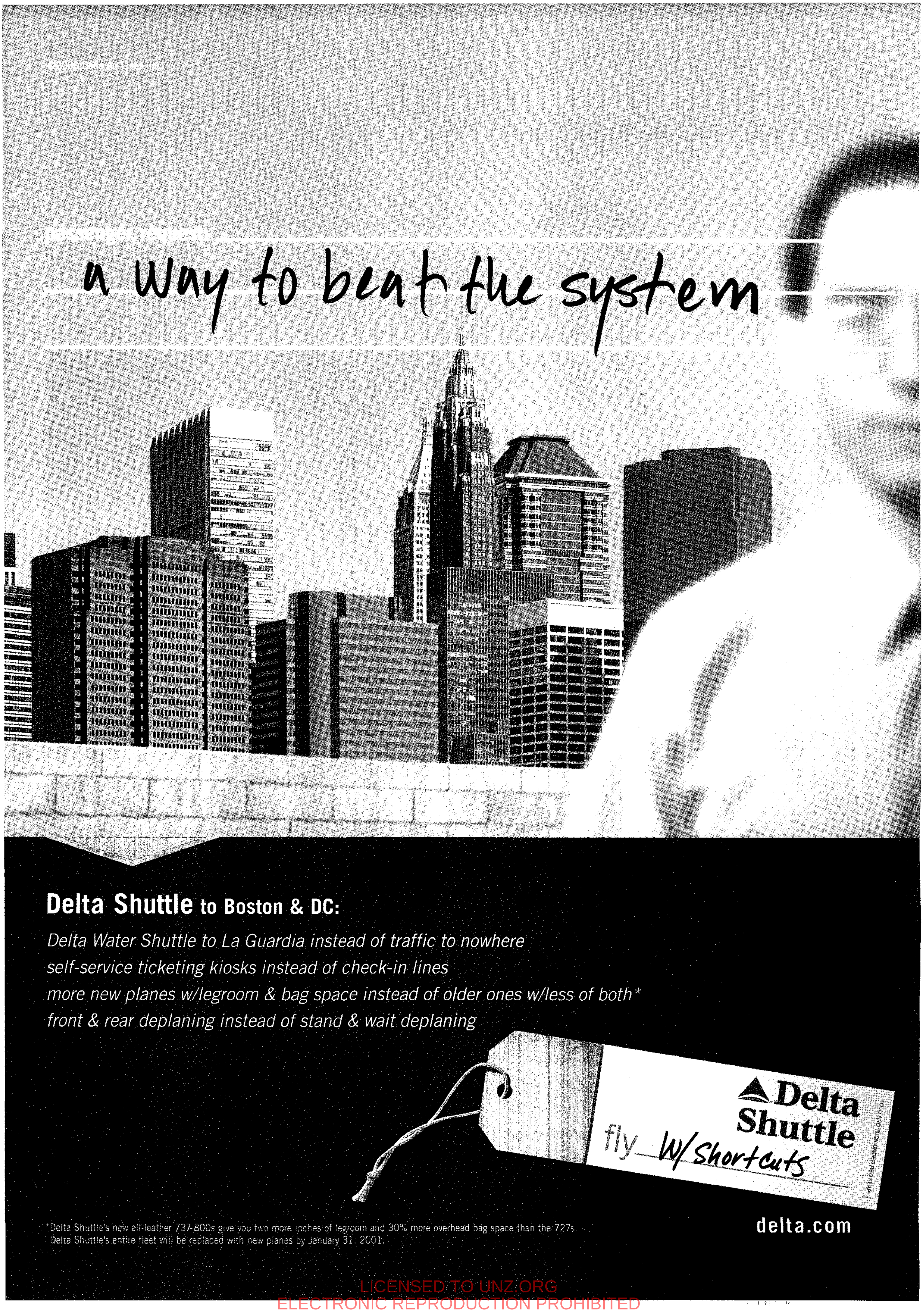
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the averages were down double digits, seemed like as good a time as any to leave my trading turret. Fortunately, because of my writing, I still have something to keep me busy, so I won't be sitting on the couch in the den watching the CNBC ticker all day.

TO THOSE NOT INVOLVED IN THE high-performance game of hedge-fund management, my hysterical anger after a loss like the Brocade slide probably seems excessive, childlike, and totally unnecessary. You couldn't be more wrong. The reason we in the hedge-fund business have such high burnout—why there are no *old* hedge-fund managers—is that if you don't care about a ten-point decline, even if it's a small position, you shouldn't be in the game anymore. The moment you say, "You know, I am so good and so secure that I could give a rat's butt about Brocade's decline," that's the moment they should take the money away and give it to someone who cares more than you do.

You have to want to win so badly that you don't care what others think about your behavior when you *don't* win. Good money managers constantly compare themselves with others. I followed the performance of 50 separate money managers every day, and I grilled my staff regularly about why Smith Barney Aggressive Growth clobbered us on an up day or how the more defensive Contra trumped us on a down one. I could barely contain myself when we pulled ahead of the pack. And I literally had to choke back tears on the days when the bad guys—everyone else running money—tacked on more points than we did. (Ironically, five days after I blew up because Brocade went down ten points, to $143, it was at $220! I was dead right after all . . . and almost dead because of it.)

The manic misery of nonstop performance, day in and day out, can't be sustained without believing the fiction that poverty still lurks just around the corner. But trying to stay hungry when you are making $10 million a year is difficult. Taking all that risk—the *necessary* risk if you want to see outsize rewards—seems stupid once you've made all that money. You only need to get rich once, but you have to pretend that you need ever-larger sums just to stay hungry enough to make as much money as you can for your partners. So the great ones are either pretending or they're driven by crushing insecurity, the feeling that no amount of money is ever enough.

When you are 30 and you have a tantrum after losing money, you can go work out afterward—run a few laps around the Reservoir or go lift some weights at the health club. When you are 35 and you smash some computers, you head to the nearest watering hole, and two vodkas later you're thinking, *Oh, what the heck, get a good night's sleep and right back at 'em.* When you are 40 and you try to throw your monitor through the window because you bought Intel too soon on a downgrade, you are too old to have a drink after work without ruining the next day, so you learn to just go home and hug your wife and kids.

But when you are 45 and you smash two keyboards and a phone, you can't breathe, your head spins, your fingers go numb, your chest pounds, and your assistant calls 911. You can't sleep that night, and you walk in the next morning strung out like a drug addict going cold turkey. The stress is too great for a 45-year-old to handle, at least not without leaving lasting damage. It takes a little more out of you each year, until there's nothing left, and that's when you screw up. There are a lot of guys who just drift lower and take their reputations with them. As much as I love Julian Robertson and respect George Soros, their declines at the end of their careers made them seem like Willie Mays to me, pathetically trying to hit third with a throw from center and having it hop near second. You want to go out on top like Elway or Michael Jordan, because you are only as good as your last trade. If you don't quit, you become second-rate, or you die. I wanted to be Jordan, not Mays.

Over the past few years, I've been dreading the last days of December, because that was when our beautiful, hard-fought year would end, and a new clock started. All that excruciating work and performance would be history. The great record we had amassed the previous year would be wiped out the moment we started trading again in January. As it is every year. Unless I retired.

So I did. ■

James J. Cramer is manager of a hedge fund and co-founder of TheStreet.com. At the time of publication, his fund had a long position in Brocade. His fund often buys and sells securities that are the subject of his columns, both before and after the columns are published, and the positions that his fund takes may change at any time. Under no circumstances does the information in this column represent a recommendation to buy or sell stocks. Cramer's writings provide insights into the dynamics of money management and are not a solicitation for transactions. While he cannot provide investment advice or recommendations, he invites comments at jjcletters@thestreet.com.

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Michael Wolff THIS MEDIA LIFE

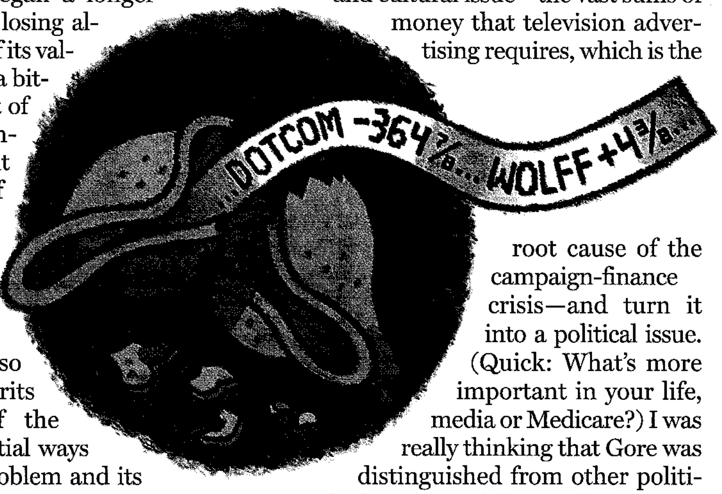
Told You So

I scored a solid B+ on last year's predictions—despite the AOL–Time Warner deal. This year's forecast is all gloomy, especially for George W. Bush.

I MADE THREE PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 2000. Amazon would become the Atari of the Internet. Gore would be elected president—with the winning issue being his offer to suspend television advertising. The old-media business would gobble up the new-media business (which, like politics, was in the process of bankrupting itself with television advertising).

This is how I rate myself on a 5.0 scale:

- Of the Four Horsemen of the Internet—Amazon, Yahoo, eBay, Priceline (let us not quite include AOL here)—it was Priceline that became most Atari-like, going from a revolutionary business force to a has-been and punch line overnight (uttering the name Jay Walker gets you a reliable laugh even in gloomy gatherings of dying Internet companies).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Amazon has turned out to be more the Wang of the Web. Instead of disappearing with a puff, it began a longer process of denial, losing almost 80 percent of its value and becoming a bitter pill for the rest of the technology industry. Granted, it has been a sort of noble denial. Amazon's argument is that it's so beloved, has so many customers, and does its job so well that it merits every benefit of the doubt. In substantial ways this is true: Its problem and its fate don't have much to do with performance. Amazon is doing what it does as well as ever. It's just that its value—its halcyon $40 billion value and its CEO Jeff Bezos's status as *Time*'s Man of the Year, or even its current $9 billion—depends not just on performance, but on a general willingness to see it as the last best hope for retailing (even as the rebirth of retailing).

If we begin to judge Amazon roughly, or with impatience, or begin to lump it with all other retail companies, then it is logically worth what other retail companies at its performance level would be worth, say, about $1 billion—which means it does not have enough value to finance its projected operating and capital deficits. Unlike Wang, Amazon is not necessarily obsolete. But it is more likely to live its life as a division of a major national retailer rather than as a mighty Internet company (a prediction for 2001: Amazon gets bought for under $1 billion). If I was overly alliterative with my metaphor, I was more right than not about the outcome. I give myself a 4.5.

- In the matter of Gore and how he might have waged the 2000 campaign, I was wishful and wrong. I figured he had the intellectual (albeit not charismatic) wherewithal to take a modern business and cultural issue—the vast sums of money that television advertising requires, which is the root cause of the campaign-finance crisis—and turn it into a political issue. (Quick: What's more important in your life, media or Medicare?) I was really thinking that Gore was distinguished from other politicians by his grasp of this stuff (the information superhighway is his metaphor, after all) and that his offer to suspend television advertising would have been a simple and fun way to have manhandled Bush.

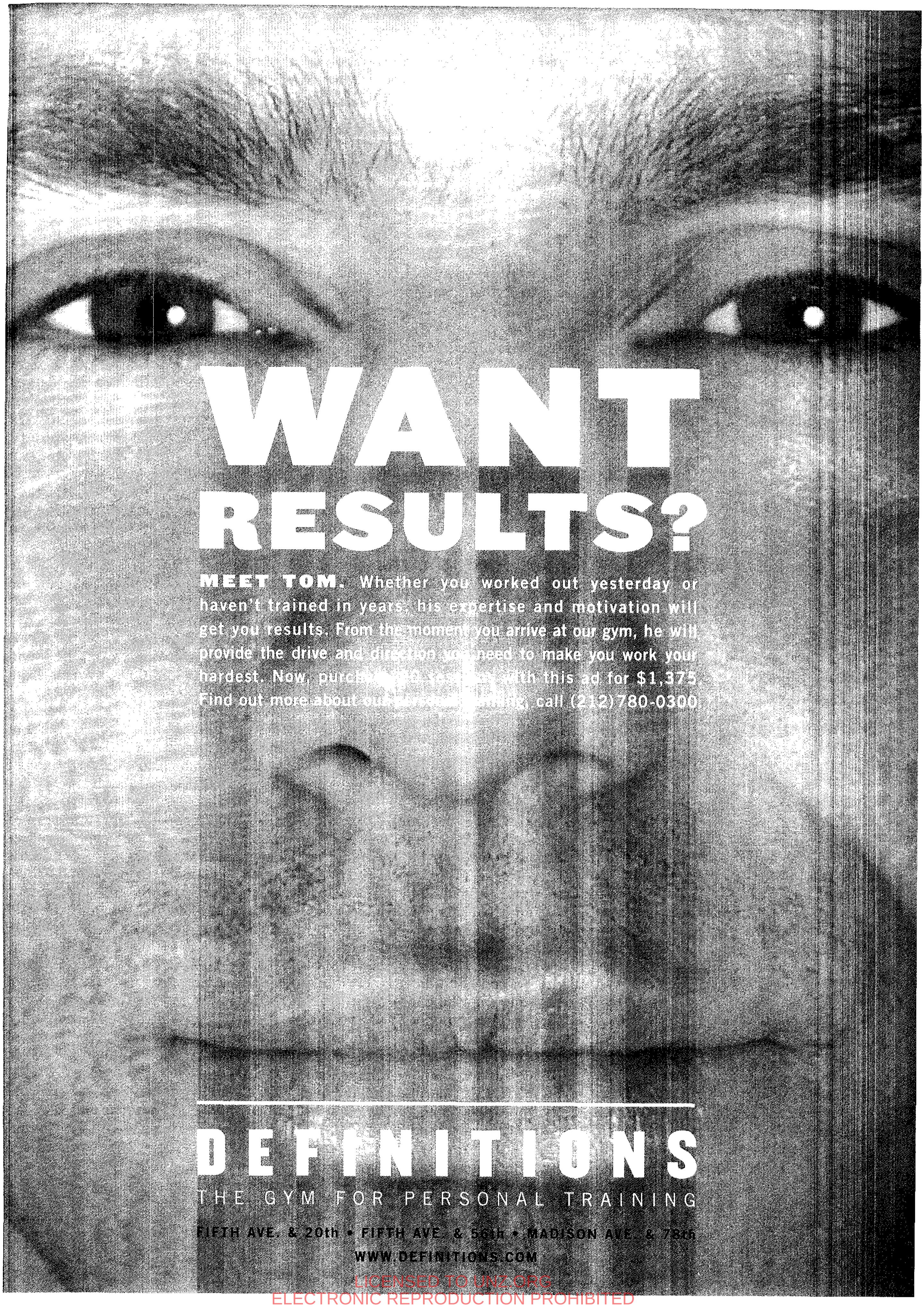
But no cigar. Indeed, both Bush and Gore ran the most conventional of campaigns. And because neither found a way out of the television morass, and each had about $100 million to spend, there was some inevitability to the deadlock. Still, because no other pundits got anything right regarding the outcome of the campaign, and because Al Gore did *actually* win, I grade myself on a curve: 2.5.

- As for the relationship between old media and new media, and the primal struggle I saw shaping up with old media using its cash to scarf up soon-to-be-broke Internet companies, I had to do some shuffling when AOL made a deal last January to take over Time Warner. Not only did I seem wrong (although I argued, manfully, it only *looked* like AOL was buying Time Warner), but the deal seemed, briefly, to suggest the beginning of an entirely new alignment in media world power. Yahoo would buy Disney. CMGI (last year's biggest share-price gainer, now facing extinction) would buy News Corp. Even iVillage would buy something. But then the world changed, and suddenly the only people who seemed as prescient as me about the end of dot-com value were AOL's executives, who knew enough to use their high share price to lock in a deal.

As it happens, the as-yet-uncompleted AOL acquisition of Time Warner will be the last time a new-media company will ever find itself in such a buyer's role. Indeed, if the deal had not been agreed to with all kinds of onerous breakup provisions, instead of AOL being worth 50 percent more than Time Warner, as it was last January (or even the 8 percent more than TW it is worth now), AOL would likely have followed Yahoo's fortunes and lost 85 percent or so of its market cap, and, therefore, be worth somewhere south of a quarter of Time Warner's value.

Not only was I right that media companies with positive cash flow would be buyers of new-media businesses, the reality was even more stunning: New-media businesses would be begging old media to

Illustration by Sean Kelly.



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buy them up. Such new-media enterprises now have no possible way to exist other than with the support and sufferance of old-media companies. Of course, much of the rationale for old media to buy new media went away because the threat of new media as a more potent and efficient and competitive advertising medium went away, too. (It's unlikely that Time Warner investors would approve an AOL deal today, even at a vastly discounted price.)

At Time Warner, tethered to if not yet owned by AOL, there is a blinkered, marching-forward attitude. It is some premodern marriage agreement that cannot be undone. Ritual and propriety, and arcane dowry rules, keep it together. Bob Pittman, the lucky husband, gloats.

I award myself a bonus point: 6.0.

Year-end grade: 4.3 out of 5.0. Or as Amazon would put it: ☆☆☆☆☆

BUT THAT WAS EASY. NOW WE BEGIN A YEAR that already seems both farcelike and sinister in its uncertainties.

So follow the comedy as well as the conspiracies:

- Let us return briefly to the fate of dot-comdom. Surely one element that is fueling the now-inevitable demise of the phenomenon is a certain pleasure the world is taking in the fall of such unappealing people.

It is a classic kind of humor. Give a man wealth beyond all imagination, watch him come to believe he is deserving of such wealth, even that he has earned it, and then take it away from him. The cruelty does not much diminish the satisfaction.

"I predict an '87-size drop. **A full-scale crash. The Big One.** When? Spring."

At any rate, I am confident that these will be my last dot-com predictions, that, after this, there will be no future to predict. Indeed: By the end of 2001 there will be no Internet business whatsoever. It will not even be possible to say, *I'm in the Internet business*. There will be no dot-com industry left. While there will be traditional businesses that use the Internet (and that have acquired relevant dot-com companies), and various literary and cottage-industry efforts (pornography, for instance), the Internet as a unique business idea is gone. The period from 1996 through 2000 was, relatively speaking, the sixties. An illusory moment that quickly passed. (But oh, what fun!) Now the dreary seventies begin. Count on the recriminations.

I predict SEC indictments of notable analysts and VCs and Internet CEOs and CFOs who marketed securities on the basis of New Economy fantasies, which, in Old Economy terms, are now more recognizable as stock swindles and fraud.

- Technology, we will come to agree with the passing of this Panglossian era, sucks. Or there will be widespread agreement that it never worked to begin with. This is part of the subtext to the falling tech market. The growth of tech stocks was based on the promise of broadband—which no one actually had. During the past year, enough people have gotten high-speed connections to know firsthand that you can't get it installed, or that, if you do, after Herculean efforts, it's slow. But the tech breakdown goes well beyond that. Because the whole web of technology-aided solutions and services and salvation is a disappointment. We control our deep frustration only because we've been brainwashed to believe it will soon get better. But if the stock market slows down, and tech companies go out of business, and tech support becomes even more difficult to get on the phone, we will begin to lose that blind faith. We will find that it will not get better, it will get much worse. We are all travelers; we are in the same airport; and none of us is going anywhere anytime soon.

- Volatility rules! " . . . but then the market shifted . . ." will become the universal excuse, explaining every screwup, bad choice, inept decision.

Then again, the market has shifted, and the sky will truly fall. I predict an '87-size drop. A full-scale crash. The Big One (although in a volatile age, the lows swing up as quickly as the highs swing down). When? Spring.

- Such volatility and reversals create a problem not just for shareholders but for the media: A potent underlying issue of the coming era will be the media's credibility gap. You can only get it wrong so many times before people start to expect you to get it wrong—and before you are written off as a fool. The pundit predicament in 2001 will become a doleful one. Television will become a place of apologies, contrition, and retraction.

- AOL–Time Warner breaks up. I mean, the deal gets done. But having done the deal, for all the obvious reasons—a dot-com penalty against the share price on top of a soft-advertising-climate penalty against all media stocks—there will be the inevitable effort to "rationalize" the company and raise the share price. I'd guess AOL/TW will try to portray itself as some new kind of television proposition—Pittman is a television guy and Jerry Levin still has interactive TV on the brain. The magazines will finally be allowed to go their separate way. And certainly no one is going to mourn the loss of a music company. There will be a lot of rationalizing and philosophizing and strategizing; much smoke and moving of the troops to hide behind; and, in the end, spin-off will suddenly be a sexy and brilliant solution. AT&T is just the beginning of the big-media breakups.

- Bush loses.

Presidential campaigns, for some unlikely reason, are relatively well-tempered, fair-minded, indeed, lily-livered affairs. They are, you could say, exercises in denial. It wasn't until after the 1972 election that Watergate came out of the closet. It wasn't until after Bill Clinton became president that his various messes caught up with him.

The get-even thing doesn't really begin until you have someone to get even with.

I doubt if there can be any way the Bushes are ready for what will become the unending deconstruction of the 2000 election. Not only will we shortly get a vivid picture of the Bush machinations in Florida, but we'll get hand counts by news and academic organizations, which—who thinks otherwise?—Bush doesn't win.

The drunk-driving bit of malfeasance that emerged days before the election, only to be obscured by the election aftermath, is, of course, just the beginning of the personal deconstruction.

But the thing that is hardest to predict is whether people—large numbers of normally hard-to-move people—will really get mad about this. Whether there's enough emotional resonance in the presidency to put people over the edge.

It is just possible that politics could become very interesting again.

SO HERE'S THE SKINNY: THE VAST BUT UNcertain ramifications from the busting of the biggest speculative bubble in history will certainly bollix up the economy, casting doubt on almost every aspect of the media-technology-finance society, with no one able to say, with any reliability, who caused what to happen, and what might happen next; plus, such an unpredictable, unstable, volatile situation falls under the shadow of a stolen election; and, of course, everything is further exacerbated by the difficulties of getting an on-time flight. ■

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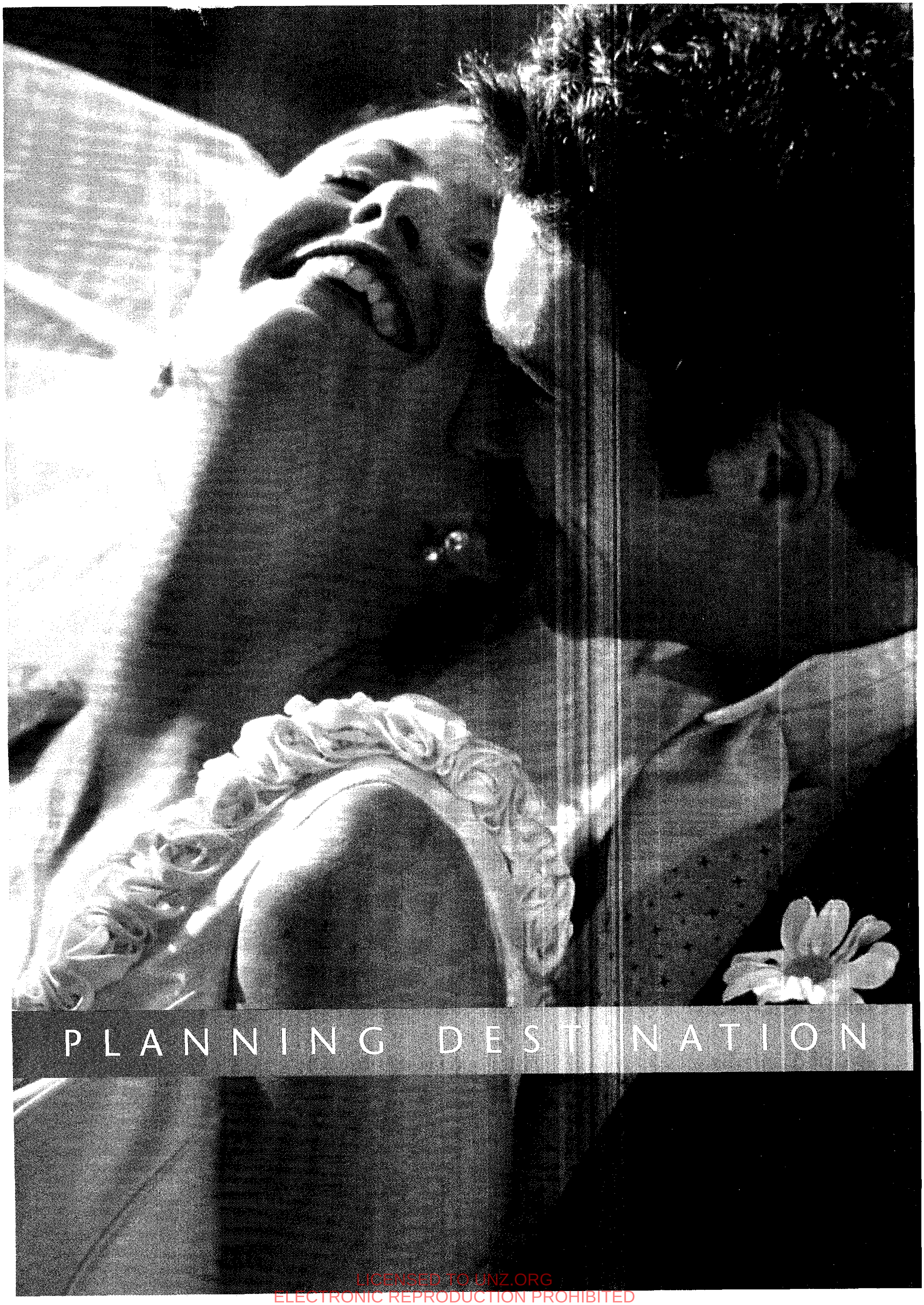
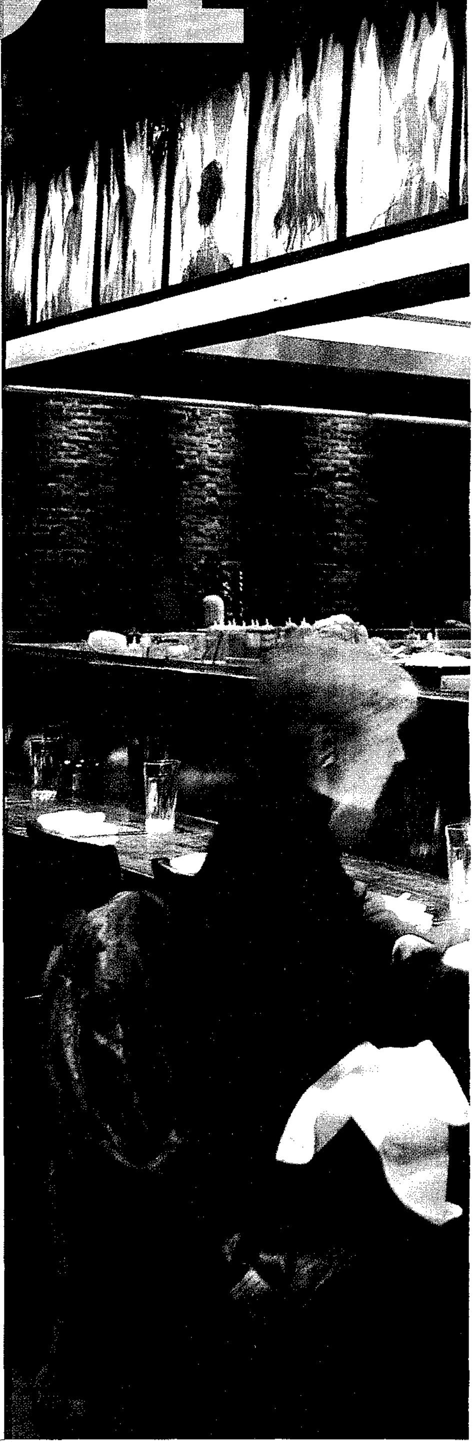


PLANNING DESTINATION

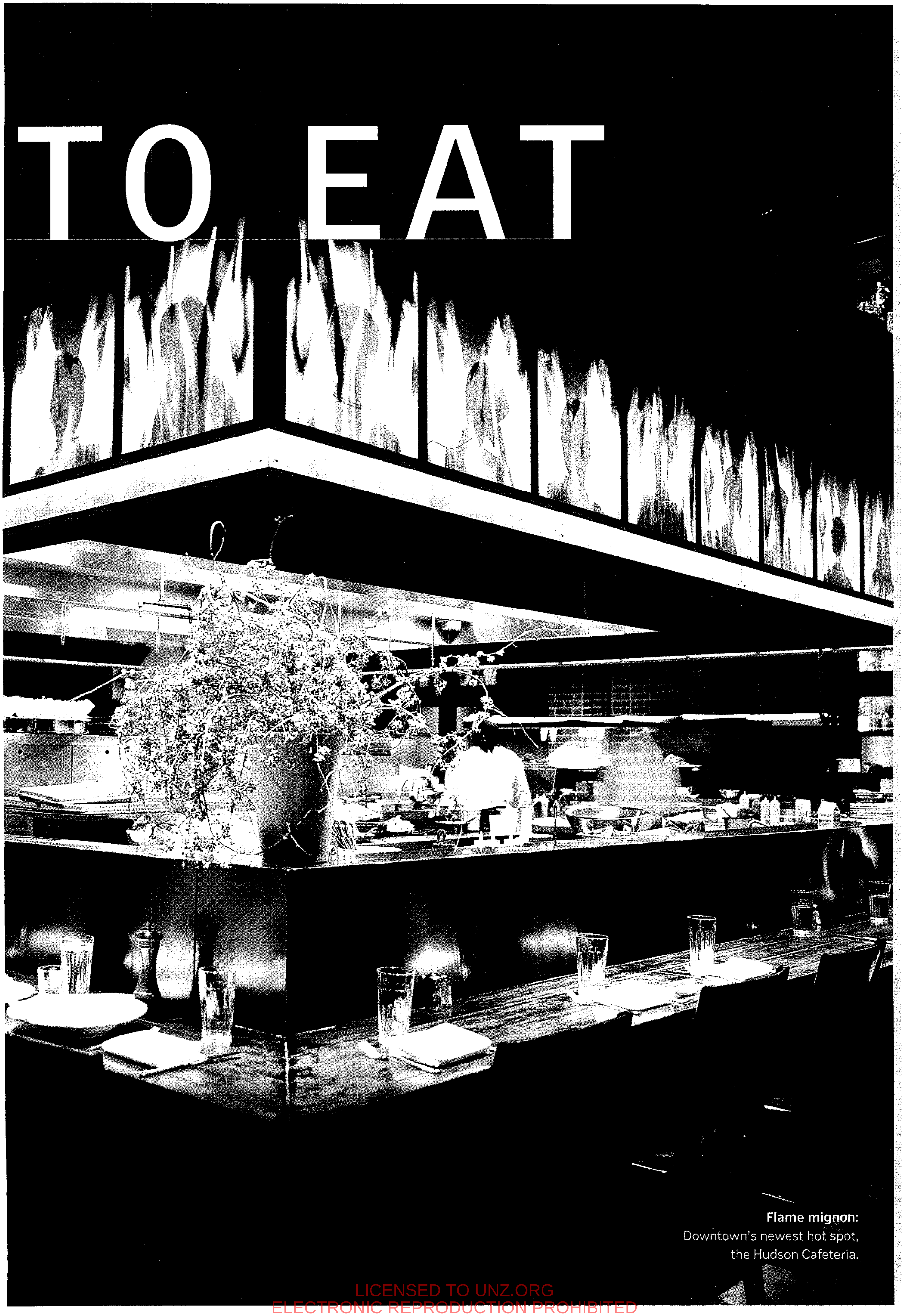
GAEL GREENE'S WHERE IN 2001



New York's entrepreneurial marathon to maximize, market, brand, expand, and reinvent the bistro, café, canteen, tapas stand, and chop house is torrential. So many openings; so many threatened launches to come. In retrospect, the restaurant madness of the eighties seems almost tame. Not even a certified obsessed foodie, powered by an internal clock that says "time to eat" three times a day, can keep up. Escoffier and my trainer know how I've tried. So here it is: mad-cow stampede, saucier's apprentices run amok, lamb's-tongue vinaigrette, wasabi sorbet, foie gras–stuffed chicken wings. And yes, peanut-butter-bacon-and-banana means Elvis is in the house.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT WRIGHT

TO EAT



Flame mignon: Downtown's newest hot spot, the Hudson Cafeteria.

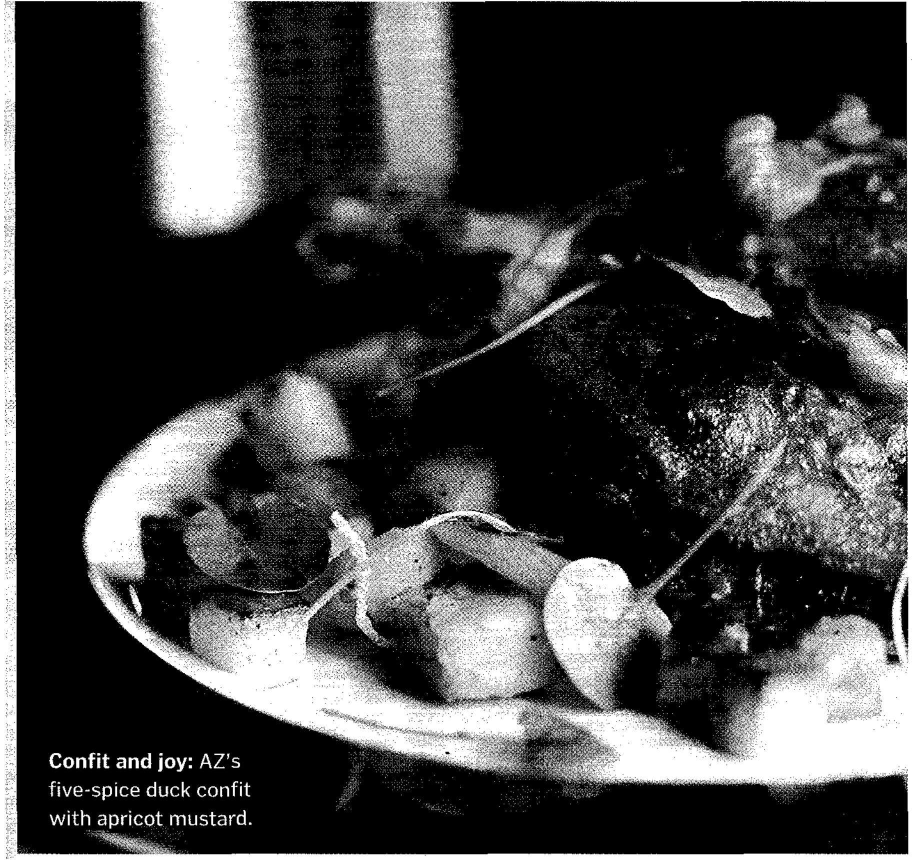
I'm dizzy from the splash of so many new places. What do you love?

I can't wait to go back to **Brasserie 8½**, where the floating stairway brings out the Lorelei Lee in me. I like seeing Léger and Matisse looming above my seared tuna, and am totally beguiled by how luscious bistro classics can be in chef Julian Alonzo's skilled hands. And now there's a new noon-to-midnight menu in the lounge, so I can drop by anytime on a whim for Alonzo's lobster club sandwich or a croque monsieur, or thaw out with a glass of Burgundy and his steaming cassoulet.

We've never really spoken, but I know from the delicious excess at **First**, his downtown stand, that chef Sam DeMarco is a soul mate. The lunch lineup at **District** in the new Muse hotel proves it: lollipop buffalo wings paired with mini-burgers. Potato pierogi and a brisket sandwich. Five-dollar desserts. Nostalgia for the matinee busloads. Dinner is less playful but just as appealing in a quietly witty set by David Rockwell. There's a luscious roast pork loin accessorized with foie gras–stuffed prunes. A paragon of a sirloin (is it the salt rub?) with bone-marrow pierogi. And old-fashioned cheesecake with huckleberry compote. There's also a three-course pretheater prix fixe for $32. Another gift for theater hounds and businessmen at a loss for a grown-up lunch in mid-midtown is **Triomphe** in the Iroquois hotel. Chef Steven Zobel exercises genuine authority with such bistro classics as rabbit à la coq au vin and roasted chicken with lardons and artichokes.

What about the newly hatched talent?

True, it was late last year that I scouted the wunderkind Wylie Dufresne at **71 Clinton Fresh Food** on a not-yet-gentrified stretch of the Lower East Side. Much to my amazement, Jean-Georges's protégé has so far resisted all temptation to leave his bush-league perch. He continues to wow even the most demanding gourmands who win the lottery for his few tiny tables. Patricia Yeo's delicious fusion daring in the urban rain forest that is AZ is this year's triumph. Six months into the jungle, she seems even stronger and surer (though the room cries out for a lighting adjustment). Miso-glazed Chilean sea bass, the Sichuan-pepper salt-cured foie gras, marvelously fatty short ribs with taro gnocchi, and the seared tuna with braised oxtails in a port reduction are all major pleasures. And if you can resist the hot-fudge sundae (I'm not sure you should), lemon and tangerine ices with citrus-vodka-soaked fruits have just the pungency you want to cool your palate.



Confit and joy: AZ's five-spice duck confit with apricot mustard.

Frites out: French fries with dips at F&B in Chelsea.

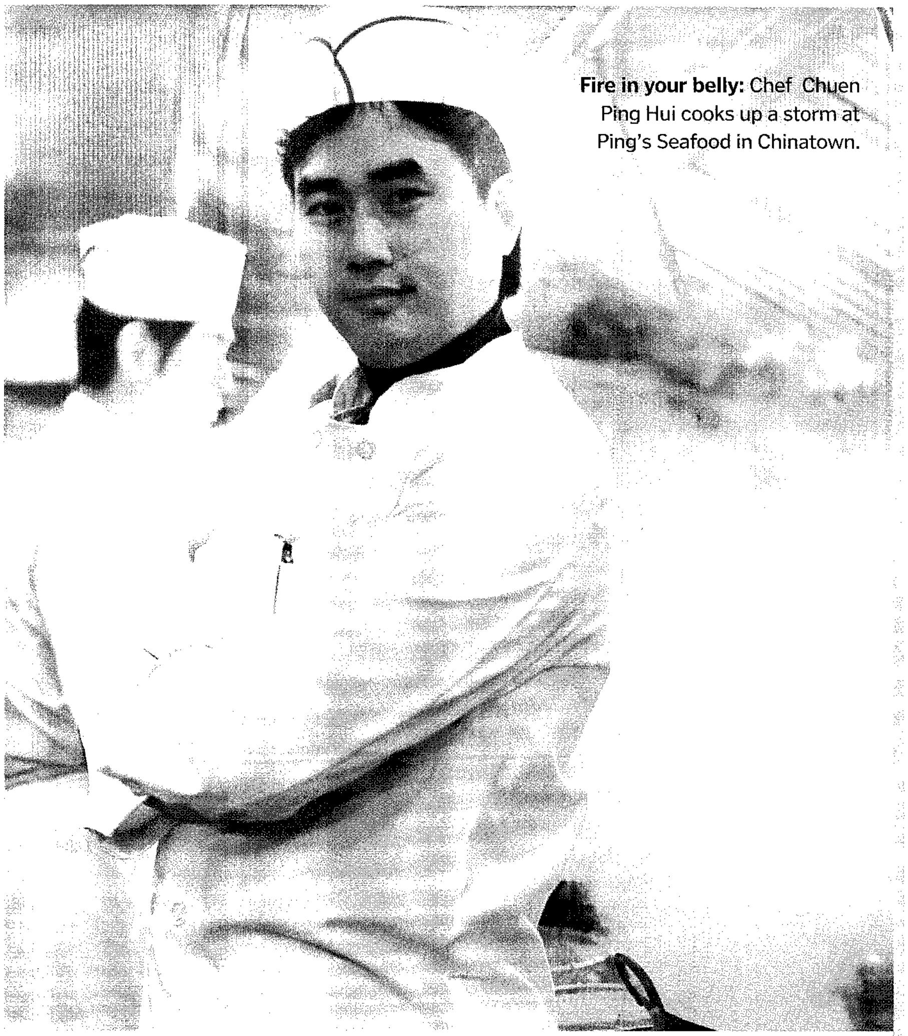
I hear you call yourself the Junk-food Queen. Where do you get your fix?

An allusion to my weakness for Jujyfruits, Drake's crumb cake, and chocolate bridge mix. If you're not a peanut-butter freak, you don't need to know that I practically had to be dragged from **Peanut Butter & Co.** to be kept from gobbling a second half of the Elvis—a grilled peanut-butter sandwich with banana, honey, and bacon. I ordered it on whole wheat, even though I know Elvis would've preferred white. It comes garnished with potato chips and carrot sticks. (Just like Mom, sneaking in those carrot sticks.) They'll even cut off the crusts for you.

F&B in Chelsea is clearly the Tiffany of fast food. (Is that the subliminal message of those robin's-egg-blue walls?) I have friends who start *and* end the day here at one of the bleached-wood counters, dipping beignets (plump doughnut pillows), three to a $1.50 order, in a choice of sauces—caramel, chocolate, mango. I'll take the apple fritters (no sugary dip needed) with cider. Or a split of champagne served in the bottle with a blue straw. Hot dogs come in a dozen guises, plus vegetarian. I like the Great Dane for its rémoulade and onion crisps on marinated cucumber, and the savory Sheep Dog (ratatouille and crumbled feta on lamb sausage). But it's worth a stop for the superlative fries alone.

I can't find my way around Chinatown. Help!

Now that Chinatown extends to Flushing and has almost gobbled up Little Italy, I get lost, too. And I hate when joints I loved get sloppy and rude. Happily, raves have not corrupted Chuen Ping Hui in his new post at **Ping's Seafood** on Mott Street. Most nights, he's stir-frying exotica in one wok and crisping bits of garlic and shallots to shower on fried calamari or sweet Dungeness crab in another. If it's a choice between steamed oysters as big as linebackers or scallops in the shell drizzled with his pungent XO sauce, I must have both. And itsy silverfish tossed with dried squid, flowering chive, Chinese celery, and jícama slivers is a must. My Chinatown guru loves the pricey sautéed lobster on soft emu noodles (though I find it overcooked). Even vegetarian fried rice has the signature of the movie-star-handsome master I first discovered wowing local honchos with his banquet flash at Triple Eight Palace.


Fire in your belly: Chef Chuen Ping Hui cooks up a storm at Ping's Seafood in Chinatown.

I've stumbled on remarkably rewarding dishes by throwing a dart at **Funky Broome**'s ambitious menu. And I like the agreeable attitude in this stark white storefront, zapped with chartreuse and lavender neon; I even like the fake flowers with fake dewdrops. I'd go back for the razor clams in black-bean sauce, the chopped chinese sausages with preserved vegetables, the Thai-style clam pot, and the marvelous wok-fried pork-stuffed lotus roots with noodles. Avoid hideous dumplings and spare ribs—they're funky in the wrong way.

Call me shallow . . . I just want to be where it's happening.

I'm not sure what you mean by *it,* but if you want to rub buns with the coven from the late Mortimer's, you'd better trick Mario Buatta or Nan Kempner into taking you to **Swifty's**. The kitchen's pretty perky and everyone is welcome—yes, Phyllis, even you. Alas, there is rarely a vacant table. **Orsay** blooms defiantly and aggressively a few blocks uptown, having emerged from the rubble that was Mortimer's itself with a definitive style statement. It seems to draw a mix of Upper East Siders feeding their decorators at lunch and their in-laws at dinner, wistful parvenus looking for a Bass or a Blass, and assorted flotsam who haven't a clue and wouldn't give a fig if they did. Nothing I tasted either thrilled or offended me—I couldn't quite believe charlotte of marinated herring or lamb chops on Caesar salad, but what the hell. I like lamb chops and I like Caesar. It's a shortcut.

YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW THAT I PRACTICALLY HAD TO BE DRAGGED FROM PEANUT BUTTER & CO.

Once shellacked and stoned but now AA or at least reasonably sober, the scattered survivors of the seventies parade their youngish sweeties at **Tao**—grateful for a vibrating hangout so close to home, yes, right here in midtown. I pretend I am joking when I tease one owner that the place looks like it used all the rejected tchotchkes from Ruby Foo's. Still, I love the theatrical feel of the movie-house space and the pulsating beat—shades of Xenon and Studio redux. And if you kind of squint your eyes, the Buddha doesn't look that lame. Executive chef Sam Hazen (partners here with Angelo & Maxie's veteran Marc Packer) still had a lot of tweaking to do on the pan-Asian menu when I visited, but even so, we loved crisp-fried oysters in fabulous cucumber shiso nests, uzaku (a warmed dice of savory eel in a bowl), the charred Chilean sea bass, an angry dragon roll, our livewire waiter, and small, almost melting chunks of Kobe beef with wasabi sauce.

For a certain crowd, **Lotus** is storm center. I couldn't take the torturous din on my one visit and have yet to return. Though I'm happy for the astonishing resurrection of **Mr. Chow**—I'd forgotten how beautiful it is—I was only impressed by the cooking for about fifteen minutes. And I don't derive validation by rubbing up against trust-fund debs and aging preppies, nor a hip-hop crew with drooping pants waiting for Puff Daddy.

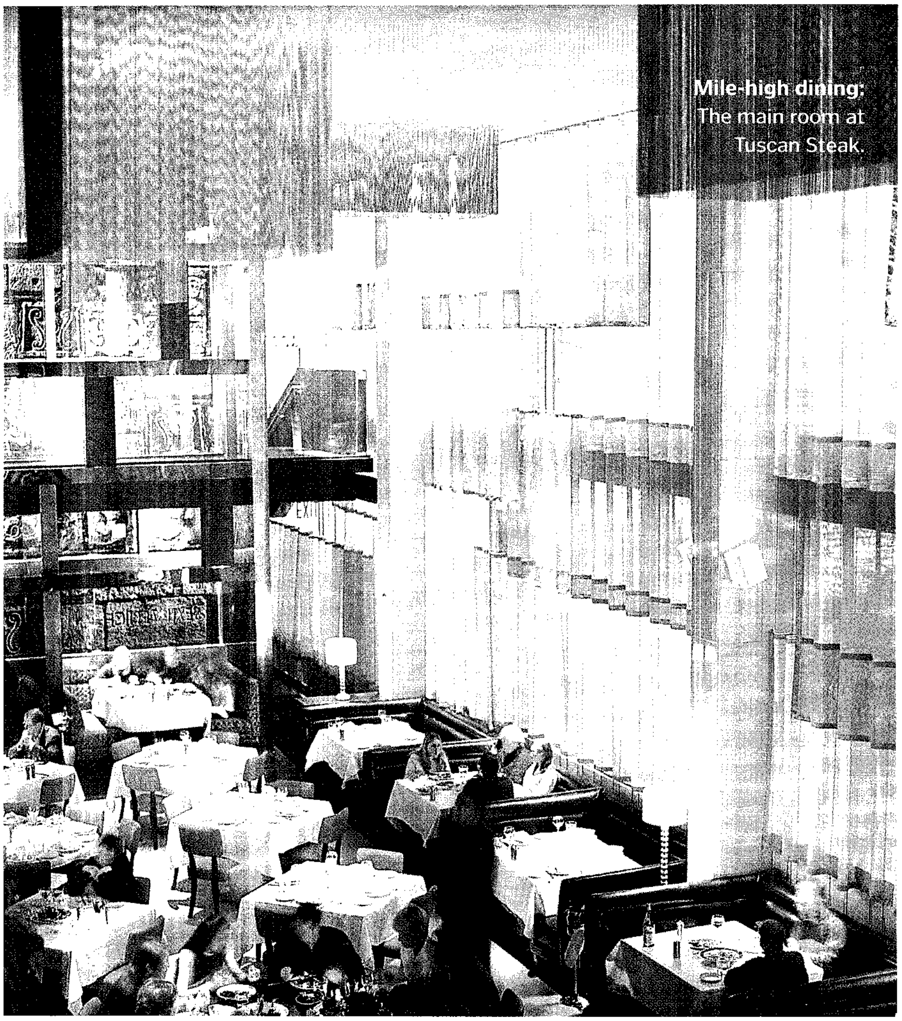
On some nights, you have to show a room key or truly be on **Hudson Cafeteria**'s reservation list to get past the door muscle and ascend into Ian Schrager's cleverest move yet. Who cares that the ceiling's so close in the bar—Philippe Starck's Adirondack fantasy is brilliant. And the library with its lilac pool table is three Knicks tall and marvelous too. Parked in the middle of a communal table for dinner, I am reminded of long

Photographs: opposite page, Brian Doben (top); Stefan Studer; this page, Brian Doben

afternoons at the library—only here there are oatmeal, coffee, and tomato cans on the shelves instead of books. Not expecting much from the food, I'm not at all disappointed. Indeed, the braised lamb shank on tomato risotto is respectable, and I love the pineapple upside-down cake with pecans, dried cherries, and cardamom.

Madison Square Park may be too far from home for the Upper East Side Euromachers expected to heat up **Chazal**, the bratty offspring of Ferrier and Bice. For me, it's too dark to see the menu, too loud to speak, and I taste nothing I need to eat again. For a few minutes I'm sure the maître d' is in love with me. Then I realize he can't keep his hands off any of us.

Once I manage to feel my way down the last three unlit black steps at **Chinoiserie** (below the Hotel Giraffe), I can see it really looks hot. Even hellish. But that could just be because everything glows red. I struggle to read the menu in the glow of a candle floating amongst the rose petals in the shallow pond that marks the center of every table. Oops. The duck sauce tumbles in. Unhappily, chef Marc Murphy, who promised to be the next rage at the now-defunct La Fourchette, is in the dark here too. Pissaladière with fried dried shrimp? Creamy seafood spring rolls with tarragon essence? I don't think so. What's next? Egg-foo-yung sorbet?



Mile-high dining: The main room at Tuscan Steak.

Sometimes all I want is a major slab of meat.

Even before Jane Brody became my primary-care physician (back when neither of us had heard of cholesterol), I was just an underpaid scrivener forced to order from the right side of the menu and steak was a rare treat. Now at the mercy of so many auteur chefs foaming to top one another in audacity, I find myself humbled and fulfilled by a recognizable hunk of cow. Memorable encounters recently: a straightforward sirloin for two—simply perfect—at the **Palm West**. The still-quivering double porterhouse at **Morton's of Chicago**. A smartly charred sirloin at **Michael Jordan's** and a shockingly remarkable strip on an otherwise amateur night at **Del Frisco's**.

But this year's absolute knockouts are **Baldoria**'s seared mahogany 54-ounce rib chop ($67), bulging like a major biceps, that arrives naked on its cutting board, and the 54-ounce Manhattan cut for two at **Shelly's New York** ($65). It comes "Shelly's way" (with frizzled onions) or "the Florentine" (with arugula and balsamic vinegar) on a china platter. So okay, certain refined types will be offended by such muchness. Not me, though this marbled prime is so rich I rarely can handle more than one slice. I share with the table, then tote away what's left for the first street person I see. Let me also shortlist the chili-rubbed sirloin at **Tapika** (love those chickpea fries) and the wood-oven sizzler my mate and I contentedly share at **Beacon**.

Scallop's edge: Maine scallops at Cello.

So many new steakhouses—any standouts from the herd?

Imitation is the most sincerely fattening flattery. I can barely keep up. But of those I've braved so far, **Tuscan Steak**—a grand duplex with a Cow Parade statue at the door and jaw-dropping family-style platters—looks like a possible winner. (If, that is, the house ever masters the pacing. We got hit with three courses all at once.) The place has the grand sweep and the vibe of its sibling, China Grill, plus the sexy airiness and wraparound-balcony bar of Asia de Cuba—in a neighborhood that needs it. Listen to your waiter, green as he is, when he warns you not to over-order. "Small" means big. "Large" must be meant for the Jets' training table. The roasted-garlic purée is library paste, the mixed antipasto hit-and-miss. But our quartet agreed we'd return for white-truffle garlic bread, the slightly oversaucy Caesar with an anchovy for each of us, remarkably al dente tomato-strewn bucatini, and the marvelous 28-ounce Florentine T-bone, with a drift of smoked-onion mashed potatoes big enough to sink the *Titanic*.

Am I a wuss to worry about street food?

I've survived street-food crawls in Beijing, Hanoi, and even Rajasthan. But maybe it takes a reckless lifetime to build up immunity. Binge without fear on the sensational Indian snacks at **Mirchi** in the Village. Start with some chats (*chat* means "to lick" in Hindi): dahi batata poori (chutney-and-yogurt-topped potato in little pufflets), bhel poori (puffed rice tossed with onion, tomato, and all sorts of fragrant stuff), and mung jhinga (tamarind-sauced shrimp and sprouts). Then watch the chef do a Ringo with his spatula on the black metal griddle as he makes your spicy chicken or lamb tak-a-tak. Dhokla, chickpea-flour cakes from Gujarat, make an elegant contrast. You won't need to count to know there are 30 red chilies on the fabulous jaipuri lal mass. Now we'll see who's a wuss.

AT THE MERCY OF SO MANY AUTEUR CHEFS, I FIND MYSELF FULFILLED BY A RECOGNIZABLE HUNK OF COW.

I miss my breakfast on the Boulevard St-Germain.

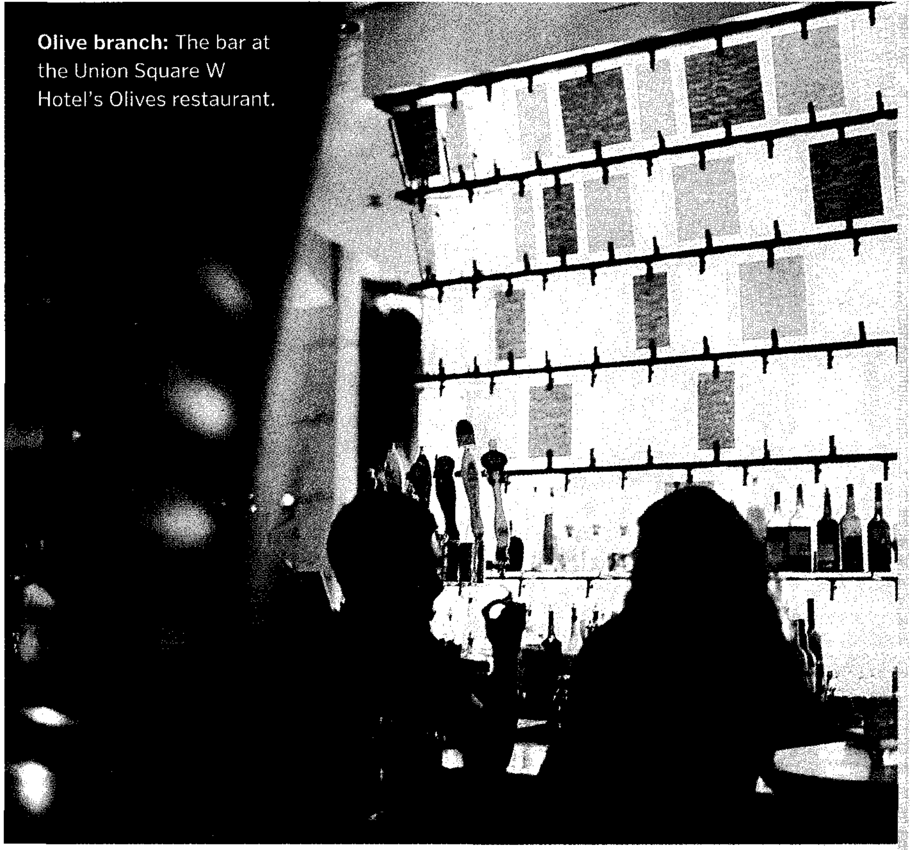
Then sleepwalk to **Pastis**, yet another mirage by Keith McNally, on a cobblestone street of the meatpacking district. It's not **Balthazar**, my bistro favorite, not as glamorous, not as reliable. But for goodness sake, it's cheaper and the famous faces still inch through the throng to claim your spot while you wait a bit longer. And just like Balthazar, it's a haven at breakfast weekdays. Borrow a paper or a French *journal* at the door and sip café au lait in a soup bowl, with a buttered tartine or a Balthazar pain au chocolat or eggs any way with home fries. (But be warned: The crew seemed maddeningly elusive and hungover one recent Saturday.)

I really owe this guy, and he only eats fish.

Go for broke and get your money's worth at **Le Bernardin**, where chef Eric Ripert dives for new and deeper nuances of poetry all the time. His pure is never simple. It's perfectly rare salmon in a pot-au- feu heady with thinnest sticks of fresh black truffle, or warm smoked Scottish salmon on green lentils in a sauce of black truffles and foie gras. It's seared rare hamachi sprinkled with baby arugula and shaved fennel in a quirky sauce vierge of orange, pine nuts, and Parmesan. And when you're feeling flush, order the salmon-and-caviar croque monsieur ($50 extra on the $77 prix fixe).

Sea creatures find a higher destiny at **Cello**, too. After one year, the deadly seriousness has relaxed—no need to whisper anymore. The $75 prix fixe dazzle begins with a tiny plop of intensely smoky brandade topped with caviar, encircled with a trickle of fruity green olive oil. Blue cheese in a scallop salad with walnuts, bacon, and infant greenery? Sounds awful. *Au contraire.* Acacia honey does something mystical to Chilean sea bass with parsnip purée. Rarely is lobster so tenderly grilled. (So the occasional overcooking is a surprise.) An aggressively tart carameline of lavender custard bathed in honey, lime juice, and zest clears the senses for a parade of desserts and small orange-blossom beignets that must be eaten warm.

If he's a hopeless old fogy locked into clubhouse routine, widen his horizon with lunch at the **Sea Grill**, looking out at Prometheus and the skaters. He might feel, shall we say, *rudely exposed* sitting at that wide-angle picture window in the new streamline of frosted sea-foam glass. But he'll relax once he settles on a cushy leather seat with his favorite highball and a patrician shrimp cocktail or a plump, barely adulterated crab cake while you indulge in sybaritic salmon-belly tartare. Dover sole à la plancha is just the old-



Olive branch: The bar at the Union Square W Hotel's Olives restaurant.

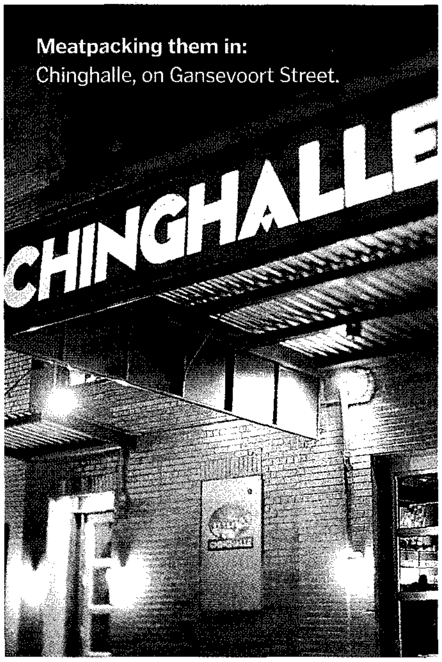
Photographs: opposite page, Kenneth Chen; this page, Robert Wright.

fashioned classic he can handle. And insist he try chef Edward Brown's crusty portobello fries.

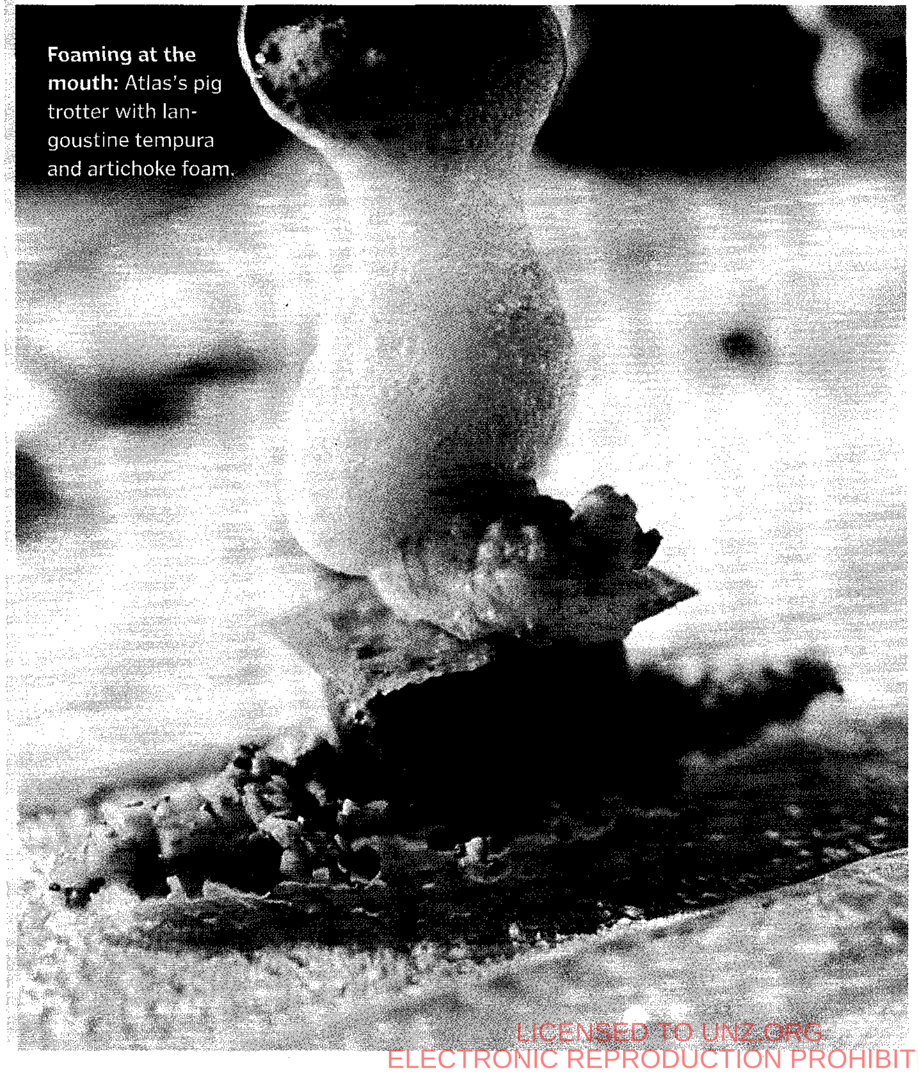
By the way, when I don't have friends with venture capital to invest in dinner, my guy and I share half a dozen raw-seafood plates at **Esca**, where the décor is nothing special but we love linguine with cockles, red-hot peppers, and pancetta, or bucatini with spicy baby octopus.

Who's your hero of the year?

Douglas Rodriguez looms large, now that his seviche fixation at **Chicama** and a rambunctious riff on tapas at **Pipa** have ABC Home's cash registers singing a salsa beat. As far as I can tell, someone hung a few oozing hams, and suddenly fusty old Miss Havisham's Parlour looks like Madrid. On a Saturday night, Rodriguez rushes from Chicama's sardine-packed bar to pandemonium at no-reservations Pipa. That clever house giveaway of sherry reminds us of long-ago sherry-fueled passions in Spain. So now we're drinking our way through the inventory of nutty and pruny and sweet, happy with almost everything that hits our bare wood table, from savory flat breads and lush bacalao-filled crepas to meltingly tender octopus à la gallego, stuffed baby calamari in ink, and a mini-paella. If I had my way, I'd shave a dollar off every price (for the trauma of waiting) or take reservations.



Meatpacking them in: Chinghalle, on Gansevoort Street.



Foaming at the mouth: Atlas's pig trotter with langoustine tempura and artichoke foam.

Is there anything you won't eat?

Cottage cheese is about it. Of course, I've never been confronted with dog or sheep's eye. Loyal readers will testify that I've fought bitterly and in vain against herbs in dessert: bay-leaf sauce, candied cilantro, rosemary crème brûlée. Frankly, I'm floored by the fuss over British chef Paul Liebrandt's nightmarish pairings at **Atlas**. Yet I'm forced to confess that the weirdest of all—wasabi sorbet with green apple, a scattered sea-salt crunch, and a drop of olive oil—is actually, against all odds, delicious. Seasoned sensibilities reject the very idea of langoustine and rouget tempura on pumpkin gelée in a bath of cinnamon beurre blanc, though I must admit it works. Alas, parsley-and-licorice soup does not. Nor did the poached quail egg with black-truffle tempura in a demitasse spoon. Or bland slices of veal and sweetbreads in caramelized tea jus. So many challenging tastes and dangerous liaisons leave me wanting to flee to a tuna-fish sandwich and trashy TV in my very own bed. Pray with me that our town's copycat chefs don't make this an irreversible trend.

I want to impress my boss with a new bivouac for breakfast.

One c.p.s. is making a spirited bid to lure early-morning kingpins and dealmakers to the Plaza with yogurt-fruit gratin and banana-raspberry pancakes, as well as the usual options. And a siege of new boutique hotels would love to flip your egg-white omelette. At **District**, in the Muse hotel, you can get fried eggs, bacon, and cheese on a kaiser roll with tater tots, or pumpkin waffles with chestnut butter. Oatmeal is just $4. Todd English ventures organic-carrot waffles with double-whipped goat cheese, roasted bananas-Foster polenta, and peanut-butter pancakes with cocoa butter at **Olives** in the Union Square W hotel. **Heartbeat**, at the W on Lex, coddles the prudent with "well-being" house-made organic granola with goat's-milk yogurt, wheat-grass juice, and a smoothie with immunity supplement. Its "light pastel egg omelette" blends one measly yolk with three whites—not enough to alarm the nutrition police.

What ever happened to the Harlem renaissance you promised last January?

It took many moons to translate Jimmy Rodriguez's exuberant dream into the stunning, glamorous, and, hey . . . actually functioning **Jimmy's Uptown** on Seventh Avenue near 131st Street. We manage to drive by the unmarked duplex restaurant and jazz lounge four times before finally tripping in to a sweeping, rose-spotlit space with purple leather sofas, an onyx bar, and sheer white-fabric panels that disappear Starckly into the ceiling. Local fat cats and their downtown cronies claim the "Big Willy" table, so we settle into a tall white leather booth, a dining womb with a snazzy stretch lampshade above. While Harlem's newish **Amy Ruth's** and **Miss Maude's Spoonbread Too** are cozily downhome, Jimmy's has Stork Club ambition, midtown prices, and veteran Linda Japngie (Bouley, La Caravelle, Nicole's) in the kitchen, dishing up soul and Caribbean favorites with exceptional savor and sophistication. Shrimp and lobster with avocado moho comes in a martini glass. Cabernet-braised short ribs sit beside malanga mash, and horseradish grits flank a grilled filet mignon. The chef's tamarind-roasted salmon with quinoa and mustard greens is a rose-blush-rare marvel.

What's new—and worth waiting for until they get it together?

This is my don't-go-unless-you-have-boundless-patience section.

From the raves for **Dining Room**, I knew that chef Mark Spangenthal had charmed fussy Upper East Siders with the same kitchen savvy that won me at the Screening Room. But fame takes a toll. It took two weeks of lobbying the reservationist to snag a spot before ten on a weeknight. Fame has paralyzed the place and worn nerves raw. We put up with 30 minutes of bumping and being bumped in the smoke-tinged oxygen of the tightly packed bar. At last, a table. The waiter seems overcommitted elsewhere. The kitchen creeps. "Is it possible our food is ready?" I beg. "I am just the waiter," he snaps back, "not the cook." I'm not too cranky to enjoy the down-to-earth, flavorful dishes on this cautiously contained little menu, but I won't risk the bruising gridlock anytime soon.

Pipa, hot: Diners at Pipa in the ABC Carpet & Home store.

DOUGLAS RODRIGUEZ HAS ABC HOME'S CASH REGISTERS SINGING A SALSA BEAT.

Mark Strausman is still nursing his newborn **Chinghalle** through its whiny teething stage—though the meatpacking-district lemmings that crowd the bar seem content. I almost always love rooms that soar. This one looks a little Home Depot, and it's too closely packed. Share a pizza and the crisp zucchini chips, grilled homemade boar sausage on beans, and diabolically rich baked cavatelli—Sicilian mischief in a casserole. At these prices, you might be willing to suffer a few too many arrogant Wall Streeters.

Karen and David Waltuck have finally got their budget-friendly bistro **Le Zinc** open not far from their splendiferous **Chanterelle** in TriBeCa. At the moment, the spot is spare and a bit sad, unfinished supposedly, and at an early tasting, the kitchen waffles. Will anyone besides dreamers and masochists want to taxi down from far-northern Zip Codes without a reservation (that's policy)? But here are Mario Batali and Joe Bastianich escaping the demands of their own trattorie, on stools at the bar. I like the range of charcuteries and snacks and Grandma's cooking—especially the duck-and-foie gras terrine, the curried onion fritters, the fabulous crisp duck wings, and brisket with carrots. And the low prices are forgiving. There's even a $16 Mexican red my crew drank without complaint or morning regret.

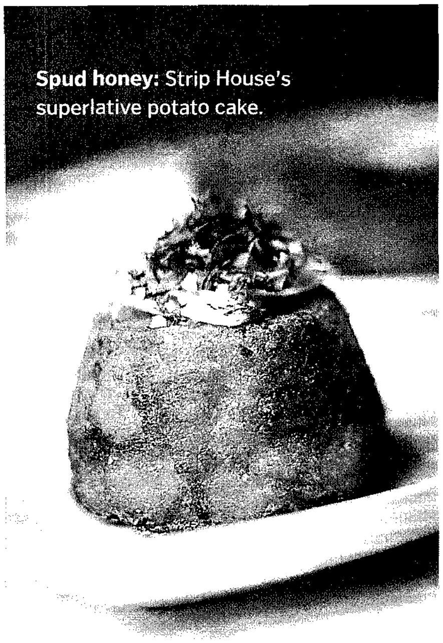
Too bad the Union Square W hotel sabotaged itself by opening with the downstairs bar unfinished and **Olives** only half dressed. That left hordes of urban cow-

Photographs: opposite page, Kenneth Chen (top); Brian Doben; this page, Brian Doben.

boys to loiter in the lobby assaulting unwary diners with a tornado din. But now the Rockwell Group has hung the velvet curtains and sound baffles, installed shades, banquettes, and hothouse flora. And let's hope Boston's matinee-idol chef Todd English may have found his natural New York inflection for his Big City debut. In a first dinner, I sense that he's straining to knock our socks off with too many esoteric combinations, too many over-reduced sauces. Even so, enough of what I tasted early on gave me hope that he'd live up to his own great expectations . . . as well as ours. Watch for foie gras cappuccino, the foie gras–stuffed chicken wing, a porcini-dust-crusted Chilean-sea-bass special, a delicate cinnamon gratin, and the passion-fruit flan.

What one dish still haunts you?

I have more haunts than Shirley MacLaine. Voluptuous beef cheeks braised in red wine with garlic-chive spaetzle in a swirl of two sauces at **Danube**. Memories of short ribs and masterly hamburgers dance in my brain. Maybe I have mad cow. The treacherously lush macaroni at **Commune** incites macaroni mania: I crave macaroni soufflé at **Jimmy's Uptown**, truffled macaroni in a tart at **One c.p.s.**, macaroni with Gruyère and Parmesan (hold the foie gras) at the **Hudson Cafeteria**.



Spud honey: Strip House's superlative potato cake.

The earthy thrill of the year is **Strip House**'s wondrously crusty potato cake sprinkled with bits of raw garlic in the bawdy spirit of L'Ami Louis in Paris. And I'm still shivering from the delicious shock of **Le Bernardin**'s otherworldly marinière of mussels, cockles, raw clams, scallops, and sea urchins under a primordial foam in a puddle of buttery broth.

Dining well may be the best revenge, but it's not all I live for.

I'm with you. That's how it happens that eight of us gather early at **B. B. King's**, eager to get the forking-around under way before the first transporting twang from tonight's troupe of spirited old-timers. B. B. King's doesn't pack fans in like anchovies as so many music spots do, and the down-home grub is downright eatable. Indeed, the rock-shrimp popcorn is amazing—hot and greaseless. My pal's pulled-pork sandwich is good enough, as is the tempura-fried calamari with rémoulade. The Cajun cobb (not in the least inhibited by memories of the Brown Derby's) comes with smoked ham and bacon as well as deviled eggs as good as Mom's. My too-easily-seducible will wavers, then forces me to quickly pass along the lush and oozing cheddar-baked macaroni to my tablemates.

MEMORIES OF SHORT RIBS AND MASTERLY HAMBURGERS DANCE IN MY BRAIN. MAYBE I HAVE MAD COW.

B.B. fun: Owner and maestro B. B. King performs at his restaurant.

I want to pop the question at dinner.

Small and dressed to the nines for the holidays, **Restaurant Two Two Two** has a table for two in the corner with just enough room to go down on one knee. The old-world glass, bisque dolls, and vintage toys stud half a dozen wreaths and almost obscure the green of the tree—which won't be put away until after Valentine's Day. Last spring, an installation of old and new Barbies was added to the mix. With collectible porcelain service plates and music boxes on every table, it is Victorian-parlor romantic. (An antidote to this sweetness hangs in the men's room—photos of Barbie in bondage and Transvestite Ken.) Upper West Siders stop by for the $39 prix fixe (and a $29 pretheater menu), but there is also a treasury of truffles and foie gras for spendthrift gourmands. Call ahead and arrange for Barbie to wear your intended's ring as a tiara.

Good to the core: The apple martini at Shelly's New York.

You haven't mentioned the eight-star generalissimo.

It's not fun to see a grown man eating crow. But hey . . . Manhattan needs conspicuous extravagance. (That is, unless stock speculators suddenly start jumping out of the few skyscraper windows that actually open.) Certainly, the chastised and subdued **Alain Ducasse New York** feels more like a Michelin supernova now that the kitchen has pulled up its socks. But what did we do to rate a waiter from the Sally Field school? He constantly interrupts, making us declare our love after every dish. And love it is, mostly: first, for the defiantly French little crab-cake *amuse-bouche.* Then head-over-heels for the silken woodcock, pheasant, and foie gras terrine with its small nest of celery root and black-truffle strings that launches my $160 autumn tasting menu. Just a few dime-size circles of white truffle dress up my chum's opening pumpkin ravioli, but he's booked on the $250 truffle express, and soon giant truffles, hand-shaven at our table, blanket everything in sight. ("Let the bitch choke on them," I imagine Ducasse commanding from some faraway latitude as he jets off to sign his next deal.) Indeed, the two of us scrape aside a couple hundred dollars in rare fungus because the brilliantly seasoned diver scallops are much better naked. Our waiter wants us to skip cheese because dessert is so rich. What is Michelin's ultimate lunch (ours costs $591) if one is not carried home in an ambulance? Ah, what glorious cheese. I'm already forgetting the disappointing venison. Luscious rhubarb clafouti. Grapefruit sorbet and granité . . . what a rush. Spectacular caramels in three flavors. One pear gel. It's not yet as thrilling as Le Bernardin. But then, it is quieter.

Too much genius exhausts me: I want to wallow in comfort.

I'm omnivorous myself. Great fish and chips is hard to find. Clams Cassino takes the gold for me. I think there is genius of a sort in not overgilding the macaroni and cheese—a scattering of diced ham is simply perfect. Those are the dishes that draw me to **Shelly's New York**. Not that feeding magnate Shelly Fireman is one to resist overgilding, as in the perfect burger gussied up with caramelized onions (loved it) and a slice of seared foie gras, or his latest decadence—the *Über*-rich foie gras pizza. (I may finally have found an indulgence too extravagant for me.) A green-apple martini sets the mood, but I'm nixing Fireman's Jewish-mother overstuffed sushi as hopelessly lame. "He's got everything else here. Why does he need to do sushi?" I cry to a friend who knows Fireman. He shakes his head. "He just can't help it."

What old haunts throb with new energy in the kitchen?

If you've eaten only once at **Le Périgord** since its 1964 debut, owner Georges Briguet will probably remember your face (if not your name) and find that you look not a day over 28. He's looking younger, too—well, jauntier anyway—now that Jacques Qualin, once a sous-chef at Jean Georges and Jo Jo, is chasing some of the fustiness from the menu. An elegant terrine with rosy-rare char needs seasoning, but black olive and lemon give a kick to sweet and nutty, barely jelled Nantucket baby scallops on the $32 prix fixe. An unlikely crumbling of comte cheese gives a wonderful crunch to the signature turbot.

The **Lenox Room** has traded its temperamental wheat-grass plantings for a fleet of miniature taxis, buses, and police cars scattered about the room. But it gets the same grown-up crowd as always, and while the menu doesn't seem radically changed, newly installed chef Georges Masraff has spiked the flavor levels, especially in the pan-seared Maine shrimp on sticky rice, the barbecue-glazed double pork chop, and the ginger-painted Chilean sea bass. But I'd come again just for the freshest, most perfect Caesar salad of the year.

The earthy country cooking of Provence is chef Philippe Roussel's native language, and he's brought **Park Bistro** back to life again.

Photographs: opposite page, Robert Wright (top); Stefan Studer; this page, Kenneth Chen.

Buddha's delight: Diners and scenesters bask in the glow at Tao.

What has become of the quiet little bistro around the corner?

If you hang your hat east of the Flatiron, you'll want to discover soothing and solicitous **Fleur de Sel**, where Cyril Renaud, a practiced whisk (late of La Caravelle), now sports his toque. Our threesome is instantly seduced by the welcome and the uptown accents of the $28 lunch—creamy parsnip soup with little floats of chestnut ravioli, meltingly lush beef cheeks in a puddle of Pinot Noir sauce, tingling sorbets. "Those are the chef's own watercolors on the wall," the maître d' boasts. Look for his *Starry Night* with an added figure: a smiley-faced Vincent van Gogh.

The critical cheers have folks vying for tables at **Blue Hill**, where the menu is also short and sophisticated. So don't expect quiet, but do find the same eager freshness and expertise in this Village basement hideaway. There's no naïveté in the kitchen, where a duo of chefs show how to cook, especially fish (minimally): Braised cod on mushrooms and caramelized leeks in a creamy pool with herring roe. Slow-cooked salmon on a pistou (that begs for a dash of salt). And delicately poached lobster on cabbage and salsify in carrot consommé. Impressive, too, is the lamb with remarkably tasty root vegetables, and the sliced hanger steak with brussels-sprout leaves, crosnes, and glazed parsnips.

How can I make sure I'll get in on my own next time?

You had to call a friend of the house to get a table in the Grill Room at **The Four Seasons** for lunch. Show your colors. Order caviar. "For everyone?" co-owner Julian Niccolini may ask. "Yes, everyone." In no time at all, Julian will have little Adirondacks of beluga piled on your table: $1,000. Your hand mustn't shake as you sign the chit. Ask for his direct line. Julian is not likely to forget you.

What are your truly favorite favorites?

Faithful foodies have read this roster many times. But for the record: If you're paying, I'll get us a table at **Le Bernardin, Gotham Bar & Grill, Jean Georges, Gramercy Tavern, Picholine, Daniel, Nobu, Shun Lee Palace**, or **Lespinasse** (though at my last lunch, a few over-the-edge notions made me suspect that Christian Delouvrier might be a bit addled by so many huzzahs). Mere human that I am, I would prefer to loathe David Bouley's restaurants after the emotional distress and humiliation he has inflicted on me. But I agree with my mate in his sum-up of dinner at **Bouley Bakery**: "Twice as good as Ducasse and half the price." I prefer my Bouley in the rococo frippery of **Danube**. When it's my

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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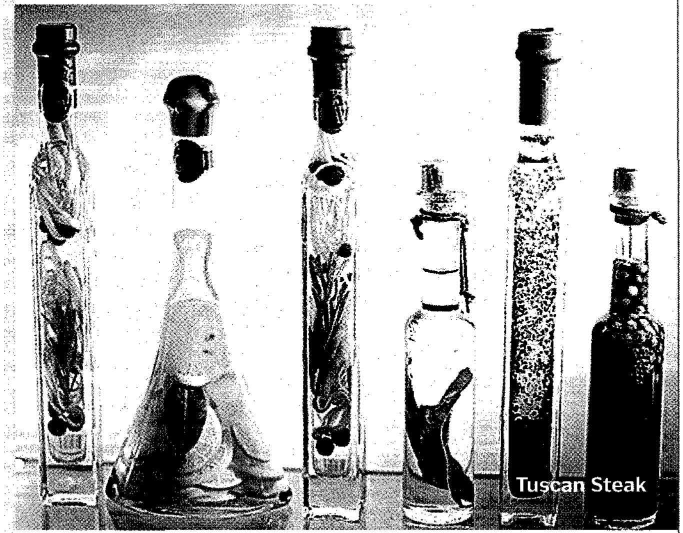
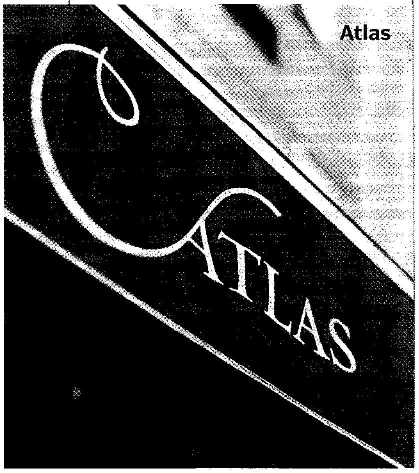
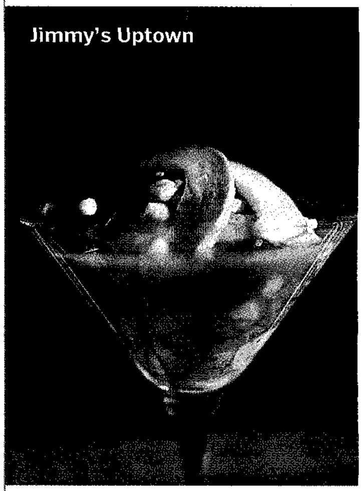

Tuscan Steak

Alain Ducasse at the Essex House
155 West 58th Street
212-265-7300
Amy Ruth's Restaurant
113 West 116th Street
212-280-8779
An American Place
Benjamin Hotel
565 Lexington Avenue,
near 51st Street
212-888-5650
Artisanal
2 Park Avenue, at 32nd Street
No phone yet
Atlas
40 Central Park South
212-759-9191
AZ
21 West 17th Street
212-691-8888
Babbo
110 Waverly Place
212-777-0303
Baldoria
249 West 49th Street
212-582-0460
Balthazar
80 Spring Street
212-965-1414
B. B. King's Blues Club & Grill
237 West 42nd Street
212-997-4144
Beacon
25 West 56th Street
212-332-0500
Beppe
45 East 22nd Street
212-982-8422
Blue Hill Restaurant
75 Washington Place
212-539-1776
Bond Street
6 Bond Street
212-777-2500
Bouley Bakery
120 West Broadway
212-964-2525
Brasserie 8½
9 West 57th Street
212-829-0812
Café Fiorello
1900 Broadway,
near 64th Street
212-595-5330
Cello
53 East 77th Street
212-517-1200
Chanterelle
2 Harrison Street
212-966-6960
Chazal
41 Madison Avenue,
near 26th Street
212-545-8555
Chicama
ABC Carpet & Home
35 East 18th Street
212-505-2233
Chinghalle
50 Gansevoort Street
212-242-3200
Chinoiserie
365 Park Avenue South,
at 26th Street
212-213-3125
Commune
12 East 22nd Street
212-777-2600
Craft
43 East 19th Street
212-780-0880
Daniel
60 East 65th Street
212-288-0033
Danube
30 Hudson Street
212-791-3771


Atlas

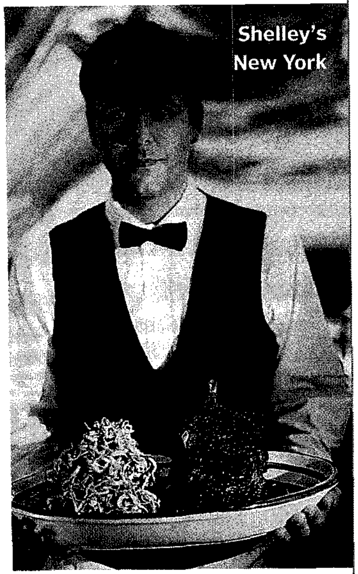
Del Frisco's Double Eagle Steak House
1221 Sixth Avenue,
at 49th Street
212-575-5129


Jimmy's Uptown

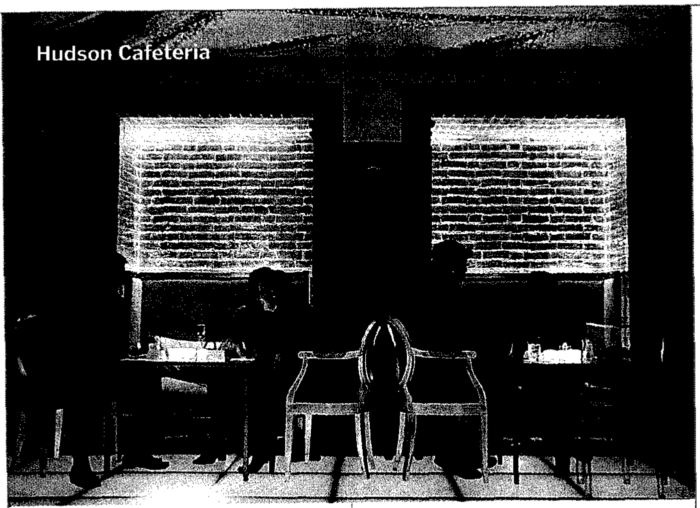
District
130 West 46th Street
212-485-2999
The Dining Room
154 East 79th Street
212-327-2500
Elaine's
1703 Second Avenue,
near 89th Street
212-534-8103
Esca
402 West 43rd Street
212-564-7272
F&B
269 West 23rd Street
646-486-4441
First
87 First Avenue
212-674-3823
Fleur de Sel
5 East 20th Street
212-460-9100
The Four Seasons
99 East 52nd Street
212-754-9494
Funky Broome
176 Mott Street
212-941-8628
Gotham Bar & Grill
12 East 12th Street
212-620-4020
Gramercy Tavern
42 East 20th Street
212-477-0777
Heartbeat NY
W New York Hotel
149 East 49th Street
212-407-2900
Hudson Cafeteria
Hudson Hotel
356 West 58th Street

Photographs: clockwise from top, Kenneth Chen; Brian Doben; Kenneth Chen.

212-554-6000
Jean Georges
Trump International Hotel
1 Central Park West
212-299-3900
Jimmy's Uptown
2207 Adam Clayton Powell
Jr. Boulevard,
near 131st Street
212-491-4000
La Caravelle
Shoreham Hotel
33 West 55th Street
212-586-4252
Le Bernardin
155 West 51st Street
212-489-1515
Le Cirque 2000
New York Palace Hotel
455 Madison Avenue,
at 50th Street
212-303-7788
Lenox Room
1278 Third Avenue,
near 74th Street
212-772-0404
Le Périgord
405 East 52nd Street


Shelley's New York

212-755-6244
Lespinasse
St. Regis Hotel
2 East 55th Street
212-339-6719
Le Zinc
139 Duane Street
212-513-0001
Lotus
409 West 14th Street
212-243-4420
Lupa
170 Thompson Street
212-982-5089
Mesa Grill
102 Fifth Avenue,


Hudson Cafeteria

near 15th Street
212-807-7400
Michael Jordan's The Steakhouse NYC
Grand Central Terminal
23 Vanderbilt Avenue
212-655-2300
Mirchi
29 Seventh Avenue South
212-414-0931
Miss Maude's Spoonbread Too
547 Lenox Avenue,
near 137th Street
212-690-3100
Morton's of Chicago
551 Fifth Avenue,
at 45th Street
212-972-3315
Mr. Chow
324 East 57th Street
212-751-9030
Nobu
105 Hudson Street
212-219-0500
One c.p.s.
Plaza Hotel
1 Central Park South
212-583-1111
Orsay
1057 Lexington
Avenue, at 75th Street
212-517-6400
Palm West
250 West 50th Street
212-333-7256
Park Bistro
414 Park Avenue South,
near 28th Street
212-689-1360
Pastis
9 Ninth Avenue
212-929-4844
Peanut Butter & Co.
240 Sullivan Street
212-677-3995
Pearl Oyster Bar
18 Cornelia Street
212-691-8211
Picholine
35 West 64th Street
212-724-8585
Ping's Seafood
22 Mott Street
212-602-9988
Pipa
ABC Carpet & Home
38 East 19th Street
212-677-2233
Ruby Foo's Dim Sum & Sushi Palace
2182 Broadway, near
77th Street
212-724-6700
San Domenico NY
240 Central Park
South
212-265-5959
Sandro's
200 Ninth Avenue
212-633-8033
Sea Grill
Rockefeller Plaza
19 West 49th Street
212-332-7610
71 Clinton Fresh Food
71 Clinton Street

F&B

212-614-6960
Shelly's New York
104 West 57th Street
212-245-2422
Shun Lee Palace
155 East 55th Street
212-371-8844
Spartina
355 Greenwich Street
212-274-9310
Strip House
13 East 12th Street
212-328-0000
Swifty's
1007 Lexington Avenue,
near 72nd Street
212-535-6000
Tao
42 East 58th Street

Baldoria

212-888-2288
Tapika
950 Eighth Avenue,
at 56th Street
212-397-3737
Todd English's Olives NY
Union Square W Hotel
201 Park Avenue South,
at 17th Street
212-353-8345
Triomphe
Iroquois Hotel
49 West 44th Street
212-453-4233
Tuscan Steak
622 Third Avenue,
at 40th Street
212-404-1700
Two Two Two
222 West 79th Street
212-799-0400

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credit card, you'll find me at **Balthazar**, **Pastis**, **Bond Street**, **Mesa Grill**, **Spartina**. I wish **Pearl Oyster Bar** would clone itself on the Upper West Side. My local haunts are **Ruby Foo's**, **Café Fiorello**, **Shun Lee Cafe**, and, most recently, **Beacon**. In my neighborhood, everyone delivers, but I only answer the door if it's Shun Lee.

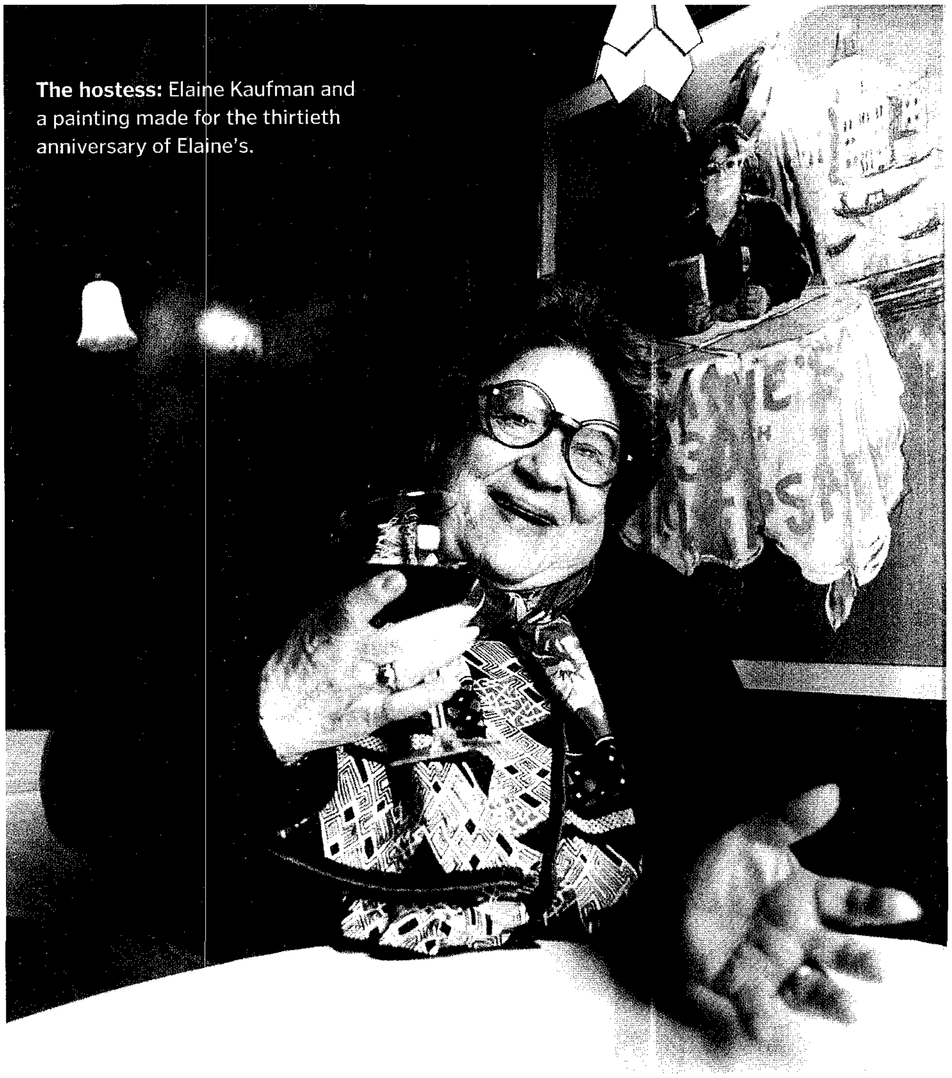
Is it possible to single out a favorite Italian?

Lupa is primo, even though it's miles away and oversubscribed. If anything, the kitchen in this raffish Roman trattoria just gets better, and the prices feel like a touch of charity in these greedy times. **Sandro's** revival on Ninth Avenue brings crisp-fried baby artichokes, sea-urchin-scented ravioli, crisplets of calamaretti, spaghettini with lemon, and that Roman inevitable, bucatini amatriciana—all quite affordable. **San Domenico**'s *alta cucina* and Milanese swank have made it a standout for decades. The once-crisp décor has softened—it's kind of namby-pamby now—but chef Odette Fada has lifted the kitchen to a stunning new high. Sea-bass raviolini, the house's signature risotto mantecato, and the candele pasta in a rustic and spicy sausage sauce signal the breakthrough. Fada's seasoning alchemy transforms simple borlotti bean soup with unshelled spelt and the stirring tomato-and-fish broth of the branzino. A balsamic-vinegar sauce has us *ooh*-ing over panna cotta. Even the biscotti are too good to leave behind.

No point scheming for that impossible reservation at **Babbo** unless you're craving something weird. Not that the menu doesn't offer enough that's safe and familiar—fabulous cockles with red chilies in chive brodetto, grilled octopus in tangerine citronette, caramelized quail, or baby lamb chops. And I'm not sure I've ever seen a whole fish more elegantly boned and reconstructed. My point is that almost no one else dares tripe alla parmigiana, warm lamb's tongue, calf's head (testa) with waxy potatoes, and postage-stamp-size ravioli filled with calf's brains. There's so much delicious provocation on every plate for eye and tongue that even sissies may be willing to taste—especially if you pretend you aren't sure what it is. Then lighten up with cranberry budino and ricotta gelato or refreshingly tart sorbets, a mélange of six in tiny footed dishes. On top of each a piece of fruit serves as an edible I.D. you don't need because the ices are so intense.

Who are the grand old survivors?

After a decade of benign neglect, **La Caravelle** seems to have bounced back, taken up by a new generation entranced by the Grace Kelly tote, vintage Pucci, and anything made by Pauline Trigère. Le Cirque morphed into **Le Cirque 2000** and lost a bit of its sheen when certain glossy regulars began eating around faithlessly. Now Cambodian chef Sottha Khunn and the mythic patissier Jacques Torres have said good-bye. But Sirio Maccioni has suffered crueler blows and come back like the phoenix. With all three of the Maccioni sons learning to dance the Sirio, Le Cirque will seem younger, too. The landmarked **Four Seasons** endures not just because of its boldness and beauty—thank you, Joe Baum; thanks, Philip Johnson; a bow to the Bronfman taste arbiter, Phyllis Lambert. It still simmers because a clutch of big cheeses makes the Grill Room lunch the toughest ticket in town, and sentimentalists like me still find the Pool Room a celebration.


The hostess: Elaine Kaufman and a painting made for the thirtieth anniversary of Elaine's.

But the evergreen prize goes to **Elaine's**, clubhouse for writers, artists, journalists, and their victims, now striding into its fourth decade. On Election Night, fancy Republicans caucused in one corner while, in the other, boldface Democrats thronged on Harvey Weinstein's dime. Of course, Elaine Kaufman doesn't understand anyone wanting more than one joint. After all, this is where the party's at. And she's in the middle of it every night—coaching, cheering, feeding on great gossip, and sipping watered vodka.

What's next?

Cesare Casella—the chef-charmer with the rosemary sprig in his pocket who wowed us at Coco Pazzo—may actually open **Beppe** one of these days. He's spent years trying to launch this showcase for the Tuscan traditions learned from his mother at Il Vipore in the hills above Lucca. With any luck, Tom Colicchio's solo venture at **Craft**, opening in January on East 19th, won't distract him seriously from running **Gramercy Tavern**'s kitchen. Terrance Brennan's cheese-fixated **Artisanal** at 2 Park Avenue (due in February) is the labor of love I'm eager to see—especially since Adam Tihany is rethinking the space. It's the spot where Tihany's handsome Art Deco design for the late La Coupole helped spawn a *succès fou* that faded, which in turn made way for **An American Place**, now transplanted to East 50th across town. *La ronde* never quits. ■

Photograph by Stefan Studer.

BULL*fighter*

Angry? Definitely. Obnoxious? Proudly so. Bill O'Reilly has parlayed his pugnacious style into a top-rated Fox show and a *Times* number-one best-seller. But is it possible to be a common man and a media potentate at the same time?

By Alex Williams

ONE OF THE MANY, MANY MANY things that makes Bill O'Reilly angry is being called a celebrity.

O'Reilly scrunches that doughy, Fenian mug of his at the very mention of the word, as if that D-train-in-August odor had just wafted into his corner office at Fox's Sixth Avenue tower here, a few weeks before Christmas.

"Maybe that's how I'm perceived in some quarters, but that's not how I see myself," snorts the Long Island-reared populist who's recently emerged from the pixilated fog of the early-evening cable news shows to nail a multimedia exacta worthy of Brokaw or Jennings: a top-rated television news hour and a No. 1 nonfiction best-seller—each known, not coincidentally, as *The O'Reilly Factor.*

The book appeared on the nonfiction best-seller list twelve weeks ago; it's been No. 1 for the past six.

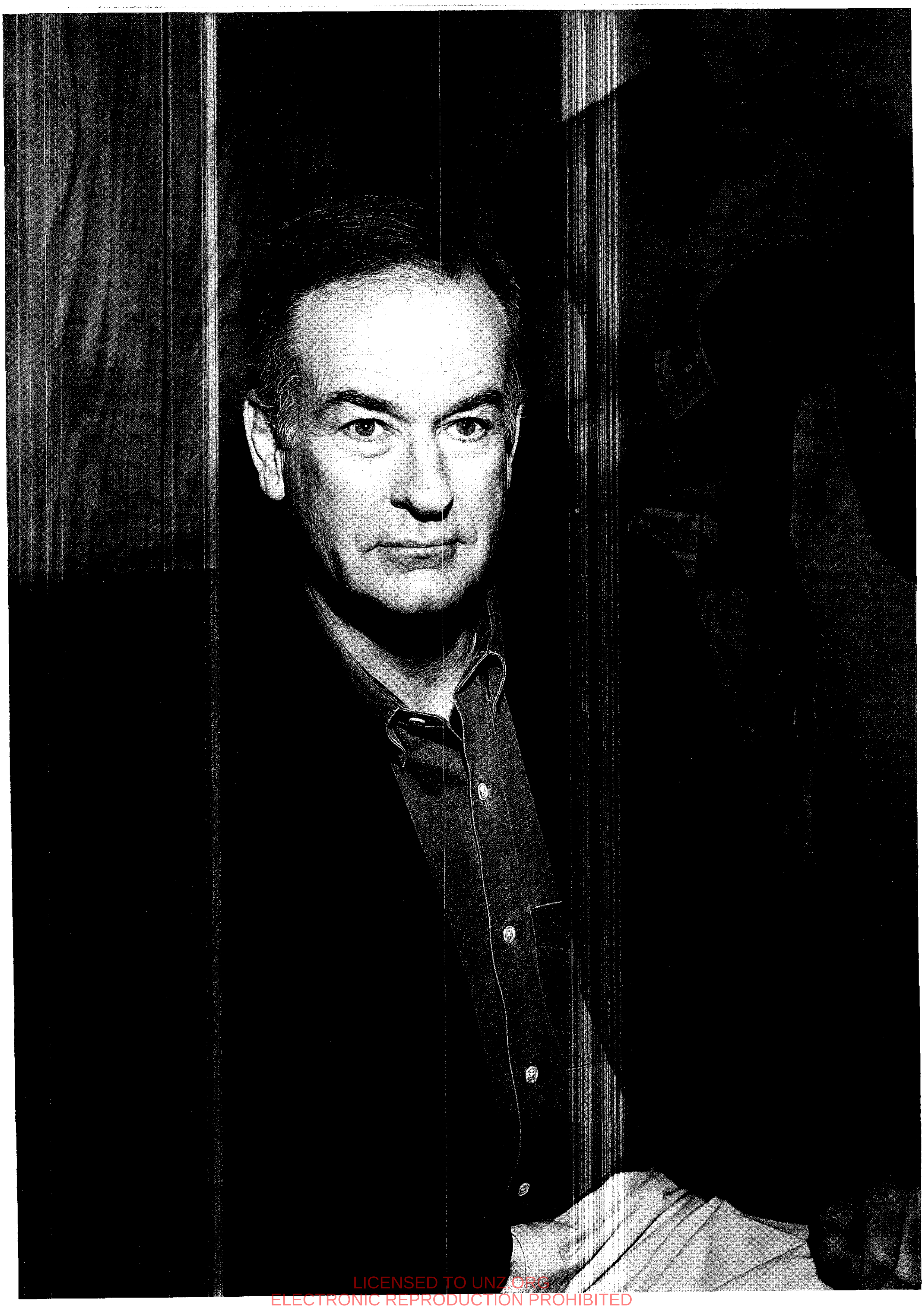
"I'm not buying a house in the Hamptons, and I'm not going to the wine-and-cheese parties in SoHo. I drive a 1994 automobile, and I've never been to Balthazar. I can't even *say* 'Balthazar,' " says O'Reilly. Seated behind stacks of fan mail in his Sixth Avenue office—with e-mails, he's received some 35,000 pieces per week since the publication of his book in September—this former Marist College starting quarterback unfolds his six-foot-four frame that once encouraged dreams of fame in another arena, professional football.

A celebrity . . .

"It's the stupid, foolish press who spends all their time talking about celebrities like Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta-Jones and their $2 million wedding," he sneers. "Look, I wouldn't walk around a corner to see those people."

Plenty of people, however, will apparently turn any corner to see him. After 25 quiet years in the TV-news business, O'Reilly, 51, scored his own show when the Fox News Channel de-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MATTHEW SALACUSE



buted four years ago. *The O'Reilly Factor* was sort of a Jim Lehrer *Newshour* for the mullet set, a plain-spoken, opinion-drenched survey of the night's headlines along with interviews with the standard-issue Washington–New York power-loop pundits like Robert Reich and Newt Gingrich. O'Reilly's book threads his own pugilistic, up-from-Levittown life story through the same tapestry of crusty, if informed, ad hominems—against Bill Clinton, South American drug lords, and Warren Beatty—that marks his TV show.

This could be why O'Reilly is that rare New Yorker whom Middle America adopts as its own. He's the natural embodiment of the very straight-talk approach that Roger Ailes, his boss at Fox, and Rupert Murdoch have tried to build the network around, but he comes without the strictly partisan Republican baggage. He is, in other words, the pissed-off, middle-aged, outer-borough-ish white guy who's come at last to claim that broad lunch-pail demographic that hasn't had anyone to root for since Archie Bunker left the airwaves (even if Arch's troglodytic race and gender views spark the same white rage in O'Reilly that $4.30 Starbucks Mocha Frappuccinos do).

The numbers, at least now, seem to confirm this. A chart of his show's ratings traces the same angle as the arm of a Bronx cabbie flipping the bird in Times Square. After flat-lining for years, the ratings graph hits a right angle around September, spiking almost straight up.

A vast segment of prime-time America is now looking past Chris Matthews and Geraldo Rivera toward this overweening Long Island know-it-all as their man to tell it like it is. A no-bullshit guy who seems to be sick and tired of just about everything that is false, venal, and, worse, *confusing* about American politics seems perfect for a country whose brain has long since hit overload over the election mess.

Still, the O'Reilly Moment has been so sudden that even the people at the Fox network seem a bit ill-equipped to explain it. O'Reilly's December 4 show, delivered at the height of the Florida mess, shattered even his own records, attracting 2.3 million viewers, outpacing the number tuning in to CNN's Larry King, long the evening cable benchmark.

Not that success has mellowed him. "If you're not angry," he says, "don't be a journalist. Be a barber, you know? Because journalists have to have a sense of outrage. We don't see that now. We see every Miss America go, 'Oh, I want to be an anchorwoman.' That's swell. That's just what we need."

Conveniently, much of O'Reilly's righteous fury is aimed at paranoid Middle America's favorite Shuttle-riding straw men: Washington string-pullers, Manhattan plutocrats, and—of course—Big Media. "People are angry at the media," O'Reilly says. "Because the media is supposedly created to represent them, and the media doesn't. The media represents the moneyed interests and the powerful in Washington and the movie stars out in L.A."

O'Reilly, on the other hand, wastes no opportunity to state that he's allied with the people. His approach, be it genius or shtick, has been to cast himself as an emblem as much as an anchor. "He's just saying on the air what the guy at home is screaming at his TV—'Cut the crap!,' " says O'Reilly's former colleague Bill McAndrew.

On one recent telecast, O'Reilly is sitting across from Fox business anchor Neil Cavuto. O'Reilly's sputtering about how this election madness is murdering the Dow and destroying 401(k)s for the little guy the country over. Cavuto explains how oil prices and earnings shortfalls have more to do with the market free fall than septuagenarians in Palm Beach County.

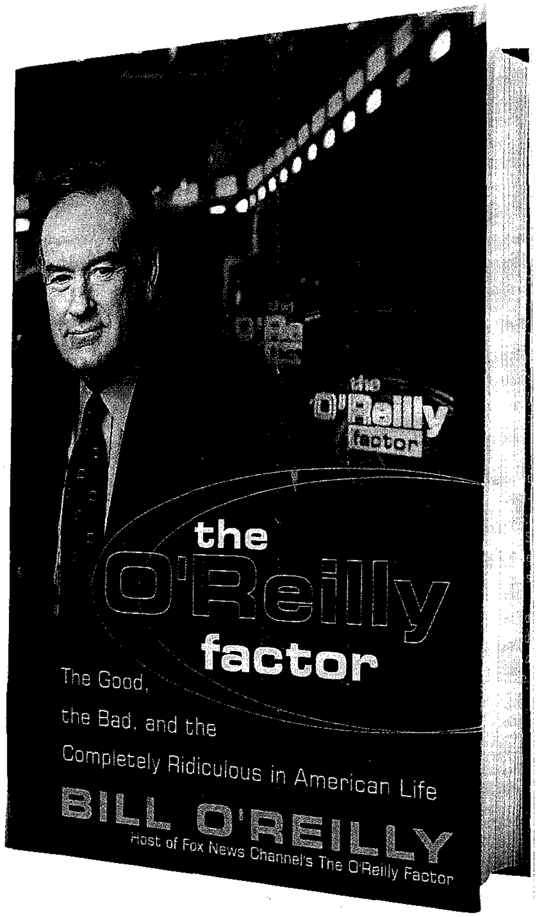
"I don't care about macroeconomics," O'Reilly says, cutting off Cavuto. "I care about the *folks*."

O'REILLY CAN'T SEEM TO GO TEN minutes without gleefully acknowledging how "obnoxious" he is. His book delivers on that front. It's not, for one thing, a particularly modest undertaking. Its twenty chapters break down, basically, the entire sweep of American life: "The Politics Factor," "The Dating Factor," "The Friendship Factor," etc.

There are the standard O'Reilly harangues against all that is "ridiculous," a word on which O'Reilly apparently believes he has a patent: Ridiculous are those spoiled baby-boomers who are spoiling their children even worse. Ridiculous is Roseanne Barr ("Her trash-mouth character didn't represent the 'working class'; it was a put-down"). Ridiculous, even, is Chinese food, it seems ("It's so gooey I can't tell what's in there").

Characteristically, O'Reilly's book is blurbed by self-styled mavericks like Senator John McCain. Like McCain, O'Reilly tends to leave people in both parties scratching their heads. In 1989, O'Reilly was a popular TV newscaster and was also writing a column inspired by his "reportorial models" Mike Royko and Pete Hamill for the tabloid Boston *Herald* when local Republicans tried to draft him to mount a campaign against O'Reilly whipping-boy-of-choice Barney Frank.

"I had two problems with it," O'Reilly says. "Number one, I'm not a Republican," he told them. "Number two, although some of my positions are conservative, some aren't. You know, I'm for reasonable gun control. I think their thing was, 'Well, you'll have to play that down.' And I said, 'I'm not good at playing anything down.' " O'Reilly, whose reactionary views tend to overflow on lifestyle matters from abortion to drugs is nevertheless a registered Independent who opposes the death penalty. "I laugh when people try to put me into this jar. I say, 'Okay, my two role models: politically, Bobby Kennedy, and journalistically, Pete Hamill, who's as 'left' as anyone—so *stuff it.*' "


the
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The Good, the Bad, and the Completely Ridiculous in American Life
BILL O'REILLY
Host of Fox News Channel's The O'Reilly Factor

O'bnoxious: In his book (above) as on T.V., O'Reilly is an equal-opportunity offender.

O'Reilly, in fact, admits grudging respect for pointy-headed liberals like

Reich and Harlem congressman Charles Rangel, a frequent on-air sparring partner. Rangel, in turn, finds O'Reilly's nod to him more than a little amusing.

"Is he a friend of the workingman?" asks Rangel, laughing. "Yeah, if you're Irish and blue-collar and Roman Catholic. He comes from a working family, and they used to get treated pretty shabbily, so he has to find his own people to kick around. I see a lot of O'Reillys in the post office. I met a lot of them in the Army."

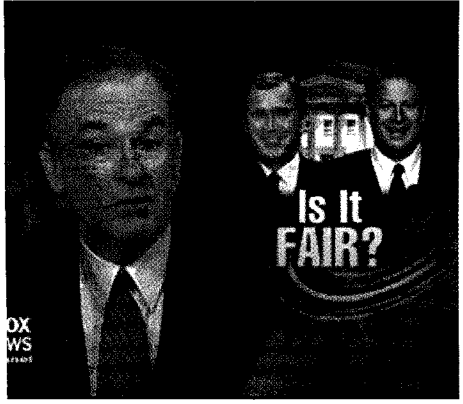
Still, while he's scored a hit with the same disenfranchised hard-hat contingent as Rush Limbaugh's Dittoheads, O'Reilly is no Limbaugh.

"Limbaugh is a True Believer in his political ideology and wants to convert *you,*" he says. "I'm not interested in converting anybody. I just want to put out the truth as I see it, back it up, and then let you decide. See, this isn't a jihad."

This is also not mere entertainment. When I compared him to another TV curmudgeon, O'Reilly didn't see it.

"I admire what Andy Rooney does," O'Reilly says with a shrug. "His intellect at his advanced age is unbelievably keen. But I'm more of a populist. He's coming at you from a sarcastic point of view: 'Look, we all know this is an insane society and here's what's stupid about it.' I'm coming at it from 'Hey look, the working guy's getting hosed, and here's why.' "

'The Establishment press hates me, right?,' O'Reilly says. 'They hate me because I'm a threat to them.'



Photographs: left, Nedjeljko Matura; right, courtesy of Fox News Channel.

O'REILLY'S FATHER, AN ACCOUNTANT, AND mother were among the first wave of Brooklynites to reach for the leafy dream of postwar Long Island. O'Reilly still lives in a modest four-bedroom house on the North Shore, with no plans to upgrade even after signing on with Random House for a second hard-cover harangue, *The No-Spin Zone: Confrontations With the Powerful and Famous In America,* earlier this month.

His wife of five years, Maureen, 34, still works as a P.R. executive with a small New Jersey firm. He still rises early to check in on Elmo with his 20-month-old daughter, Madeline, before stop-and-going it into the city. And yes, his car does date back to Contract With America years—even if it is a Lexus.

But then, this overnight sensation actually spent years struggling to make his splash. He took the Belt Parkway to stardom—slow, roundabout creeping through the boroughs. In the eighties, O'Reilly covered gang murders in East New York and four-alarm blazes in Canarsie as a correspondent for WCBS-TV. He's worked local TV markets from Scranton, Pa., to Dallas in his 25-year-career. O'Reilly got what seemed like his big break a decade ago anchoring the tab-TV sensation of the day, *Inside Edition.* But he's also logged time in the biggest of Big Media trenches, ABC's *World News Tonight,* where he was an on-air general-assignment correspondent alongside Peter Jennings.

"He felt very strongly that he is and always has been the Common Man, and he's resented over the years what he perceived to be people who were part of the 'Media Elite,' whoever they might be," recalls his old ABC news boss, David Tabacoff, now executive producer at 20/20 Downtown. "He always had this vision of what he wanted to be, the tell-it-like-it-is, pull-no-punches kind of guy. But that's a voice that really isn't relevant if you're a general assignment reporter for a national news organization."

"I never played the game," O'Reilly insists. "And I suffered for it. I had to move ten times in fifteen years. There were a lot of people who *just didn't like me.*"

The question, of course, is how he's managed to stay sputteringly furious through all this success. O'Reilly will be the first to tell you that the angry-outsider complex comes from all those years of wrestling with the suits and trust-fund babies on his way to the top in TV. But it's also given him a strange sort of workingman's reverse snobbery.

"If Bill O'Reilly can become No. 1 on the New York *Times* best-seller list for five weeks in a row, then anybody can do anything," he says. "And I'm not saying that with false humility. I have no uncle in the business, no advantages. The Establishment press hates me, all right? They hate me because I'm a threat to them, because I watch them and I criticize them."

Which is not to say he hasn't also joined them on various rungs up the ladder. O'Reilly did graduate-course work at Boston University and later at Harvard's Kennedy School, even if his nightstick intellectual style owes more to the streets—if not of his own working-class Long Island, than of his father's Brooklyn.

"Both my parents were college graduates, but they came out of very ethnic, working-class backgrounds," he says. "My grandfather was a cop; he walked a beat in Brooklyn. My father was from Flatbush Avenue. It was always 'Don't think out of the box. Be a teacher, be a lawyer, and shut your mouth.' "

He failed that lesson. But at least many of O'Reilly's musings wouldn't seem out of place on a Bay Ridge barstool. Typical O'Reilly: He's talking about getting the poor out of drug-filled inner-city neighborhoods: "They gotta get smart. They gotta get educated. You don't scream and yell, 'It's the White Man's fault.' It may be the White Man's fault. But where does that get you? You're still sitting there at Lenox Avenue and 145th Street. Go to college. Then you won't be sitting there, you see?"

Talking to O'Reilly, you get the sense that his peevishness is one of his most treasured possessions—like his collection of political letters and mementos—at least one item from all 42 presidents. He still finds time to play a little touch football with the boys back in Levittown on weekends ("I don't talk about him being on TV or anything," says childhood friend and current Rockville Centre cop Mike Vickery. "I don't want to give him a big head"). And by reminding himself of who he is, and more important, who he's not, O'Reilly manages to keep the outsider anger flickering, steady as a pilot light.

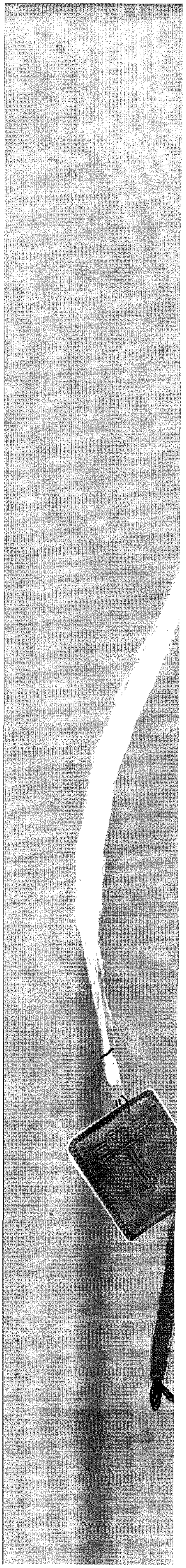
That flame has flared up a lot lately, now that he's being asked these questions you're only supposed to ask . . . *celebrities.* "A guy said to me just the other day, 'Who ghost-wrote your book?' I just looked at him," O'Reilly says, eyes wide. "Is there anybody as obnoxious in the world as me?" ■

SILICON ALLEY 2.0

>CRASH >REBOOT >RELAUNCH

WHILE SILICON ALLEY IS STILL PAYING FOR ITS FIRST-ROUND EXCESSES, THE SMART MONEY IS PRIMED TO GET BACK IN THE RING. BUT DON'T CALL IT A DOT-COMBACK: THE NEW CONTENDERS COME FROM GEEKIER STOCK. CAN YOU SAY "DISTRIBUTED COMPUTING"? BY STEVE BODOW

AS FOUNDER OF FLATIRON PARTNERS, Fred Wilson runs almost half a billion dollars of the smartest money in town. A great deal of it is parked in technology start-ups—New York ones. But up in a conference room that overlooks Gramercy Park toward the East River, Wilson is admitting that, despite a peerless network of contacts and fourteen years of venture experience, he's perplexed by what's happening in Silicon Alley. The pendulum has swung too far. • "We've gone from a period where there was stuff I didn't understand on the overinflated hype side to where we're seeing stuff I don't understand on the negativity side," says Wilson, settled into one of the ten or so gray rolling chairs that fill the cubicle-size room. Sure, NASDAQ is crashing, the IPO market is DOA, and dot-coms are shutting down and scaling back daily. But "when people start throwing in the towel on



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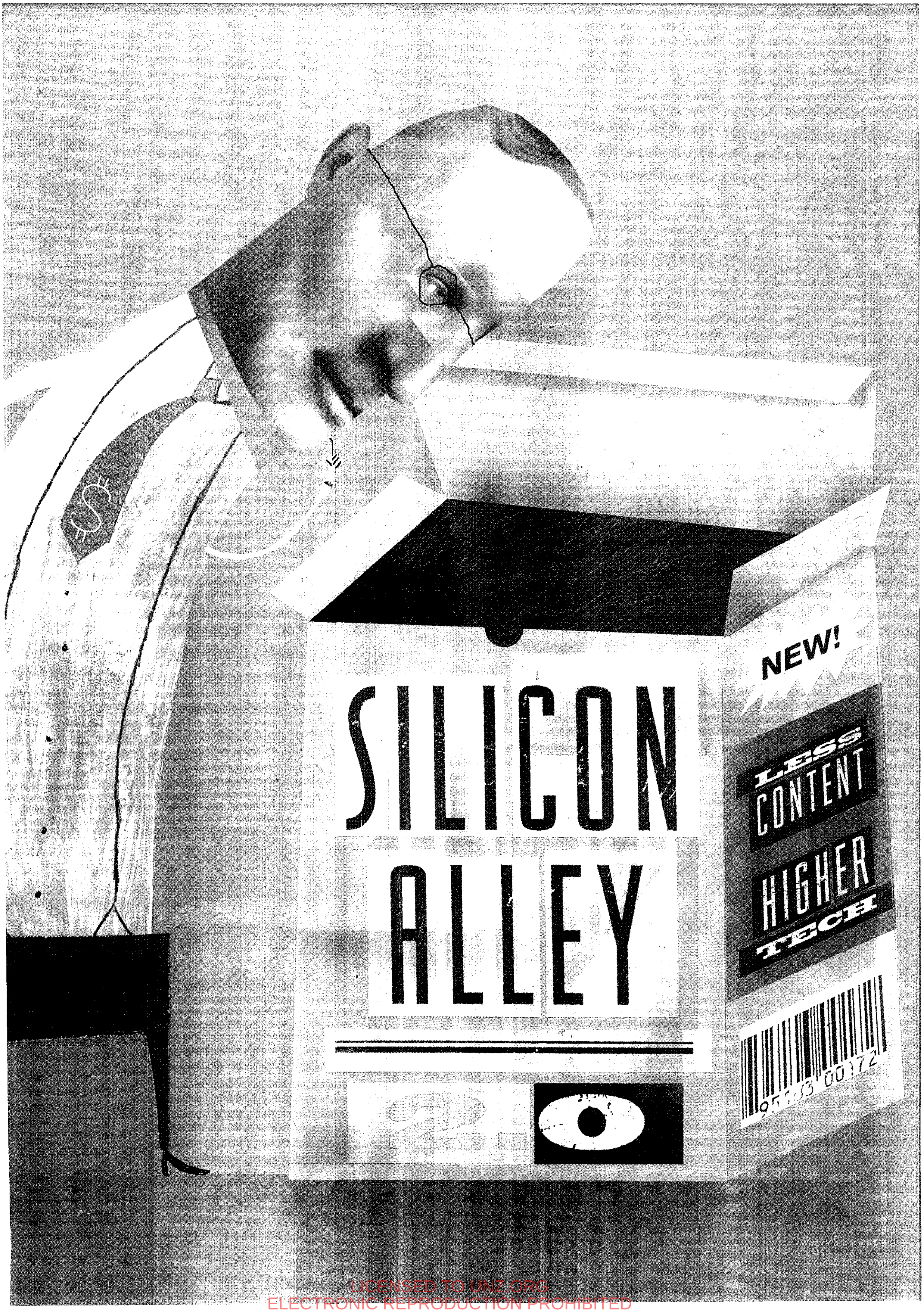
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SILICON ALLEY
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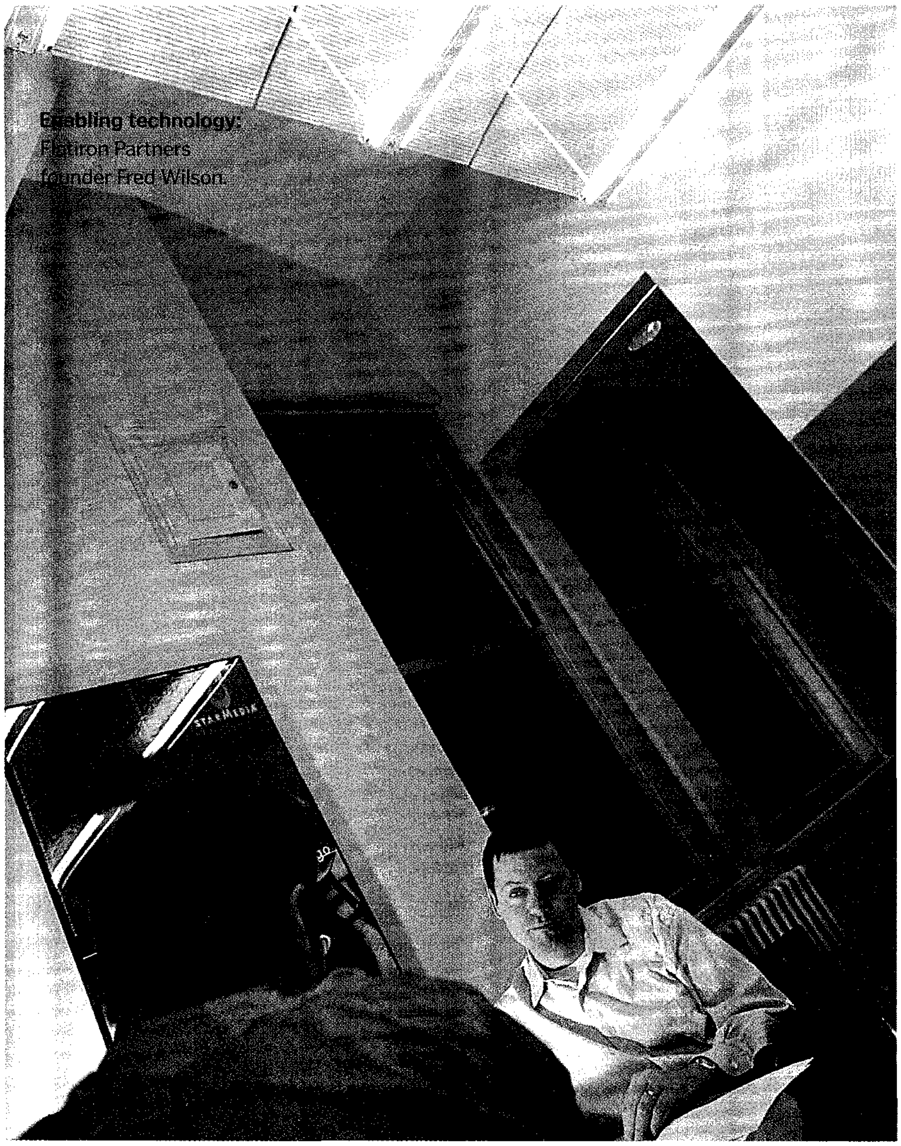


Enabling technology: Flatiron Partners founder Fred Wilson.

good businesses that make sense"—off the top of his head, he mentions vitamin e-tailer Mothernature.com ("a replenishment business; should be great for the Web") and electronic-invitation site eVite (with tons of traffic, wouldn't a portal buy it eventually?)—"I take that as the sign of a bottom."

When smart money senses a bottom, it starts buying, and, at Flatiron, the shopping has already begun. "I now feel tangibly for the first time in six months that everyone here is saying, 'We've got our house in order; let's go out and find some deals to do,' " says Wilson. "And if we're starting to do it, other people are starting to do it, too."

Fast, fat, and heavily hyped, New York's late-nineties tech boom was in many ways a flash in the pan. But as with any gold rush, it made a lasting mark on the surroundings. Venture capitalists, programmers, and digital-media firms—the Internet equivalent of banks, miners, and general stores—have staked out their territory and are here to stay. "Whatever ups and downs we've gone through—and millions were created and wiped out—one thing all that did," Wilson professes, "was to create a base of entrepreneurs and people who understood how to work in and finance small companies. That's been woven into the New York economy forever."

Despite its sharp downturn, Silicon Alley has joined Wall Street and both Seventh and Madison Avenues as a convenient, if inaccurate, geographic shorthand for one of the Big Apple's core businesses. When the history writers tackle turn-of-the-century New York, the extravagant catered launch parties and in-house masseurs will be mere footnotes in a chapter about the city's emergence as a world-class high-tech center.

LIKE EVERY OTHER FIXTURE OF the city's economy, Silicon Alley will cycle between boom and bust. "There's a lot of VC money sitting on the sidelines right now, because no one wants to be too early," Wilson admits. The question is what it will take to get that money off the bench and into the game.

"After the New Year, with a new president and the 2000 crash consigned to the past, there'll be a lot of money flowing again," says David Bennahum, a former tech journalist turned partner at New Things Ventures, a fund that invests exclusively in wireless companies.

Some think the tech sector has already begun to bounce—"the bottom was about three weeks ago," dot-com buyout specialist Scott Hyten told *Web M&A Update,* an industry newsletter, in mid-December. Others believe a turnaround will take longer, and that the Alley will continue to suffer in the interim. Either way, venture-capital funds will need to start putting their money to work. Investors put so much money into tech-venture funds over the past couple of years that when VCs cut back the flow in the spring, their cash built up like water behind a dam. Now there's pressure on them to release it downstream to start-ups; since their profit comes mainly from their investments' return, they can't earn much, or grow, unless they spend what they have and raise even more.

When the VCs reopen the floodgates, they could actually shower as much, or more, seed capital on the local economy as they did during the boom. According to Robyn Beresh, a researcher at Asset Alternatives, a VC-industry research firm, New York City–based venture firms raised more than $43 billion in 2000—30 percent more than in 1999. "Historically, VCs tend to invest close to home," notes DoubleClick CEO Kevin Ryan, for the simple logistical reason that it's easier to keep tabs on what your money's doing if you've parked it across town instead of across the country. While Flatiron and newer New York firms like RRE Ventures do fund California deals, they prefer to keep as much of their portfolios as possible a cab ride away.

The local venture scene has also begun to get its act together, literally. In the Valley and around Boston, top firms such as Benchmark and Kleiner Perkins routinely cut deals in syndicates. One lead firm does most of the homework, sets the pricing terms, takes a board seat, and brings other VCs in as financial partners. This spreads out risk and builds relationships among firms, and gives them bargaining leverage as well. But New York venture money, with its roots in rivalrous Wall Street, is only beginning to work that way. "We started out as competitors," Wilson observes. "Now we're realizing we should be collaborators."

"Because of Wall Street and the law firms, there was a tendency to overlegalize things," recalls John Borthwick, who sold Total New York to AOL in 1997.

Photographs by Mark Peterson/Saba.

"People in New York are smarter than they are in California," says the recently transplanted CTO of a local start-up. "Silicon Valley is just dense with geeks."

"People used to say to me, 'Out West you can get a deal done, and back here you have to go through 50 lawyers.' " Now head of AOL's 18th Street-based new-product-development team, whose activities include acquisition-hunting, Borthwick believes the past two years' trial by fire has brought the city a class of financiers and executives experienced in the Internet's speed and collaborationist style. The upshot: As local VCs begin to gang up and bargain collectively with promising start-ups, it will be harder for the city's entrepreneurs to exact massive 1999-type valuations. But it should also enable more deals to close.

BESIDES A FEW PERSONAL FORTUNES, and a lot of promotional T-shirts and mouse pads, the most important legacy of the Silicon Alley bubble will be an infrastructure—of bandwidth and hardware, but more important, of people. No, New York isn't going to trump the West Coast's overall technology dominance—there's way too much space, talent, experience, and academic firepower in the Valley for New York to mount a serious challenge in more than a few sectors. Yet technology remains a major engine of growth here—the biggest new segment of the local economy in decades. "Silicon Alley isn't just some content and e-commerce guys now," insists New York City Investment Fund president Kathryn Wylde. "In only four years, it's become a very rich environment."

While many of the species that inhabited that environment are proving unable to survive outside the hothouse, others seem to be thriving. In addition to the city's more than two dozen tech-oriented venture-capital funds, incubators, accelerators, expediters, and hurry-it-uppers geared toward newborn companies, New York now has lawyers wise in the ways of speed-drafting equity agreements, overnight marketing partnerships, and acquisition documents—and willing, perhaps, to accept shares in lieu of cash. Serious software engineers, who used to barely journey beyond the confines of Wall Street, left their investment banks to get a piece of the dot-com boom; others emigrated from the West Coast and stayed because they (like so many before them) found the city to be a productive place to do business and an exciting place to live. "People in New York are smarter than they are in California," says the recently transplanted CTO of a local start-up. "I'm very happy to be here. Silicon Valley is just dense with geeks."

For hard evidence of the Alley's hidden vitality, check out the Real Estate section of the Sunday *Times*. According to Kenneth Salzman, director of Newmark Realty's IT practice, "Midtown South is currently the tightest market in the city," with Flatiron-district space averaging more than $40 a square foot, up from $30 just a year ago. Salzman (himself a Net mogul, having founded and sold Globix, a publicly traded ISP) sees that rise continuing, if at a less-heady pace, because he expects demand from start-ups will continue unabated.

"For access to capital and labor, small-space users need to stay in New York City," says Salzman. "That's why there's been almost immediate absorption of available space," even in far-west and

NYVC: New York City Investment Fund's Kathryn Wylde.

"Culturally, we're meeting our Old Economy clients in the middle. I used go to meetings and I'd be the wacky Web guy. Now they've dressed down to our level."

northwest Chelsea. And while dying dot-coms occasionally furnish the market with less-expensive sublets, just as typical is what happened with the office space at 195 Broadway that Bolt.com leased and then reneged on before even moving in: Morgan Stanley sucked it up instantaneously, and at a higher rate.

WHEN THE MONETARY pipes do unclog, where will the liquidity flow? Ask a sampling of Alley savants, and a few ideas keep coming up.

The No. 1 answer by far these days is wireless and mobile—a broad area covering anything to do with cell phones, Palm-type devices, and portable Net access. New York has two important advantages that could let it surpass Northern California as the hub of this emerging industry.

The first is the region's historic strength in telecom science, the technical underpinning of phone-related companies. "New York City is within 50 miles of AT&T, Lucent, Bell Labs; NEC's lab is in New Jersey; IBM is in Yorktown Heights," Bennahum points out. "The Eastern Seaboard right around here has more of that stuff than Silicon Valley." The second is Wall Street, the mother lode of early wireless adopters. "The first people to buy this stuff are financial-services guys," says Josh Newman, editor of *Unstrung*, the New York–based wireless-industry Webzine. "Joe Investment Banker is standing on the sidelines of his kid's soccer game using some cool app, and then his neighbor sees it and that's how it spreads." *Unstrung* (which is owned by SkyScout, itself a wireless-data-services hopeful) launched in March and is quickly becoming the wireless biz's answer to the *Silicon Alley Reporter*. "Because you're constantly dealing with giant corporations in this field, though, there's a lot less personality-driven stuff in *Unstrung* than in *SAR*," claims Newman, with none of *SAR* founder Jason Calacanis's self-promotional flair.

So far, the biggest hit in *Unstrung*'s sector is Vindigo, the company whose city-guide software loads onto Palm Handhelds and, soon, phones and other pocket-sized devices. With 260,000 users in its first nine months and the Palm population set to double again to 20 million users next year, Vindigo plans to license its platform for organizing information by the user's location to content providers worldwide. Helping Vindigo develop its technology for the phone market is West 35th Street's Vettro, which raised $12 million this fall—a very healthy first round in so tight a market. Eventually, Vettro CEO Rodger Desai wants to be the IBM of wireless—selling expert consulting services (many Vettro staff members have worked in the more advanced European and Japanese wireless industries) along with house-blend software and other technology products.

Another wireless start-up, Outercurve, still shacked up in its West Village incubator's offices, is playing exclusively to the financial set. It delivers wireless stock quotes, charts, options chains, and other financial news to a Blackberry (the current must-have wireless handheld gadget) for about $100 a month. To court a more general-interest audience, Upoc is getting a lot of attention for its group-messaging application, which it's promoting as a way to report celebrity sightings to all your friends at once.

Perhaps more surprising than the buzzing wireless scene—which at least resembles the media and content companies that made up the Alley's first generation—is the city's increasing number of pure infotech firms. Take, for example, DataSynapse, a red-hot prospect in the utterly geeky field of distributed computing. DataSynapse has created a secure way for processor-hungry companies (for example, multinational banks that need to crunch numbers overnight) to broker computing power from anyone with an idle broadband Net connection. CEO Peter Lee is initially targeting the world's top 500 financial institutions, which he says spend an average of $25 million a year each just on risk-management technology—a sliver of the Street's overall tech spending. Because of his banker client base, Lee decided to plant his firm in Manhattan. "Three or four years ago, you'd have been hard-pressed to find a core-technology company in New York," says Lee. "But we have had no problems getting deep-technology people. We see a lot of transplants from the West Coast, and we're picking up people here from other Web projects, like a guy who ran broadband development for a major publisher, and a systems architect who didn't want to be in the content business." Lee expects to close a $25 million second financing round in January, and says DataSynapse could be in the black as early as next year's fourth quarter.

Business-software firms have also been getting a lot of investor attention. Most target industries are already rooted in the city—think publishing, marketing, and finance. Compared with the media-content plays people had come to associate with the Alley, says Stuart Ellman, a general partner of RRE Ventures, "these sound much more boring." But if there's a lesson to be drawn from the Alley's adolescence, it's that excitement does not necessarily make for a great investment.

Ellman's enthusiasms lie in mundane application providers: "If you look carefully at the past year or so, there's been an explosion in business-infrastructure companies" right here in New York, where Fortune 500 headquarters are thick on the ground. "Sell the solutions for half a million to a million dollars, the client reaps $5 to $10 million in savings—these are classic software businesses," he boasts. So RRE's been throwing chunks of its $350 million fund into start-ups as fast as ever in recent months. "It's a huge buying opportunity," says partner Jim Robinson IV. "We're aggressively doing deals."

Local RRE favorites include Capital Thinking, whose software automates the commercial-mortgage process (launched in April; four major clients, including J.P. Morgan, are already signed), and Notara, which makes applications that simplify brand management and licensing for customers like Tommy Hilfiger and the NFL.

Photograph by Mark Peterson/Saba.

Another business-infrastructure play, aimed straight at the publishing industry, should be dear to the hearts of managing editors everywhere: Outerforce's software manages assignments, contracts, and payments for freelance writers, photographers, designers, and researchers. Company founder (and former New York Times Digital exec) Jonathan Glick calls it "supply-chain management for content." Having raised enough money ($8.3 million in October) to get through 2001 comfortably, Outerforce has potential investors ready to pony up more.

Nor has the Alley's downturn wiped out commerce sites, content plays, or the true-believer entrepreneurs who dream them up—the kind of people who would be starting companies on day two of a nuclear war. "Everyone told me it's the worst market in a long time even though VCs are sitting on a lot of money," shrugs David Sidman, who quit his job at John Wylie, the scientific-publishing house, to found Content Directions, which will develop digital-rights management systems. With the sort of enthusiasm that was supposed to have gone out of style in April, he gushes that "this was kind of a once-a-century situation—it didn't feel risky to me." So far he's self-funding, but he's circulating his business plan far and wide. It's enough to give a Class of '95er a fit of nostalgia.

THOSE OLD-TIMERS STILL HAVE plenty of occasion to reflect wistfully on their bygone corporate youth: Plenty more layoffs await companies that grew too fast or never had a real path to profitability.

Yet the long-term picture looks bright. For the Alley's core constituency of design-and-build Web shops (Razorfish, Agency.com, and Organic on the high end, and countless boutique firms beneath them), the yeoman's labor of Webifying every business under the sun remains. Many shops are humming along with higher head counts than they had twelve months ago. "Any real business that has anything to sell or do still needs Internet-integration services," says Danny Scheman, a co-founder of Media Farm, a 25-person firm situated, in its West 20th Street loft, in the heart of the traditional Alley. "There's so much work."

Rae Rosen, a senior economist at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, concurs, projecting that local demand for high-tech workers will continue to grow quickly "for at least the coming year." "The question is whether we can meet the demand," she cautions. "We're seeing a lot of people moving back to New York from within the U.S., particularly young people. Plus, international immigrants tend to be attracted here." Many Indian-born programmers, for example, elect to bring their skills to New York in part because of the enormous South Asian communities in Queens and New Jersey. More H1-B visas (which Congress recently approved) means more immigrants, which could well mean more coding muscle for the tristate area. The city is growing its own, too: According to Kathryn Wylde, CUNY is offering more classes and granting more degrees in technical fields than ever before.

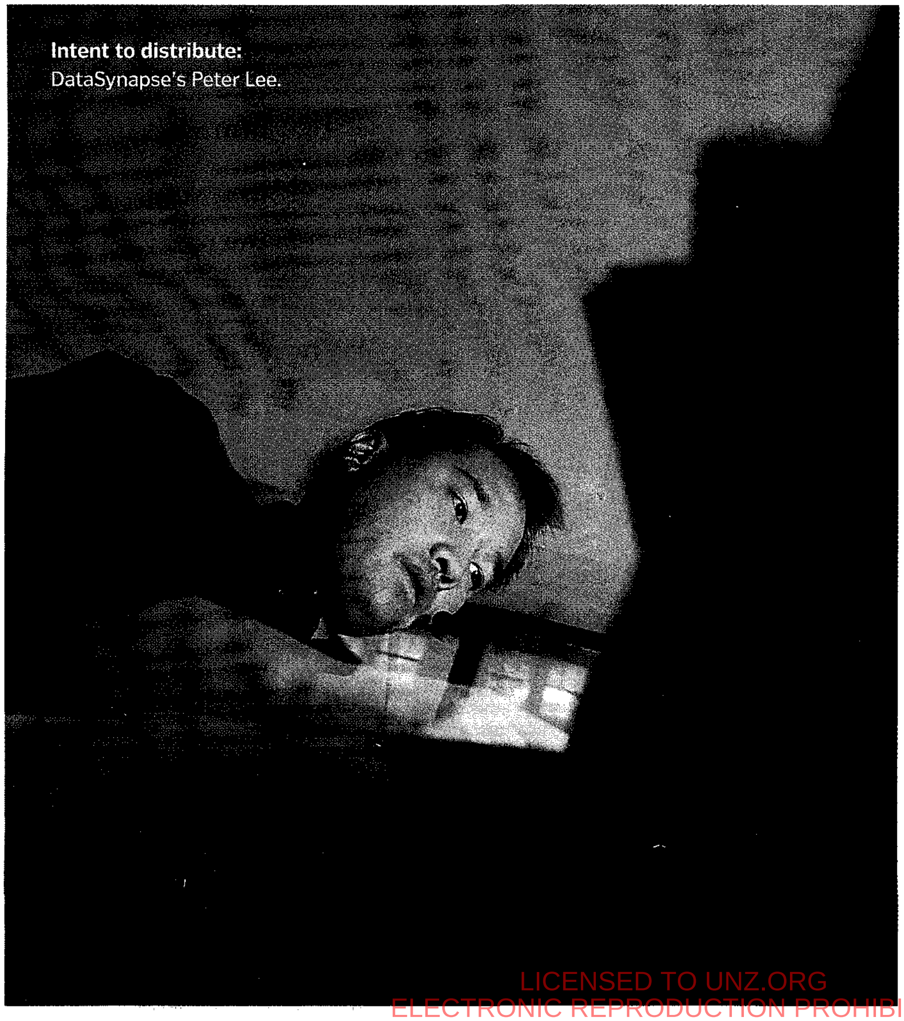
As New York's tech industry becomes less of a land grab and more of an actual profession, one type of employee who may have trouble finding work is the one who occupied the Alley's cubicles to begin with: the basically smart but unspecialized liberal-arts grad. "Being an Internet generalist can't fly anymore," says veteran Net strategist Carolina Reid. "It's more like 'This guy knows the plastics-manufacturing industry inside out'—you need to become more expert in one area now. It's going to be a grayer, older crowd."

That sober observation may be the ultimate catch for the majority of Alleyites who never made (or lost) millions. There are still plenty of jobs, ideas, and dollars around. What's gone for good is the unchecked youthful utopianism—the visions of dyeing your hair, playing with expensive gigatoys all day, and getting paid more than your lawyer cousin to do it.

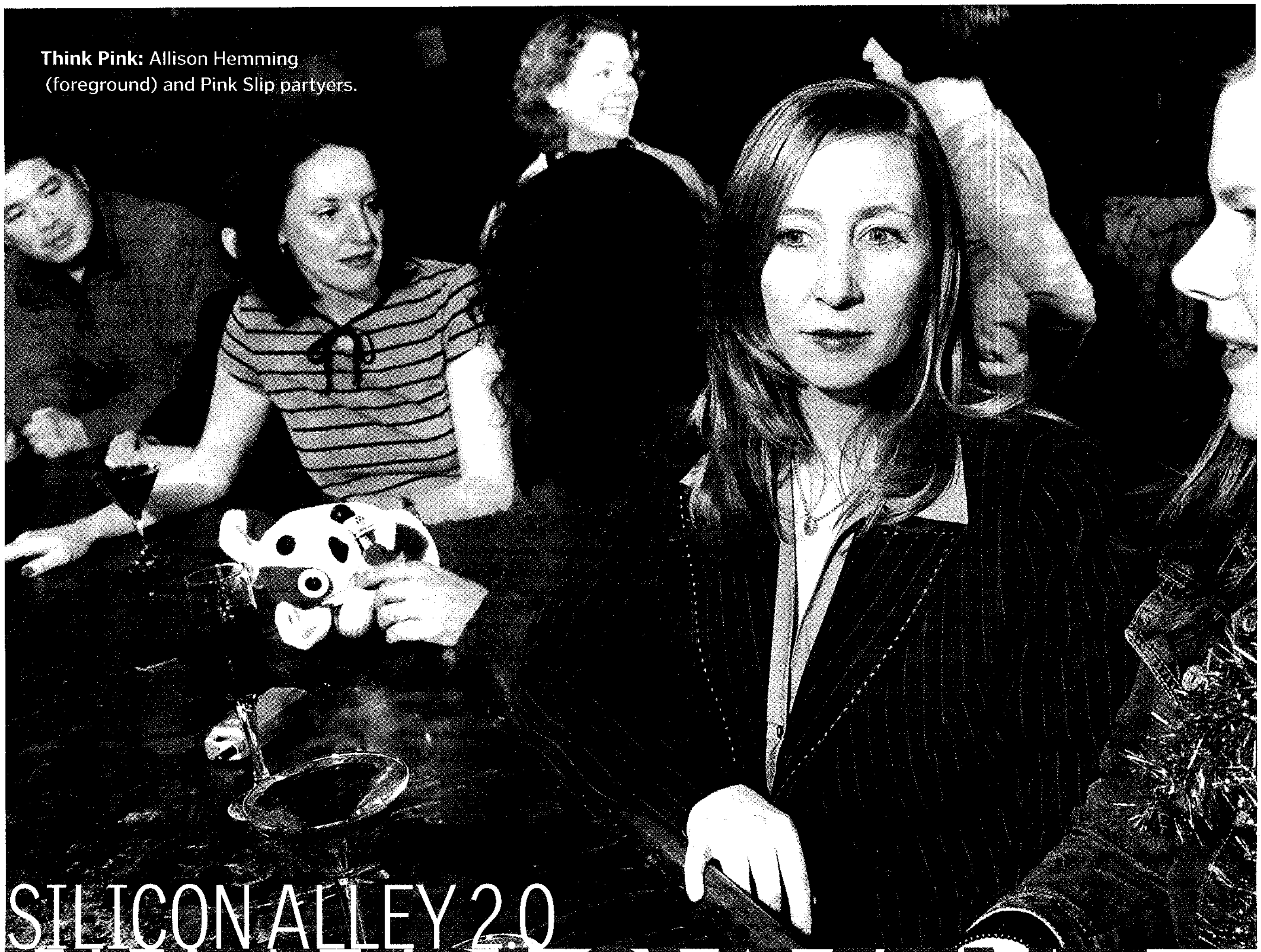
The mystique is gone, too. In addition to introducing a new generation to the wonders of capital formation, the Net-stock runup focused ostrich-headed corporate America on all things digital. In a business fueled partly on Us-versus-Them, there is no Them anymore. These days, pretty much everyone Gets It.

In other words: The nineties Alley was right about the digital revolution, so the rest of the city assimilated. "Culturally, we're meeting our Old Economy clients in the middle," posits a production executive at a top publicly traded Web shop. "I used go into meetings and I'd be the wacky Web guy, with everyone else in suits. And now they've dressed down to our level. It's a little less fun for us, but everyone else has loosened up."

"There's still a lot of business," laments Reid. "There's just not a party anymore." ■



Intent to distribute: DataSynapse's Peter Lee.



Think Pink: Allison Hemming (foreground) and Pink Slip partyers.

SILICON ALLEY 2.0

UNEMPLOYMENT ONLINE

NOW THAT SILICON ALLEY HAS GONE FROM INTERNET EASY STREET TO VIRTUAL SKID ROW, WHAT ARE ALL THE IVY LEAGUE ENGLISH MAJORS WHO USED TO HAVE $90,000 MARKETING JOBS GOING TO DO FOR AN ENCORE?

BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

A DARK, DOWNTOWN BAR, ELEVEN O'CLOCK: YOUNG PEOPLE ARE SWIGging Heinekens and shouting over the music at one another. "What do you do?" a blonde asks a 26-year-old with a goatee, leaning in to make herself heard. "Oh, you know," he says, dragging on a Marlboro red. "Crystal meth, angel dust, mushrooms." • Like nearly everyone else here on this rainy November night, Mr. Goatee doesn't have a job. He doesn't even have a name—a nondisclosure agreement with his recently defunct Internet entertainment company prohibits him from talking to

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JESSICA WYNNE

the media. And like the rest of the crowd at Rebar, an odd combination of Chelsea lounge and Irish sports bar, Mr. Goatee has come here for the cash-bar "Pink Slip" party, a monthly gathering for downsized dot-commers that started in July. The first party attracted 30 guests. Tonight there are 300.

By the door, there's a cardboard box with a sign—DROP-SKI YOUR TSKTASKIS HERE [*sic*]—in which partygoers are placing knickknacks from their former Silicon Alley employers. So far, the donations include a Mail.com baseball cap, a Pets.com sock puppet, and a Kazootoys.com kazoo. There's also a battered copy of Patricia Cornwell's *Cause of Death*. A dozen or so journalists flutter around the box, fanning out to gather anecdotes. "Hey," says a bearded former dot-commer, raising his hand and bravely offering his name (Alan Cohen). "I haven't been interviewed yet."

"I didn't realize showering could take all day," Cohen says, laughing. "Shaving, too. Shaving can take all day."

"Right now, I'm networking, looking for new opportunities," he continues, nodding his head slowly, seriously, totally in control. "Right now, I'm freelancing."

"I'm freelancing," says Joshua Moss, a former senior producer at iCAST. "And I'm heavily medicated," he jokes.

"I'm freelancing," echoes a former employee of Luminant Worldwide, an Internet services company chronicled, partly fictitiously, in Rodney Rothman's piece for *The New Yorker*. "Why are you writing this down? Are you a recruiter?"

"I'm a recruiter," says a beefy guy in a blue-collared shirt, crossing his arms over a puffed-up chest. "I get attacked at these things." He introduces himself as Robert Jenkins, the e-business specialist at Management Recruiters of Nassau. A guy in a black suede jacket overhears and offers his hand: Joshua Siegel, former CEO of Warrantys Online.

"It was the coolest idea, man," says Siegel. "We processed warranty cards. You could even get instruction manuals if you'd lost them." He sighs. "Our funding was pulled October 30th. I dressed up as a doctor for Halloween, hoping I could resuscitate it."

Jenkins pats him on the back. "Give me your card, bro."

My path has been paved with broken benefits and shattered stock options . . . all before my 22nd birthday.

"Thanks," says Siegel, proffering his old business card with a weak smile. "All the numbers work."

In an attempt to be festive, Pink Slip party founder Allison Hemming (also head of an Internet consulting firm called the Hired Guns) has decided to create a "wall of blame" for the next Pink Slip party out of old business cards with numbers that don't work. The sign for this reads: JOHN Q. BUSINESSMAN, CHIEF CHIEF, PLS FORWARD MAIL TO: MY TEMPORARY SUBLET, PHONE: "THE NUMBER YOU HAVE REACHED . . .", FAX: SEE PHONE, MOBILE: NONE (CAN'T QUALIFY FOR PREPAID CELL. CREDIT CARDS ARE MAXED). "Have you heard the latest?" asks Hemming. " 'B2B' now stands for 'Back to Banking,' and 'B2C' means 'Back to Consulting.' "

Rob Viola, a still-employed Web developer at Idealab!, snickers. "When the steel mills in Pennsylvania closed, do you think they were throwing Pink Slip parties at their locals?" he says under his breath. (Viola came tonight, he says, because he's "interested in pathos.")

Then there's the cake that Hemming bought, with white icing and raspberry cream. It's inscribed: NOW WHAT?

"That is just sick," screams an ex-Priceliner.

"It's not as bad as the urinal," says Roger Kaplan, formerly of Kozmo. "A bunch of guys threw their business cards in there to piss on."

IT'S NOT AS THOUGH DOT-COMmers don't embrace risk: Start-up technology companies have been crashing long before the invention of the Internet. But when they did, there was always a better gig—Higher salary! More options! Cooler perks!—at another promising start-up. High-tech employees tend never to take their eyes off the job boards—loyalty can only be bought with options if the IPO is on track—and layoffs were always just an opportunity to negotiate a better deal.

Since April, though, finding a new job hasn't simply been a question of not dodging phone calls from recruiters. From start-ups like Modo, which burned through its capital before the L.A. launch party, to established companies like Razorfish and DoubleClick, each of which laid off more than a hundred employees, almost all the news from Silicon Alley has been bad. All of a sudden, people who once weighed potential employers on the basis of how quickly they might go public have started to worry whether they'll have a job at all. Many of them are getting bitter—especially the barely-out-of-school rank and file who have never had a job that didn't come with Fresh Samantha and free massages.

"Yesterday I was a Yippie—a young Internet professional—and today I'm out of a job," e-mails a former content producer at iCAST. "Ever since I sat down in front of my first Apple IIe, my generation has been encouraged to look toward the Internet as the source for a better, brighter, smarter, more well-connected future. Graduating with an English degree from an Ivy League school, I was supposed to move to New York and get a dot-com position, begin building my connections and my 401(k). But my path has been paved with broken benefits and shattered stock options. I would become eligible for unemployment benefits within four short months, and all before my 22nd birthday."

What's an Ivy-educated English major to do? Especially when the jobs that are out there no longer come with company trips to Vegas, days at Great Adventure, or free beer every Friday? "When I first got to Urbanfetch, we had Champagne Tuesdays and Lobster Fridays," says Sudeshna Nayar, a British-accented 33-year-old, clutching a Zara shopping bag in Rebar's foyer. "By the end, we were having Pizza Tuesdays and Krispy Kreme Fridays." (Urbanfetch shut down October 13.)

Then there's the atmosphere. "At San Francisco Interactive, we'd have these cool brown-bag lunches on Fridays," says Trevor Brown, who got three weeks' severance when he was laid off from the New York office in the fall. "We'd get into these really intimate convos about abortion rights or transgendered people, pre-op, post-op stuff."

When their companies went belly-up, many were reminded that, never mind the Nerf toys all around the office, they still worked for a business that had an eye on the bottom line. "The last day of work, we had to wait for hours for our last checks," says Lou Charles, an ex-UBO.net producer who says that he was "living large on the corporate card" before the company closed. "It was like being on a cheese line, a welfare line, man. So degrading."

Until two months ago, Jeanne De Sanctis, a convivial brunette with a voice as deep as Angie Harmon's, was the director of music and content for SonicNet, a division of MTVi. Though she says her lawyer advised her not to say anything negative about her former company, she admits that her dot-com dream has died hard. "There was a little of 'I'm not going to be the "It" girl of the music biz anymore,' " says De Sanctis. "Once, I started crying on the subway, tears streaming down my face. But then I said to myself, 'Get it together! That job didn't own you, you owned it.' " She laughs. "The next day, I got comp tickets to Radiohead at Roseland, and I was like, 'This is okay—cool things are still happening for me.' "

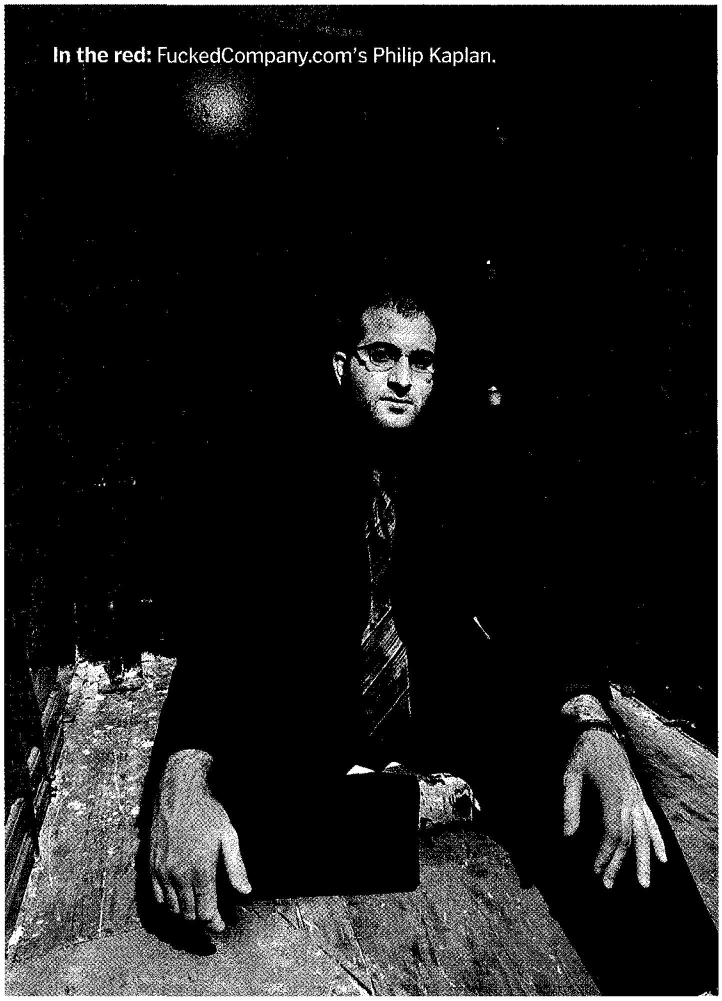
She frowns.

"You know, I had the director's share of options," says De Sanctis. "I mean, I had as much as you could have! Whatever. MTVi will never go public anyway." Her frown deepens. "But—fuckin' A!"

JUST AS *FAST COMPANY* sang the praises of the Internet economy in its ascendance, a Website called FuckedCompany.com is dutifully recording its decline. A mock memorial to dead dot-coms, it's run out of the garment-district loft of Philip Kaplan, a 25-year-old programmer with his own Web services firm. "But PK Interactive is a real company," says Kaplan, a tall, self-assured 1997 Syracuse grad, as he shuffles around his home office in cargo pants and black Nike sandals. "We've been profitable since day one, not like an annoying Internet business."

Kaplan has been the pessimists' oracle since Memorial Day weekend, when he started FuckedCompany.com on a lark. He sent the site's URL out to a half-dozen friends and left for a trip to Brazil; by the time he got back a week later, 20,000 people had logged on. Most wanted to play the site's "Dot-Com Dead Pool," an e-company riff on the "Celebrity Dead Pool," a Howard Stern diversion in which the regulars bet on which famous people will die first.

Now FuckedCompany.com gets more than 400,000 page views per day, both from people who play the game and from those who just want to read updates on the Internet apocalypse, posted on the site whenever it strikes Kaplan's fancy: "*BabyGear.com is out of business and left with almost $10 million in debt. Woohoo that's some good spending, cowboy!*" FuckedCompany.com is now the 2,250th-most-popular site on the Web and ranked No. 9 in traffic among all high-tech-news sites on the Internet, according to PC Data. "That's fucking crazy," Kaplan wrote when informing his public of the accolades on the site. "You all should be ashamed of yourselves."


In the red: FuckedCompany.com's Philip Kaplan.

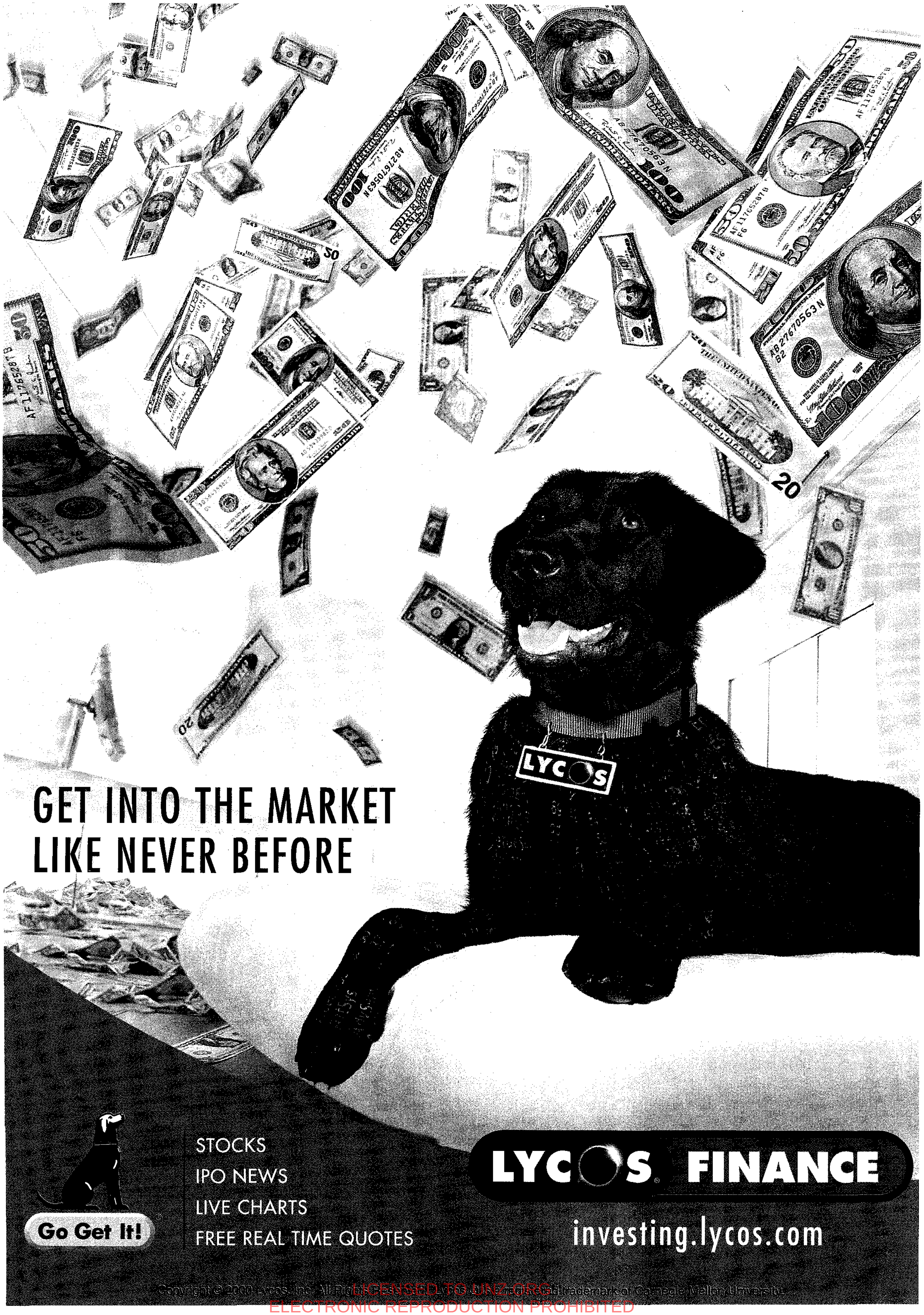
By chronicling the failure of other companies, Kaplan may have, oddly enough, found a way to cash in himself. When he put the site up for auction on eBay in September—as a lark, of course—the bidding reached $10 million. "Press started calling," he says. "Then my buddies called up, and they were like, 'Dude! We just bid $10 million for your site!' " Real bids, he claims, also came in—at around $3 million—and Kaplan says he's now negotiating a sale.

In his spare time, Kaplan also writes a newsletter for his FuckedCompany.com subscribers with a more personal point of view. "This year I wasn't invited to anything cool, and I still haven't finished my custom light-up Tron suit," he wrote on Halloween. "So I wore my PROUD TO BE A POLICEMAN T-shirt and went to some NYC loft party that pretty much sucked. I want to be like those elite people who hobnob with Leo and Lenny Kravitz. Which brings me to my next point: Anyone who does anything halfway cool in this town—Internet or otherwise—invite me to your parties, dammit."

As a punk version of Warrant's "Heaven" blasts out of the loft's hanging speakers, Kaplan, who goes by the onscreen handle Pud, scrolls through the 400 e-mails he gets each day from the bitter, the frantic, and the just plain nervous. "All these people are my compadres," he says in a deep baritone, thrumming his fingers on his brushed-steel desk. "They're all just people like me, you know—dudes who work in Silicon Alley."

Kaplan swipes at his mouse and today's layoffs flicker onscreen. Employees have been shown the door at iChoose.com, UrbanDesign.com, SportsHuddle.com, Buy.com, WeMedia.com, iVendor.com, ArtistsDirect.com, Sandbox.com. It's still only noon. For his item on Sandbox.com, Kaplan writes: "A Website where one can play games for free, Sandbox.com, laid off about 30 employees. ¿Umm, what's the business model again? (Question marks in tribute to my Latino brothers and sisters. One love)."

He opens a new e-mail: Another company has supposedly laid off all its employees. Another: *Love your site—you should do stand-up comedy.* "I archive the ones that are real ego boosts," he admits, clicking his mouse to save the message. "And the ones from girls."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When I first got to Urbanfetch, we had Champagne Tuesdays and Lobster Fridays. By the end we were having Pizza Thursdays and Krispy Kreme Fridays.

SOME OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN LAID OFF will never again have a job where transgender issues are discussed over lunch in the office. Sudeshna Nayar is now at Dow Jones, but she misses "the excitement of Urbanfetch." After leaving UBO.net, Charles is now at Simon & Schuster producing video games, but he doesn't plan to stay. "I'm not going to be some guy with a corporate job," he says. "That's for later in life."

For her part, De Sanctis has taken a "BizDev" position with LockStream, an Alley company that claims to have the only secure solution for digital distribution of music on the Net. "Look, content may be king," she says. "But it's also a bitch. I worked my ass off in that job chasing it." At her new job, she's working with a boss from years past, "rocking it out with him on a whole other level."

Of course, there are those who have no trouble at all deciding what to do after their dot-com dies: Shortly after Pseudo.com went bankrupt, founder Josh Harris wired his entire house with 32 Webcams for an art project, and threw a party featuring a full-size boxing ring and sushi served on top of a naked woman. Around the same time, Jess Zaino, a petite, curly-headed 24-year-old former Pseudo employee from Ronkonkoma, Long Island, was stuck at her apartment in Fort Greene, collecting unemployment and listening to Aretha Franklin. A lot of Aretha Franklin.

Pseudo fabulous: Jess Zaino.

A couple weeks after the company went under, Zaino was chilling out at home reading Joe Eszterhas's *American Rhapsody* when she started to freak out. "It was like, 'Wow!' " says Zaino. "Pseudo goes bankrupt and I get no severance, no nothing, just a 'Sorry, guys, and here is security to escort you out of the building so we're sure you're not stealing the MP3 players.' " Then her life started to "suck"—her grandmother died, she got pneumonia, and she broke up with her live-in boyfriend of two years. "I did a lot of self-reflection and soul-searching at that time," she says. "Learned a lot about patience and discipline." She read the Dalai Lama's *The Art of Happiness*, and that helped her deal with her anger.

"Because," yells Zaino, "I'm supposed to be a millionaire now, dude!"

And why not? In the small, weird world of Silicon Alley, she was a star. At 21, Zaino dropped out of college in California; in New York, she crashed one of Harris's parties and told him she'd "lick the floors to work at Pseudo." The next day, she got a job as receptionist. Eight months later, she had her own Web-TV show, *StarFreaky*, which featured her as a George Whipple–esque personality interviewing celebrities at guest-list-only events. "I loved that job," she says. "I had my own show, I had pictures taken of me all the time, I had an assistant." She was a cover girl—even if she was only on the front of *Video Systems Online Magazine*. Earlier this year, when I was reporting a story about the players of Silicon Alley, Zaino called, unsolicited, and offered herself up as the leading member of the "Internet Brat Pack."

On a cold night in November, however, Zaino found herself working as an MTV production assistant, logging tape for a proposed MTV special, *Revenge of the Rejects*, an *America's Funniest Home Videos*–type show that features discarded submissions from other programs. "Four-hundred-pound girls singing Backstreet Boys with their little brothers," she says, walking the carpeted halls of the MTV offices on the thirty-second floor of the Paramount building. "Scary, right?"

Though she left MTV two weeks later, Zaino remembers her time at Pseudo as more than just a job. While we talk, she shows off a tattoo on the back of her calf that she had done the week after Pseudo closed. It's the company's logo, a circle about the size of a Snapple cap, half red and half black. "It's flaking a little because it's new," she explains. "But I wanted to get it to represent my schooling and all that shit. 'Cause I'm proud of what I did there.

"Way down the line, the Internet in the last few years is going to be remembered as an Andy Warhol, Max's Kansas City thing. I can see the books that are going to be written." She smiles. "And I'm going to be in them." ■

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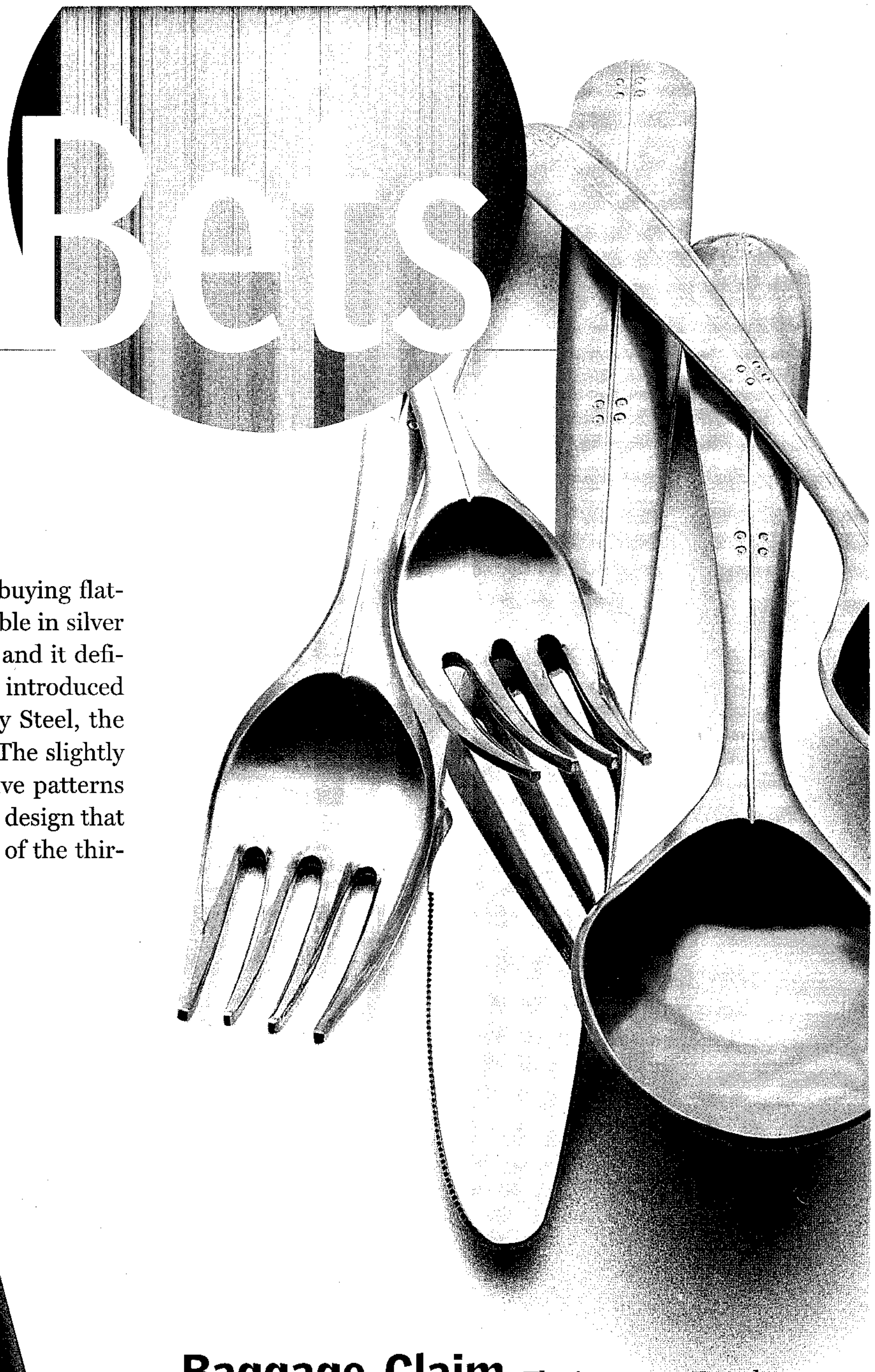


Cutting Edge Once upon a time, buying flatware from Tiffany was akin to dressing a table in silver couture. It was gorgeous, it was expensive, and it definitely wasn't for everybody. Now Tiffany has introduced what you could call its bridge line: Tiffany Steel, the store's first collection of stainless flatware. The slightly oversized Streamerica (pictured), one of five patterns available so far, possesses a simple but sleek design that echoes the Streamline Moderne movement of the thirties (five-piece place setting, $185).

▶ **TIFFANY & CO.**
727 Fifth Avenue/212-755-8000

Baggage Claim The irreverent French designer Philippe Starck has created everything from super-sexy juicers to ultrahip hotel interiors; now he's turned his talents to luggage. The twelve pieces in the Samsonite by Starck line, which arrived in stores last week, range from knapsacks and briefcases to duffel bags and wheeled totes. They're made of a business-chic cotton-blend material, with brushed-aluminum hardware. ($75–$395).

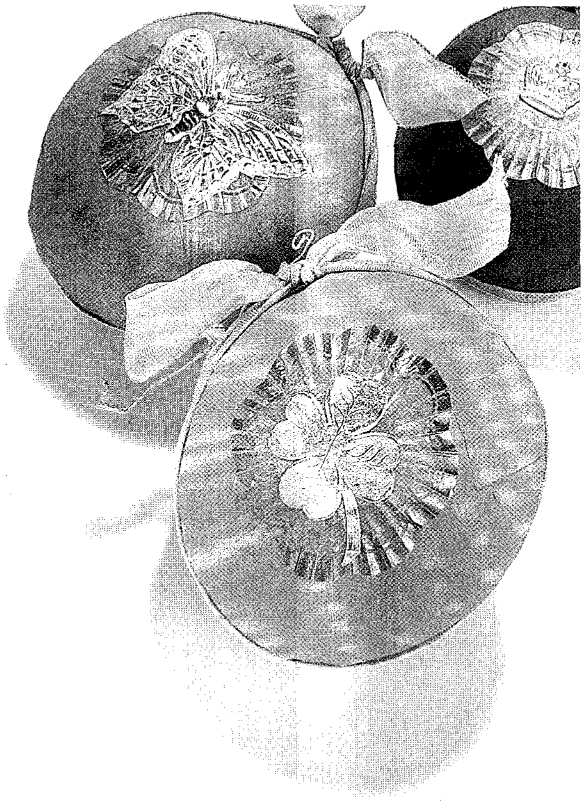
▶ **FLIGHT 001**
96 Greenwich Avenue/212-691-1001

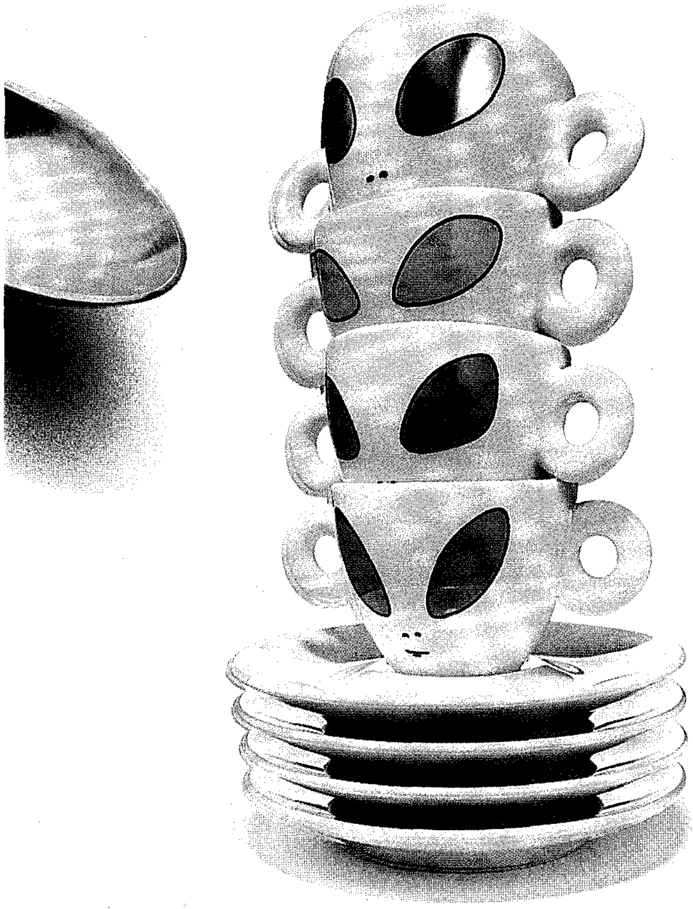
PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE WISBAUER

Have a Ball

Looking for a party giveaway for your "real" millennium fête? A Bami Ball at each place setting would make for some entertaining eye candy. Constructed with 90 feet of colorful crepe paper, each ball unrolls to reveal eight to ten different "treats," such as balloons, candy, noisemakers, and fortunes. "It's perfect for the countdown to midnight," says Michael Doneff, who stocks the balls at his shop Nice House. "With about a minute to go, you start unraveling a ball, then watch as kids and adults fight over the treats that spill out" ($16).

▶ **NICE HOUSE**
117 Perry Street/212-675-7509





Strange Brew

"Flying saucers, levitation. Yo! I could do that," sang David Byrne in the Talking Heads' song "Moon Rocks." Almost two decades later, he has. As the latest guest designer for the Illy collection of art espresso cups, the multitalented musician has created a set of four cups—each featuring a different pair of extraterrestrial eyes and two ear-shaped handles—and a sugar bowl shaped like a flying saucer ($99).

▶ **BLOOMINGDALE'S**
1000 Third Avenue/212-705-2000

Starry Nights

There's only one weekend left before the party season officially comes to a close, and chances are you've long since tired of the outfits you proudly paraded over the past couple months. Add sparkle to your fading fashions with this chiffon scarf from Stuart Weitzman. It's 72 inches long and available in navy with silver beads (shown) or in black with either silver or gold beads. As Mr. Weitzman himself says, "You can wear this with the most simple dress and still be a star" ($220).

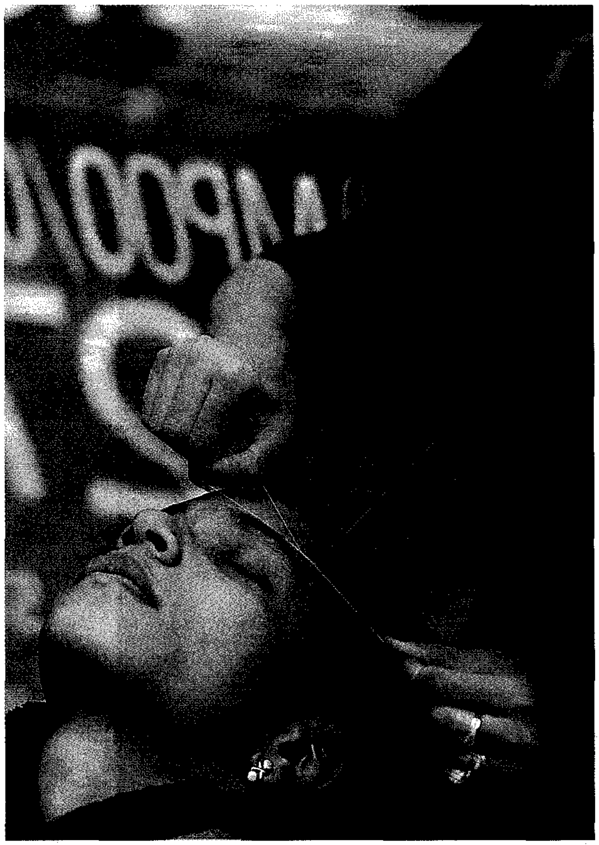
▶ **STUART WEITZMAN**
625 Madison Avenue/212-750-2555

Sales&Bargains

SHYAMA PATEL

Arch Allies

This year, make a resolution to visit one of these Indian-run beauty salons for a cheaper, more effective alternative to eyebrow waxing.



By a thread: A client has her eyebrows threaded at Bombay Salon.

IT’S GETTING DANGEROUSLY close to New Year’s Eve—too late to book hair, nail, and eyebrow appointments at the high-end salons you’re addicted to. But there’s hope: The following hole-in-the-wall Indian salons are a steal for manicures, blowouts, or facials—and they’re eyebrow aces. Using a traditional “threading” technique, beauticians spin sticky thread really fast to zip off hair from the roots. It’s cheaper than waxing and far more precise.

To find the most authentically traditional treatments, purists head to tiny salons in Flushing, Queens. **Rita’s** gets raves for its neighborly atmosphere and very precise work—all at Third World prices ($4 for eyebrows, $22 for a manicure and pedicure, $35 for a 45-minute herbal facial).

Closer to home, **Salon Nouvelle** threads for $7 and does a full leg-and-bikini wax for $40. And don’t be fooled by the Jean Pierre hairdresser’s sign outside **Bombay Salon**—inside, eyebrow threaders work their wonders; walk-ins are welcome, and threading is only $5. While you’re here, you might even pop upstairs for a $35 45-minute facial or swing over to the **Jean Pierre** side of the space for a blowout (prices start at $29).

For a zippy lunch-hour pit stop, try **Fifth Avenue Nails and Hair**: $7 buys threading or a manicure—and the beauticians are so speedy you’ll even have time to grab a bite on the way back to work.

Bombay Salon and Jean Pierre Salon, 977 Sixth Ave., at 36th St. (212-695-1111); Rita’s, 4309 Main St., Flushing, Queens (718-445-7074); Salon Nouvelle, 1118 First Ave., near 62nd St. (212-813-0736); Fifth Avenue Nails and Hair, 585 Fifth Ave., near 48th St. (212-355-1117).

AJA MANGUM

Picks of the Week

The Metropolitan Museum of Art Store’s sale means up to half off loads and loads of jewelry, scarves, ties, sculpture, stationery, and books inspired by the museum’s exhibitions. *Four stores; for locations and hours, call 800-468-7386; A.E., M.C., V.; 12/26–1/31.*

Small Change is clearing fall and winter kids’ clothes from designers like Jean Bourget, IKKS, and Cacharel (most things here are imported from France and Italy). Prices are from $25 for an infant’s jumpsuit to $225 for a kid’s ski parka. *964 Lexington Ave., near 70th St. (212-772-6455); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–5:45, Sat. till 4:45; 12/26–1/13.*

La Maison Moderne’s taking 50 to 75 percent off many of its funky, Art Deco–inspired home stuff—animal-print throws, glass-beaded bowls, and loads of candlesticks and picture frames. Sale prices range from $7.50 for an Eiffel Tower gift box to $150 for a glass vase. *144 W. 19th St. (212-691-9603); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–8, Sat. till 6, Sun. noon–6; 12/27–1/15.*

MoMA Design Store and **MoMA Online Store** (www.momastore.org) are taking 30 to 50 percent off some very stylish fashion and home accessories, tableware, cards, and prints. Glass ornaments are 70 percent off ($5). Sale prices are from $6.95 for a Belgian layered candle to $80 for a wood pedestal bowl to $250 for an Omas pen. *44 W. 53rd St. (212-767-1050); A.E., M.C., V.; Sun.–Thurs. 10–6:30, Fri. till 8; through 1/24.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to “Sales & Bargains” and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photograph by Carina Salvi.

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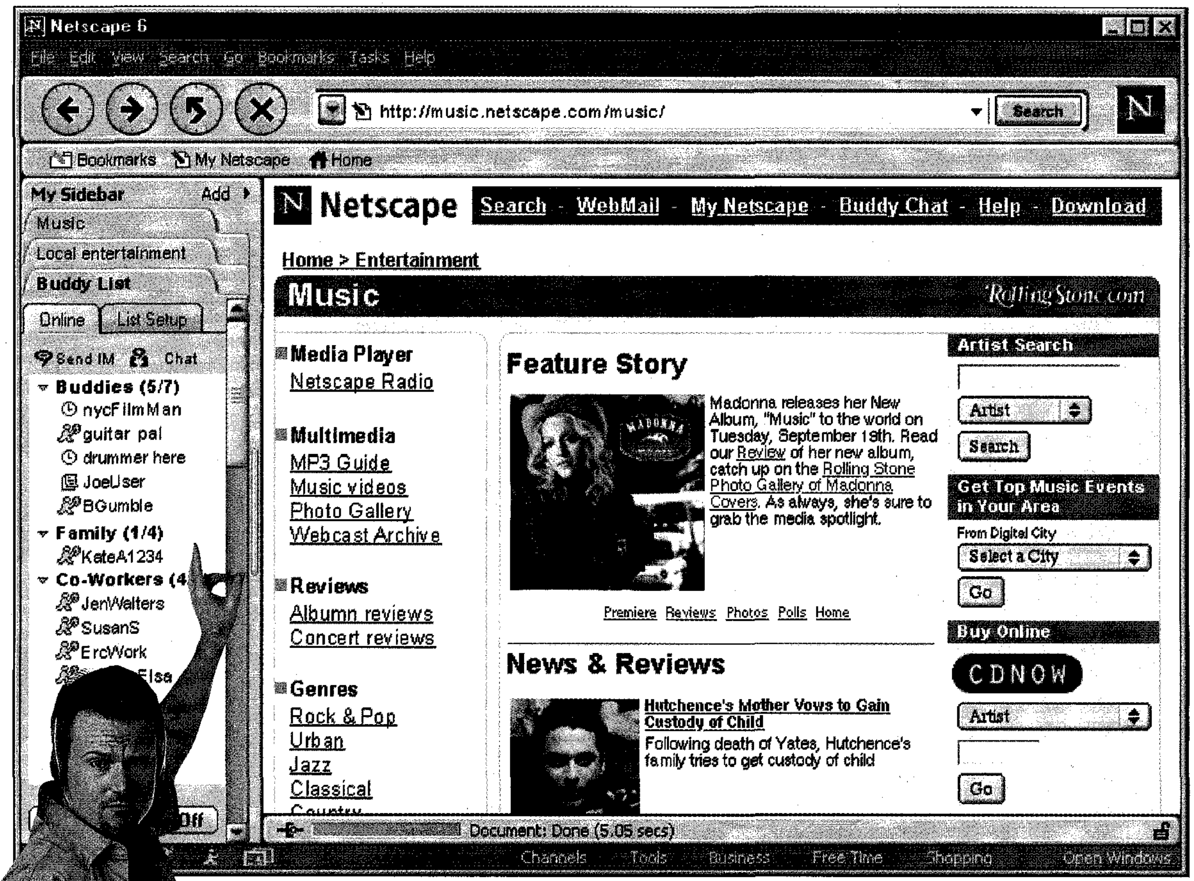
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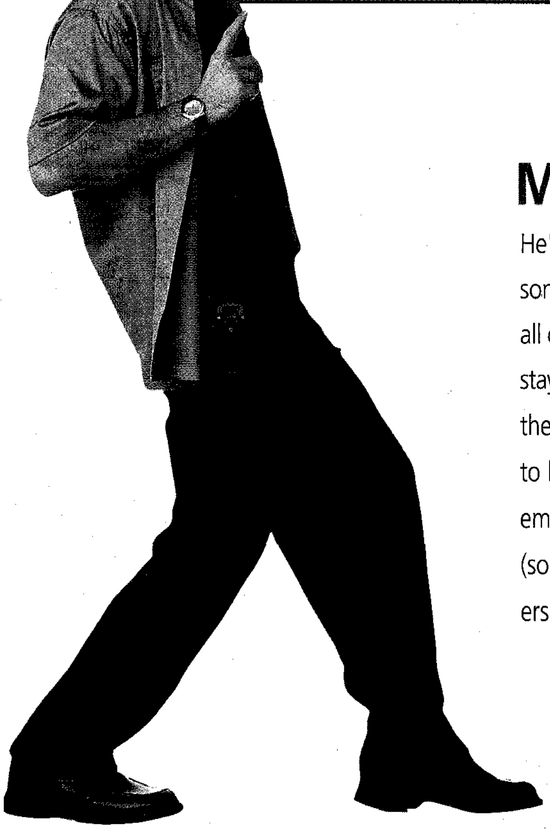
Madonna releases her New Album, "Music" to the world on Tuesday, September 19th. Read our Review of her new album, catch up on the Rolling Stone Photo Gallery of Madonna Covers. As always, she's sure to grab the media spotlight.

Hutchence's Mother Vows to Gain Custody of Child

Following death of Yates, Hutchence's family tries to get custody of child



Michael Cunningham is a software developer and a real music lover. He'll find Netscape an ideal way to be more productive online because he can personalize the Internet for the way he works. With new Netscape 6, Michael can keep all of his most important information at his fingertips for fast and easy access. He can stay in touch with coworkers through his buddy list and listen to Netscape Radio during the day for inspiration. At Netscape.com, he can quickly find news and information to help him keep up with what's happening in his field. Other features like search, email and a personalized home page can help Michael streamline his work tasks (so he has more time for concerts). But Netscape is not just for software developers. Try Netscape today and see what it's like to experience the Internet your way.

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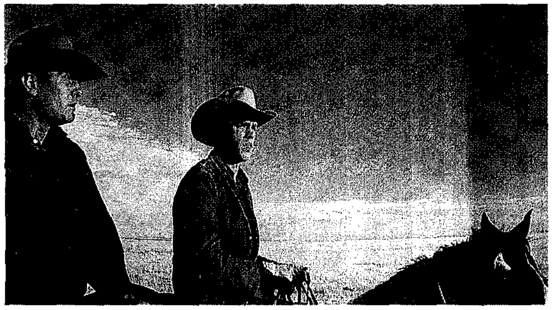
Cue

A Weekly Guide to Culture and Upcoming Events

Edited by Christopher Bonanos



Movies

All the Pretty Horses

Opens December 25

Best of the Week

How refreshing that the news from Billy Bob Thornton (*anorexia! Angelina!*) is (*finally!*) about his film of Cormac McCarthy's noirish cowboy novel. Matt Damon (pictured, with Henry Thomas—*that* Henry Thomas, all grown up) and Penélope Cruz star, and it's a Miramax release, so expect that Oscar-buzz tsunami to roll out any second. (See listing, page 104.)

Theater

The Best Man

Closes December 31

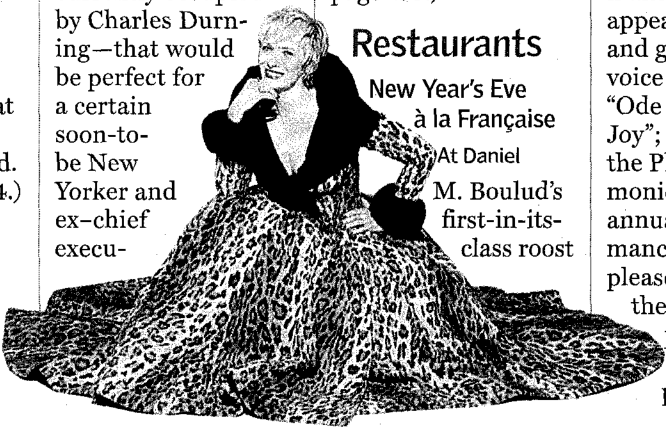
The Florida polls have finally, fitfully closed, for real. So it's fitting that *Gore Vidal's The Best Man*—the deliciously witty 1960 political drama that eerily echoes this year's presidential-election fiasco—ends its run on the last night of the year. A pity, since there's a beefy, bravura role of a former president—currently occupied by Charles Durning—that would be perfect for a certain soon-to-be New Yorker and ex-chief executive. (Pictured, Chris Noth and Christine Ebersole, doing the Al-and-Tipper thing; see listing, page 114.)

Nightlife

Betty Buckley

At the Bottom Line

It has been, shockingly, more than 30 New Years since her Broadway breakout role in *1776*, but Betty Buckley's roof-raising voice shows no signs of age. A new album (*Heart to Heart*), a rerelease of another (*Betty Buckley*), and a small-club gig to cap off the year (at the Bottom Line) mean that fans can spend their holidays as if they've never had to say good-bye. (See page 135.)



Restaurants

New Year's Eve à la Française

At Daniel

M. Boulud's first-in-its-class roost is offering special menus for the big night. Prix fixe four-course ($290 a person) and six-course ($390!) tastings start at 8:30 P.M. Daniel's also taking pretheater-dinner reservations—and why not raise a glass at six o'clock and welcome the New Year on Paris time? Call 212-288-0033 to reserve.

In Concert

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony

At Avery Fisher Hall

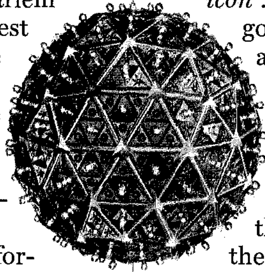
Uplifting in every way: Even classical-music-phobes can enjoy the dramatic, tuneful Ninth; the unbeatable Boys Choir of Harlem makes a guest appearance and gives voice to the "Ode to Joy"; and the Philharmonic's annual performance of this crowd-pleaser is a benefit for the orchestra's pension fund. (See listing, page 125.)

Happening

Times Square 2001

On ABC-TV

How did Dick Clark become the Official New Year's Eve Guy? We'd like to have seen a copy of that business plan: "*The cultural void left by the death of Guy Lombardo provides an excellent opportunity for an American icon . . .*" It all goes on the air at 10 P.M., but do what you do every year and flip on the TV for the ball drop at 11:59:30. And maybe Dick himself will say hello in the taxi when you're headed home three hours later.



Photographs: clockwise from top left, courtesy of Miramax Films; Peter Cunningham; courtesy of Countdown Entertainment; Guy Aroch.

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Traffic Jams

Steven Soderbergh's ragged film about drugs in America unfolds like a series of jazz riffs; Gillian Anderson is a perfect Wharton heroine in *House of Mirth.*

Traffic IS A HELTER-SKELTER mosaic about drug use in locales as disparate as Tijuana and Cincinnati's affluent Hyde Park. The various discrete stories coalesce in a single panorama; the corruption is total and cuts across all boundaries. Steven Soderbergh, who directed from a script by Stephen Gaghan loosely derived from a British TV mini-series, shot most of the movie himself with handheld cameras, and the jittery, present-tense approach unifies the action even when the visual schemes—cool-blue hues for the upper-crust sequences, tobacco-brown tones for the Mexican scenes—clash. The fracturedness of the story lines matches Soderbergh's scattershot technique; at times we appear to be watching a new-style *policier* crossed with a documentary about dope-dealing mixed in with a TV cop show added to an inspirational anti-drug sermonette about the need for parents to listen to their troubled children.

Each separate story line is compelling if too familiar, and together they accumulate into a larger vision. Perhaps unavoidably, there's also an ungainliness to the enterprise. We keep getting yanked in and out of high-anxiety situations; it's like a serial bad trip. As with much of Soderbergh's avant-garde work, his garde isn't quite as avant as he would have us believe it is. In movies such as *The Limey* and *Out of Sight,* for example, he buffed the noir to a fine finish but the appeal remained essentially pulpy and old-fashioned. Still, Soderbergh's jazzed stylistics can be smartly entertaining. Without them, an uneven movie like *Traffic* might seem more of a mélange than it already is.

An overwrought Michael Douglas plays an Ohio Supreme Court justice and the president's new drug czar, whose daughter (Erika Christensen), as he is slow to realize, is a junkie. In another story line, Don Cheadle and Luis Guzman are San Diego DEA agents whose undercover work brings them into the world of a La Jolla drug kingpin (Steven Bauer) and his pregnant, socialite wife (an underwrought Catherine Zeta-Jones). Benicio Del Toro and Jacob Vargas are Mexican cops who, in the course of busting up one of the major drug cartels, find their scruples seriously tested by the entrepreneurial lure of Mexican law enforcement. Soderbergh is very canny about the ways in which information is imparted to us. When, for example, we see Douglas, on a fact-finding expedition, checking out the U.S.-Mexican border in San Diego, we don't need to be told how overwhelming his challenge is—it's right there for us to see, in the bunched-up rows of cars that look as if they were melting in waves of heat. *Any* of these vehicles could be a carrier of contraband.

The high life: Catherine Zeta-Jones as the wife of a drug lord in *Traffic.*

Soderbergh's hit-and-run technique allows him to make his points quickly and move on. He slows down when he wants to highlight a gesture, a glance, and this is particularly helpful for an actor like Del Toro, whose performing style is like an extended slow burn. The film's most resonant and emotionally powerful moment comes when his character's modest but unmovable ambition is realized and he takes on the heavy-lidded look of someone transported into a bittersweet bliss beyond the reach of corruption. It's the only natural high in the movie.

TERENCE DAVIES'S **The House of Mirth** IS A rigorously elegant adaptation of the Edith Wharton novel, and unlike in some other Davies movies, the rigor here doesn't turn into rigor mortis. The tragic, ambiguous note is struck from the first, when we see Lily Bart (Gillian Anderson) emerging from Grand Central Terminal and realize she is just as ethereal as the vast plume of smoke through which she appears. A socialite in *Belle Époque* New York, Lily is almost poignantly fragile; although her quest for a moneyed husband seems predatory, she is too decent in the end, too sorrowful and full of grace, to be a successful huntress. Instead, she is undone by the cruelties of the lavish world she wants to make her own. Each defeat for her carries the force of a death knell, and no man, not the financier Sim Rosedale (Anthony LaPaglia) or the lawyer Lawrence Seldon (Eric Stoltz) or anyone else, can save her from a doom she has been warming to all along.

Davies shows an immense affinity for Lily's troubled soul. The viciousness and glitter of beau monde New York in 1905—scrupulously re-created here—is filtered through her frightened awe. Davies pulls off some bravura sequences—including a series of majestic

Photograph by Bob Marshak.

camera sweeps that take us in one long glissando from a vacant mansion to the prow of a yacht cutting through the waves—but the overall effect here is one of rapt stillness. This is dourness of a degree you won't find in Wharton, but in its own shadowed terms the film is a triumph. The darkness in Davies's conception allows the bloom of Gillian Anderson's face to come through. Her close-ups have the delicacy of a silent-film maiden's—the delicacy of someone who can't survive the world's harshness and yet lights that world from within.

Thirteen Days RECOUNTS THE MOMENT-to-moment brinkmanship in the White House during the Cuban Missile Crisis. This sweat-it-out saga has been filmed before, notably in 1974, with ABC's *Missiles of October,* which gave us not only William Devane and Martin Sheen as Jack and Bobby Kennedy but also Howard Da Silva (!) as Khrushchev. I would wager that more potentially deployable nuclear missiles are in the world now than in 1974 or 1962, but the effect of watching *Thirteen Days* is unavoidably nostalgic anyway. Roger Donaldson, directing from a script by David Self based on the book *The Kennedy Tapes—Inside the White House During the Cuban Missile Crisis,* isn't trying for a cautionary tale here. The movie is more like a deconstruction of a bygone near-annihilation. Finally, the graying members of the boomer generation can see precisely how it came to pass that they were sent scurrying beneath their grade-school desks.

Although most of the film plays out like a docudrama, there's a fair amount of high-pressure hokum to take the starch out of the history lesson, particularly when hawks like General Curtis LeMay (Kevin Conway) are fulminating. Much of the action involves Kenny O'Donnell, a close "Irish Mafia" cohort of the Kennedys and a White House adviser to the president. He's played by Kevin Costner in a Boston accent that leaves more than a bit to be desired—even Jackie Mason's Ted Kennedy impression is closer to the real thing. But otherwise Costner doesn't stand out unduly, and his staunch reticence is admirable. He doesn't try to turn himself into the whole show, and yet it is O'Donnell's sidelong perspective that gives the film its skewed fascination. As Robert and Jack Kennedy, Steven Culp and Bruce Greenwood are better at the accent thing and creditably lifelike; each seems to be giving a performance rather than an impersonation. I much prefer the whacked-out, *Dr. Strangelove*-ish brand of political-apocalypse film to all this straitlaced you-are-there dramaturgy, which seems a throwback to the early sixties not only in time but in spirit. But what *Thirteen Days* sets out to do it does admirably.

Traffic
Directed by Steven Soderbergh; starring Michael Douglas, Don Cheadle, Luis Guzman, Steven Bauer, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Benicio Del Toro, and Jacob Vargas.

•

The House of Mirth
Adapted from the Edith Wharton novel and directed by Terence Davies; starring Gillian Anderson, Anthony LaPaglia, and Eric Stoltz.

•

Thirteen Days
Directed by Roger Davidson; starring Steven Culp, Bruce Greenwood, Kevin Costner, and Kevin Conway.

•

An Everlasting Piece
Directed by Barry Levinson; starring Barry McEvoy, Brían F. O'Byrne, Anna Friel, and Billy Connolly.

•

State and Main
Written and directed by David Mamet; starring David Paymer, Alec Baldwin, William H. Macy, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Philip Seymour Hoffman.
See Movies listings for details.

CATHOLIC COLM (BARRY MCEVOY) AND Protestant George (Brían F. O'Byrne) work together in a hospital barbershop in Belfast; you could say that hair brings them together. They cook up a plan to corner the Northern Ireland market in hairpieces, billing themselves as the Piece People. Their competition: a company known as Toupee or Not Toupee. This is the backdrop for Barry Levinson's comedy **An Everlasting Piece**, set sometime in the eighties, which was written by McEvoy. (His father is a barber who used to sell hairpieces.) It's a truism that the unlikeliest comic situations sometimes result in the most likable of comedies, and this one, at its best, is a real original—as lyrically nutty as a vintage Bill Forsyth picture. It's filled with marvelous little folkloric throwaways, like the bit with Colm's mother wearing a hair net so the smoke from her cigarette won't stain her locks.

Movies about Ireland tend to be bloated with blarney, but Levinson doesn't press the whimsy; coming from outside the culture probably helped him to see things with a fresh eye. His approach to the Troubles is so oblique you may forget that the blood-and-bullets backdrop is real. And yet, by giving us a cockeyed spin on the factionalism, *An Everlasting Piece* is probably a stronger political experience than many a more somber movie. Maybe comedy is the *only* way to present this material anymore. The joke here is that vanity is the great unifier: Catholics and Protestants, the IRA and the British, all value the plumage of a good hairpiece. Colm and George are like a great comedy team; they have an avidity for rhyming each other's sentences, and when they have a falling-out, they're miserable—they need to get their lives back into sync. McEvoy is a crackerjack performer who knows how to play off O'Byrne's moonstruck timing, and Anna Friel, as Colm's powerhouse girlfriend, keeps juicing the comedy; she's the only performer I've ever seen who can make nagging seem sexy. The one letdown is that there isn't nearly enough of Billy Connolly, playing a crazed hospital patient known as the Scalper, who first gives the boys the idea to take over the toupee market. Connolly has a scene behind bars, where he gulps down a buzzing fly and then dithers on about Saint Paul and the hermaphrodites, that is such a loony jag that you want him along for the whole movie and not just in dribs and drabs. The filmmakers have scalped the Scalper, but just about everyone else in this small-scale classic gets the full treatment.

GIVEN HOW ACIDIC DAVID MAMET CAN BE toward Hollywood (as in his play *Speed-the-Plow*), his new film, **State and Main**, which is about the shenanigans of a movie crew on location in a New England town, is surprisingly mild. Actually, Mamet's approach is not so much mild as it is indifferent: He doesn't lavish his customary full attention on these characters because he doesn't care enough about them or what they do (maybe indifference represents his ultimate revenge on Hollywood). Even at half-speed, Mamet still manages to pull off some marvelous, if familiar, satire of movie-business egomania, and the tip-top cast includes David Paymer as a viperish producer; William H. Macy as the glib, harried director; Alec Baldwin as a star with a fetish for underage chicks; Sarah Jessica Parker as his insecure co-star; and, in a role that indicates Mamet's worst-case image of himself, Philip Seymour Hoffman as the serious playwright turned hack screenwriter. In speaking Mamet's best lines, these performers bring out the grain in his syncopated nastiness. ■

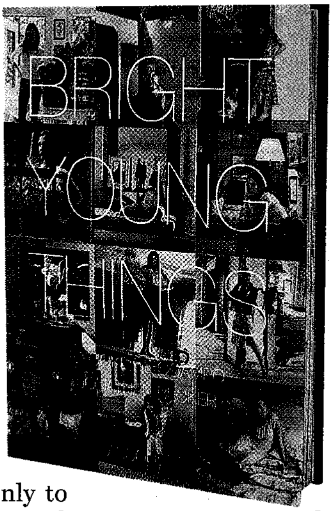
BOOKS DANIEL MENDELSOHN

Vogue's Gallery

Brooke de Ocampo shows off her cast of Condé Nast–worthy friends but their apartments upstage them; Gloria Deák shows her what class is all about.

WHEN I HEAR THE phrase 'Bright Young Thing,' " Brooke Astor, a grand society lady who's famously managed to be a real mensch as well, remarked, "I think of the good old days, when we girls read Tolstoy and Henry Adams and thought more of our reading than of our dressing." As it happens, Mrs. Astor's nostalgic comment appears in a new book by another Brooke: Brooke de Ocampo's lavish new coffee-table peek at the lifestyles of some Society youngsters. There's no question that *Bright Young Things* has the vaguely pornographic appeal that all coffee-table books do. (Like porn, it's a genre filled with a minimum of text and a maximum of color-saturated pictures of things you fantasize about but aren't likely to rub up against in real life.) But this book hardly supports its lofty claim that its subjects constitute "a new social order organized around the privileges of meritocracy, not aristocracy." Here is a group of people who seem to think that "politics of inclusion" means "mixing a Gap T-shirt with a Bill Blass ballgown skirt."

Ocampo's title invokes the name given to the generation of English youth who, after the First World War and before the Second, breathed some vivacity into a dying empire: Diana Cooper, Evelyn Waugh, the Mitfords, Noël Coward, that lot. After reading up on this new generation, one isn't persuaded that a new *Brideshead Revisited* or *Design for Living* is in the offing. If anything, Shax F. Riegler's (seemingly) idiot-proof questions have not, let us say, brought out the best in the younger generation of Laurens, Lauders, Herreras, and Guinnesses—to say nothing of a trio of sisters whose marital careers put you in mind of the more morally depressing Henry James novels. One young man considers the "lowest depth of misery" to be "a destructive dry cleaner" (and goes on to equate male pattern baldness with losing a child); a young woman, after plumbing her own apparently not considerable depths, sees "bad eyesight" as her "principle defect"; for the painter Damian Loeb (most marked characteristic: "random perfectionism"), the lowest misery is "self-awareness."



Bright Young Things wants to show the really rich as hip, aware, and even funny—not only to alleviate their guilt about having so much, I think, but also to alleviate our guilt for wanting to see just what they have. But in the end, its all-too-obviously staged pictures suggest an overly optimistic answer to a question (quoted in the book, with a hilarious lack of self-awareness) that was once put by David Brooks: "How do you live at the top of society without becoming an insufferable snob?"

I have no idea what Mrs. Astor thinks of the Things in *Bright Young Things*, but I do suspect that she'd really love *Picturing New York*, Gloria Deák's richly narrated, lavishly illustrated tour of New York and all of its classes. Here's a book that clearly has brains as well as beauty—one in which, alongside the many beautiful illustrations, you're likely to find casual allusions to the royal astronomer Ptolemy and lovely old-fashioned words like "terpsichorean."

What makes Deák's book so much fun to read is her style, which is that of the true amateur—in the best sense of that abused word. Like another New York cultural grande dame, the art historian and lecturer Rosamond Bernier, Deák swoops you up and takes you along for a narrative ride that she herself is clearly enjoying, never bothering to hide her quirks and prejudices. (When she tartly notes that the city now has the same low number of daily English-language newspapers that it did in the eighteenth century, you can almost hear her tongue cluck reproachfully.) Some of the best passages here are lovingly assembled lists that betray an endearing collector's mania—bits and pieces of the city's past that Deák has dug up and can't resist showing off: the names of nineteen popular dances that used to be performed at concerts, or 37 kinds of fabrics that used to be familiar to city-dwellers and are now forgotten.

Forgoing the ho-hum chronological approach, Deák gives you a tour of fourteen thematic neighborhoods: There are chapters on commerce, merchant princes, politicians, architecture, and communications, and—my favorite—a terrific and typically idiosyncratic chapter about Broadway (the street where Martha Washington felt "like a state prisoner" when she lived there as the first First Lady). The result is a book that feels, in the end, like the city it depicts with such eccentric charm and enthusiasm: a patchwork that ends up being much, much more than the sum of its very bright parts. ■

Bright Young Things
By Brooke de Ocampo. Interviews by Shax F. Riegler; photographs by Jonathan Becker. Assouline; 192 pages; $50.

•

Picturing New York: The City From Its Beginnings to the Present
By Gloria Deák. Columbia University Press; 416 pages; $50.

Photograph by Andrew McCaul.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Into Thin Eyre

Charlotte Brontë, who led a famously melancholy life, was at least spared the grotesque musical adaptation of her masterpiece, *Jane Eyre.*

IS IT BECAUSE IT APPEARS ON SO many school reading lists that **Jane Eyre** is a favorite with adapters into other mediums? Or is it because it is, as it was for its author, the great wish-fulfillment fantasy: Plain, orphaned, maltreated governess gets to marry, against all odds, the rich, remote, romantic dream man? Or is it just feminism *avant la lettre*?

Charlotte Brontë's novel is not very different from typical gothic thrillers—everything from a sadistic schoolmaster to the arsonist madwoman in the attic. But it does have genuine artistic appeal, or at least did have until John Caird and Paul Gordon turned it into this deplorable musical, which queers even happy memories of the original.

Gordon's music is anti-music: a gray, soggy mush that repeats and repeats its tuneless phrases ad nauseam. It is mostly recitative posturing as song, and almost makes *Seussical* sound good by comparison. Pile onto this lyrics by Gordon and Caird (the latter also perpetrating book and direction), in which trite sentiments and predictable rhymes are trotted out and reiterated like marvels of eloquence. In three hours, the show drags itself through much of the novel's length, though none of its depth or heights.

One's heart goes out to the Jane of Marla Schaffel, who sings and acts decently but has to be onstage nearly all the time watching and hearing this god-awful stuff. James Barbour, formerly Beast in *Beauty and the Beast,* is a beastly Rochester. With his hair carefully tousled and glued into place, a loutish persona and a slack-jawedly cretinous look, singing that is either pallid or bellowing, he is more buffalo than Rochester. His best moment is when he portrays a gypsy fortune-teller in drag, but even that, short as it is, palls before it's over.

Stout Mary Stout does stoutly by Mrs. Fairfax, but Elizabeth DeGrazia, for all her piercing soprano, is a stilted, bloodless Blanche. In fact, the supporting players are mostly of the provincial church-basement variety, and the chorus that hangs around singing some of Jane's private thoughts in the first-person singular while she stands helplessly by is a mirthless joke.

Jane Eyre
Directed by John Caird and Scott Schwartz at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre.
•
Tiny Alice
Directed by Mark Lamos at the Second Stage Theater.
See Theater listings for details.

Jane sings things like "It's twelve o'clock in the pitch-black night / I can't contain my wanderlust / I seek a new adventure / And search the skies because I must." Little Jane's coeval, the doomed Helen (played by an actress looking easily 30), intones: "Forgiveness is the simplest vow / Forgiveness of all their crimes / Is your deliverance now." And here's a chorus of arriving party guests: "Galloping up to the Drive / All of the beautiful people arrive / The cream of the crop / Clippity-clop." Eat your heart out, Stephen Sondheim!

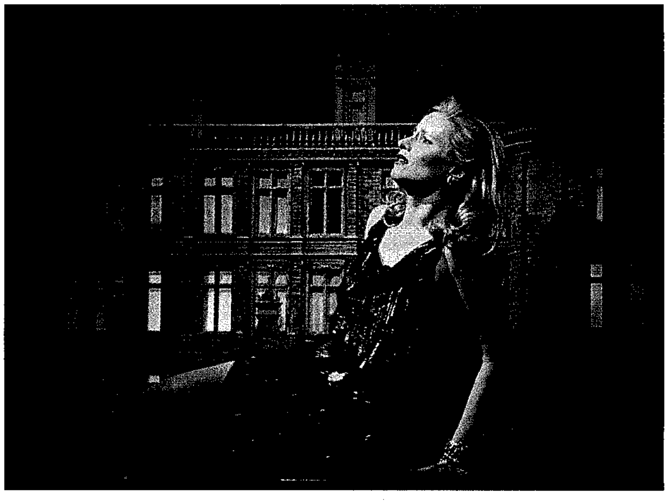
The action is mostly in the top-heavy stagecraft: fancy revolving or stationary screens sprouting elaborate, sometimes blurry projections; furniture, etc., flying in from all over; and a hyperactive turntable relentlessly moving everyone and everything around. (Sets by John Napier, lighting by Jules Fisher and Peggy Eisenhauer, all usually better than this.) The only things not moving in the least are the story and the characters. To err is human, to *Eyre* like Caird and Gordon unforgivable.

IT MUST BE SAID FOR EDWARD ALBEE'S **Tiny Alice** (1964) that with every reseeing it grows and grows—more repulsive. At its premiere, Philip Roth reviewed it as a homosexual daydream in which the hero is presented as "an *angst*-ridden priest, tempted and seduced by the overpowering female, only to be betrayed by the male lover and murdered by the cruel law."

In his biography of Albee, Mel Gussow quotes the playwright: "The only play I'm . . . really indifferent to is *Tiny Alice*. . . . I don't know whether it holds together intellectually." And upon seeing the current production, as originally mounted at Hartford Stage in 1998, Albee said to himself, "Come on, you childish, foolish young playwright fond of the sound of your own voice." Foolish especially because, amid all that grandiose palaver, the voice had nothing to say.

Now, however, thanks to Gussow's book, we can deduce that the billionairess and her lawyer lover in the play are

Small comfort: Laila Robins plays the lead in *Tiny Alice.*



Photograph by T. Charles Erickson.

not so much the threatening female seductress and her other man as young Edward's adoptive parents: the possessive, tentacular woman and her distant, ineffectual husband who adopted the baby that became Edward Albee. The cynical Butler (some characters have generic names) is harder to interpret—perhaps the stand-in for various latent or actual homosexual partners in the boy's and, later, young man's experience. This does not invalidate Roth's assessment; it merely redirects it to events farther back in Albee's development.

The work, in any case, remains hopeless, what with Albee's self-deluded notion of orotundity and convolution as proofs of a superior style, as in the near-illiterate "wonders that may befall a man least when he is looking, least that he would have thought." The play's sexuality is always sadomasochistic, emphasized by Mark Lamos's heated direction. Miss Alice is brutally bent over a tabletop and ravished from behind by her hated lover, Lawyer. Lay brother Julian (the word *lay* is punned on ad nauseam) is seduced by Miss Alice in grotesque fashion. Butler and Lawyer, presumably former lovers, acidly address each other as Darling and Dearest. The Cardinal and Lawyer trade venomous invective, as do also Miss Alice and Lawyer. Julian reminisces erotically about a horse groom whose hands were covered with hair, which prompts a suggestive discussion with Miss Alice about male body hair.

She and Julian have just returned from horseback riding, and he is still fiddling with his riding crop. When she inquires whether he would whip her with it, and his sickly laugh implies refusal, she complains: "Nobody does things naturally anymore. . . . A man takes a whip to you—a loving whip, you understand—and you *know*, deep and sadly, that it's imitation. . . . No one has the natural graces anymore."

The religious symbolism about infinite worlds boxed within one another, and Miss Alice as the fleshly surrogate of an invisible but ominous Alice to whose heavy breathing the dying Julian is abandoned, strikes me as pretentious hokum to overlay the sexual antics. Richard Thomas does nobly by Julian, and lovely Laila Robins, our most under- and misused actress, struggles valiantly with Miss Alice, all to no avail. What is said about Lawyer applies also to Author: "Give him the most sophomoric conundrum, and he'll bore you to death." *Tiny Alice* is just another shaggy God story. ■

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cue

ART MICHAEL BRENSON

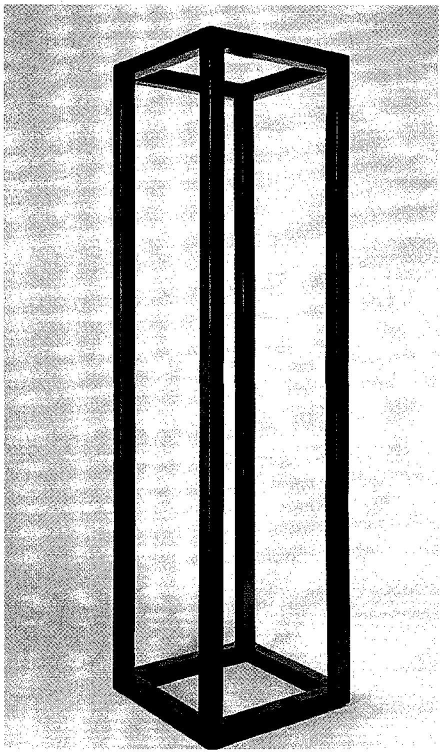
High Concept

Sol LeWitt expanded the Conceptual frontier, literally taking art out of the hands of the artist and turning it over to the viewer.

Sol LeWitt's work doesn't look the way radical art is supposed to look. Many of the wall drawings in his retrospective at the Whitney are exuberant and lush, even gorgeous. "Splotch," the title of a recent series, has a comic-book sound, and each of these gooey fiberglass clusters suggests a family, forest, city, or cave dwelling modeled by a class of intent and unpredictable kids. Even the ascetically spare white cubic sculptures that helped establish LeWitt's reputation in the seventies as a pioneering Conceptual artist are as much jungle gyms as they are geometers' tools. Fantasy and play are no less welcome here than analysis and rigor. Children and adults, hedonists and mathematicians have a place in LeWitt's universe.

These works do not exclude. This expansiveness is, in fact, essential to LeWitt's radical ambition. He studied early-twentieth-century modernist developments such as Russian Constructivism, De Stijl, and the Bauhaus, all driven by a utopian hope that art could change the world. Kasimir Malevich and Piet Mondrian believed their stripped-down geometrical abstractions could initiate new ways of seeing—and with them, new ways of being. LeWitt, born in Hartford in 1928, the child of Russian Jews, also wanted to begin again. "Our idea was to re-create art, to start from square one," he told former museum director Martin Friedman. For him and other members of his generation, the emotionalism and grandiosity of Abstract Expressionism were dead ends. He knew that the impact of European abstract art was limited because it was accessible only to a select few.

Sol LeWitt: Retrospective
Whitney Museum of American Art; through February 25.
See Art listings for details.



Beyond Cubism: LeWitt's *Standing Open Structure Black* (1964), at the Whitney.

In the catalogue, John S. Weber, a curator, emphasizes the word *availability* in his discussion of LeWitt's work. Even when it is most puzzlingly analytical, it has a visual snap and energy that prevent it from being rarefied. One of the distinguishing characteristics of LeWitt's sculptures and wall drawings—in homes and museums, parks and airports, from New Zealand to Lithuania—is that they desire people. They reach out with forms and patterns that are either incomplete or imaginary. The nine wall drawings spanning seventeen years gathered together on one wall include unexpected variations of cubes and pyramids that seem to be waiting to be plucked from their spatial compartments, eager to set

Photograph by Sean McEntee.

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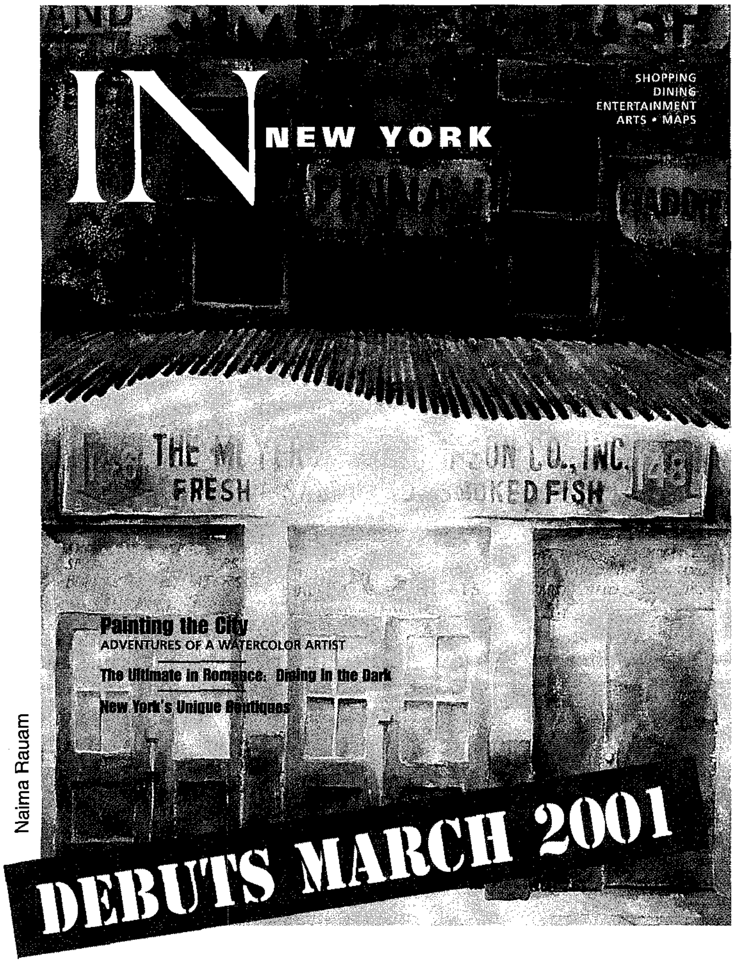
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the architectural and formal imagination in motion. LeWitt's beautiful sculptures constructed with hundreds of small open cubes also invite participation. The cubes look like a child's building blocks. Most of these lacy sculptures resemble architectural models. Each cube in any number of them, including the luxuriously delicate *Double Tower* (1999), could be a future dwelling, part of an apartment or city yet to be built.

LeWitt's dreams of democracy and community are passionate, moving, and pervasive. For example, in the largest of the three *Wavy Brushstrokes*, from 1995, LeWitt packed a fifteen-foot-long sheet of paper with hundreds of colored curvilinear strokes that together suggest both a landscape (blades of grass) and the body (strands of hair). Somehow each line in this gouache maintains its integrity; none of the myriad overlapping strokes intrudes on any other.

LeWitt would not be so successful if he were just a dreamer. His shrewdness, intellect, and unrepentant playfulness are most apparent in the wall drawings that are rightly the heart of the exhibition. These works can be sold as certificates, with designs, diagrams, or instructions. The buyer is usually free to execute the work, but most often it is done by one or more of LeWitt's assistants. Many of the wall drawings are ephemeral, created for a show and then painted over. Many of these, too, are executed by the artist's assistants, though some must be done by amateurs.

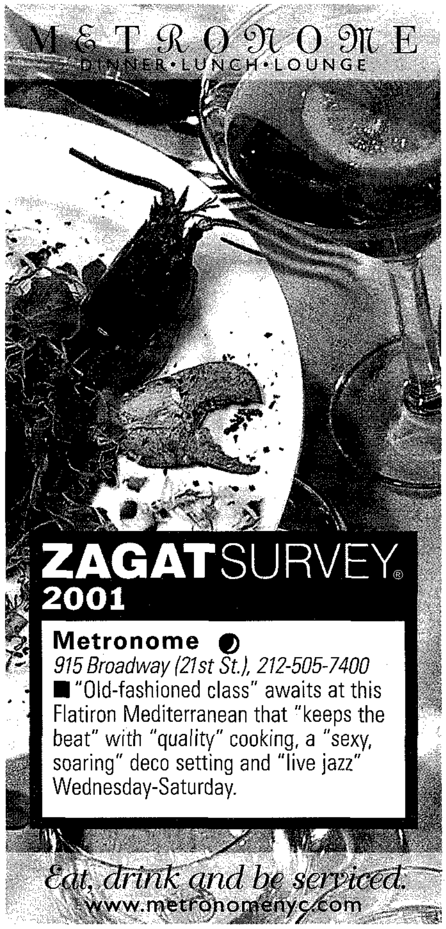
The wall drawings function successfully within the art market and at the same time question some of the notions that drive it. Since the first version of a wall drawing has no more claim to primacy than any later version, or any exhibition copy, its impact does not depend upon the notion of originality. Since the wall drawings are not executed by LeWitt, their power does not depend upon the artist's touch. In the end, it is the idea that is primary, not the image. "Ideas cannot be owned," LeWitt famously stated. "They belong to whomever understands them."

Not surprisingly, the rhetoric surrounding this show is unusual for a museum retrospective. On the first page of his foreword to the catalogue, David A. Ross, director of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and former director of the Whitney, uses the word *honest* three times. Gary Garrels, who organized this retrospective for the San Francisco MOMA (he is now a curator at the New York MOMA), begins his essay by describing LeWitt as a champion of the democratic values of equality, accessibility, open exchange, and public space.

Celebrating an artist's humanity is definitely not an everyday museum occurrence. One of the testimonials included in the catalogue essay by the curator Andrea Miller-Keller is composer Philip Glass's remark that LeWitt "supported so many people, but it wasn't generally known because he never made a thing about it." Another is the statement by the Conceptual artist Adrian Piper that "Sol was the moral center of the group," referring to a downtown New York community that included such prominent artists as Hans Haacke, Robert Mangold, Dorothea Rockburne, and Robert Ryman. The essay begins with Piper's ultimate tribute: "With all the recognition that he has received, people still don't get how important he is. Sol is to art what Bach was to music."

This exhibition proposes a different kind of artistic hero. LeWitt is not Jackson Pollock ("Jack the Dripper," the press called him) or Andy Warhol (lovingly entangled in commercial and popular culture), although his work acknowledges both of them. He is a far cry from the compartmentalized genius who exploits anyone and anything in the service of his art. He's no saint: With his early peep-show boxes that zero in on female bumps and crevices, the gigantic breast- and butt-round curves of his wall drawings, and his Rorschach-like gouaches that look like splattered arthropods, he is as much satyr and prankster as community builder and citizen of the world. In the end, he is a mensch whose art and life prove that it is possible to be both a model of artistic freedom and a responsible and caring soul.

This is all very useful to museums now. By sanctifying LeWitt, they can counter the increasingly prevalent assumption that they have sold out to glamour, controversy, and money. This exhibition gets out the message that a once-provocative institution like the Whitney really *is* committed to reinventing itself as a G-rated institution committed to innovative art while remaining safe for mothers, children, and prospective donors. Whatever the museum's motives, however, LeWitt's work is a joy. He deserves all the accolades he gets. ■



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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Marxism at the Met

Il Trovatore hasn't suffered such indignities since Margaret Dumont mixed it up with Groucho and company; Nathaniel Hawthorne gets the opera treatment.

AH, A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. The Met's new production of **Il Trovatore** may not be quite as hilarious as the Marx Brothers' classic spoof of Verdi's swashbuckler, but it comes very close. Mainly this travesty only proves what many of us have long suspected: Not only is high-romantic Italian opera impossible to cast properly at the moment, but directors, singers, and opera managements are also completely out of touch with the genre's basic musical conventions and theatrical requirements.

Moonstruck: Roberto Frontali and Marina Mescheriakova in *Il Trovatore*.

The production team of director Graham Vick and designer Paul Brown, roundly booed on opening night, never seem to run out of ideas. Almost all of them are miscalculated and irrelevant, beginning with the pointless cliché of relocating the action from fifteenth-century Spain to the Italy of Verdi's era, a device that gets us no closer to the opera's raw passions. Manrico and the Count, brothers separated at birth and fighting over the beauteous Leonora, are made up as twins apparently too dumb to notice how much they resemble each other. Looking like a brainless southern belle on her way to a ball, Leonora sashays in wearing an elaborate hoopskirt and festoons the stage with huge calla lilies, which are later angrily hacked down by the Count. Completely upstaged during the "Miserere" and her big three-part aria in the last act, this hapless Leonora vainly tries to compete with a crowd of mourners rummaging through body bags.

Silly symbols abound. Moons are everywhere—full moons, crescent moons, a moon that burns up, a lady in the moon. (Because the Count's name is de Luna?) Manrico even belts out "Di quella pira" on a moon-shaped staircase straight out of a Busby Berkeley musical. There's much more, but why bother? No doubt Vick and Brown can intellectualize all this tiresome clutter, but the bottom line is simply that their muddled cartoon vision of *Il Trovatore* doesn't play in the practical world of Verdi's blood-and-guts theater.

The singing also did Verdi few favors. Neil Shicoff may well improve later on, since he gamely sang Manrico despite having the flu. He must have been further rattled when his heroic, sent-from-heaven entrance during the convent scene, effected through a wall that collapses in the shape of a cross, got a huge laugh. Everything about Roberto Frontali's inelegantly sung de Luna is small-scale, vocally and dramatically, although he too may have been ill on opening night. Anyone who tries to sing Leonora in this production is probably doomed, but bad things have happened to Marina Mescheriakova's soprano since I last heard her: register separation, manufactured tonal production, and pitch troubles are only a few of her current vocal problems. At least there is Dolora Zajick, who as Azucena senses a vocal vacuum and quickly moves in to fill it. Her powerful mezzo-soprano rings out as effortlessly as always, but her work also has a concentration and expressive nuance that I have never heard before—perhaps she is actually energized by being asked to portray Azucena as an obsessive Mafia matriarch rather than as the usual half-crazed gypsy. The famous Met orchestra sounds like a provincial pit band playing under Carlo Rizzi, who is unable to establish any useful contact with the singers.

Coincidentally, on the same day of the Met's *Trovatore* fiasco, the La Scala season in Milan opened with a new production of the opera. Reports of that performance are mixed, but most seem to agree that conductor Riccardo Muti managed to impose a musical coherence, point of view, and discipline on an opera that seldom receives it nowadays and is certainly not getting it right now at the Met. Since directors, designers, and singers no longer seem able to find their way into this repertory staple, perhaps it's time to give the job back to a conductor.

Il Trovatore
Metropolitan Opera production of the opera by Verdi; directed by Graham Vick; designed by Paul Brown; conducted by Carlo Rizzi; with Neil Shicoff, Roberto Frontali, Marina Mescheriakova, Dolora Zajick.
See In Concert listings for details.

The House of the Seven Gables
Manhattan School of Music premiere of an opera based on the Nathaniel Hawthorne novel, composed and written by Scott Eyerly; directed by Linda Brovsky; conducted by David Gilbert.

TURNING A FAMOUS NOVEL INTO A WORKable opera is no easy task. Ask John Har-

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

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bison, who brooded over F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* long before it finally arrived at the Metropolitan a year ago—an operatic drama that still seemed unfocused despite a score of musical strength and substance. The devices and conventions of literature are not those of the lyric stage, and a composer had better be prepared to take some radical liberties with even the most beloved work of fiction if the piece is to come alive as an opera.

The latest work to grapple with this problem is Scott Eyerly's **The House of the Seven Gables**, an opera based on Nathaniel Hawthorne's classic tale that recently had its premiere at the Manhattan School of Music. Eyerly, who wrote his own libretto, says that "it was love at first read" when he picked up a copy of the novel in 1989, and he has labored hard to communicate his respect for Hawthorne—too hard perhaps. The troubled Pyncheons of Salem, the ancient curse that has dogged the family for more than 150 years, the gloomy haunted house in which they live, the sense of moral responsibility that continually gnaws at them—virtually everything in the book has been faithfully rendered, and in a carefully composed score that is always accessible and singer-friendly. And yet it doesn't really work as opera. The action tends to plod, the characters fail to interact effectively, the dramatic arcs of the plot are uncertainly shaped, and the music, for all its fine workmanship, remains disappointingly anonymous.

The Manhattan School's lovingly prepared production did everything possible to disguise the flaws. Dipu Gupta designed a suitably Gothic New England parlor, and Linda Brovsky directed all those who inhabit it, the living and the dead, with a skilled hand. The musical proceedings were confidently guided by conductor David Gilbert, and the student cast could not have been better. With his firm tenor and verbal clarity, James Schaffner created the most vivid personality as the dotty Clifford Pyncheon, although Christianne Rushton (Hepzibah) and Kelly Smith (Phoebe) also made fine vocal capital from their roles. Bert Johnson (Holgrave) and Dominic Aquilino (Jaffrey) did what they could for two foggily defined characters. Even if *The House of the Seven Gables* plays rather tepidly, it is a serious work that deserved a chance to be tested onstage as part of the Manhattan School's laudable commitment to new American opera. ■

John Leonard's TV Notes

Me & Isaac Newton (Wednesday, December 27; 8 to 10 P.M.; Cinemax) lets us listen in as director Michael Apted (*Seven Up, Coal Miner's Daughter, Gorillas in the Mist, Gorky Park,* etc.) chats with seven voluble scientists on several different continents about what they do (from studying language disorders, water purification, and gene therapy to saving rain forests and concocting "a unified theory of everything") and why they do it (difficult childhoods, intimations of religious awe). While there are grandiose moments, we are more often engrossed in the workday of cunning minds, the snap, crackle, and pop of connections being made.

Backstory: M*A*S*H (Saturday, December 30; 5:30 to 6 P.M.; AMC) goes inside the Robert Altman movie, telling us why screenwriter Ring Lardner Jr. was so unhappy, how come Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland tried to get the director fired, and what the studio bosses tried to do when they found out they had an anti–Vietnam War black comedy on their hands. Everybody is interviewed, from Sally Kellerman to Tom Skerritt, and the clips, like an appetizer, make you hungry for the film to follow.

Sheena (Saturday, December 30; 2 to 3 P.M.; Fox) stars Gena Lee Nolin as the petulant blonde in the revealing loincloth who morphs into either a wild animal or a berserker, and John Allen Nelson as Cutter, the Great White Travel Guide who seems always to need saving, teaming up again to mediate between a multinational oil company that wants to build on sacred land and an African tribe, heretofore pacifistic, that's been getting some odd military advice. Ridiculous, but also insouciant, with a couple of Watergate jokes thrown in for good measure.

Adam Ferrara (Monday, January 1; 10 to 10:30 P.M.; Comedy Central) allows the comedian to warm up for his forthcoming ABC situation comedy, *The Job,* with some reasonably funny ethnic slurs, many war-between-the-sexes jokes, and a nice riff on his own Catholic upbringing. On Easter, for instance: Jelly beans were what he was told they ate at the Last Supper. And then there was his father, who told the misbehaving kids: "Your mother and I wanted two children. We had three because I knew the day would come when I'd have to kill one of you."

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Dancers in the Dark

Another year, another program of indifferent new choreography for the Alvin Ailey company's stirring dancers; more seduction and wit from David Dorfman.

THE **Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater**'s annual December run at the City Center boasts the customary infusion of new works, without which, it's always assumed, no audience would enter the theater, no dancer rest content in his or her job. I managed to see three recent additions to the repertory before press time, an experience that left me longing for some of the golden oldies—even for a few of the silver and bronze ones.

Alonzo King's *Following the Subtle Current Upstream* opens strikingly enough, with a trio of seriously gorgeous guys showing off for one another, a certain cool cruelty being part of their charms. A fourth man intrudes—to be ogled, tested, and destroyed. All this is played out in the familiar postmodern mood of alienation and impending disaster. (The vocabulary in this case is ballet-based and inflected with hieratic gesture.) After the reasonably effective start, King introduces the obligatory female contingent, whereupon he promptly loses interest in the proceedings. Things go on automatic pilot as the sexes mix (in a predictable variety of ways), the dance disintegrating into a series of glossy, hard-edged images ubiquitous in today's fashion journals and reports on club life. The best one can say for this mediocre dose of mean, svelte stuff is that it helps balance out the surfeit of sentimental humanism that the Ailey repertoire once suffered from. But this example of the new wave is not a keeper.

Carmen de Lavallade, who lured Alvin Ailey to his first dancing lessons, and who was a memorable star in the company he founded as well as on many other stages, based her new duet, *Sweet Bitter Love,* on a solo she devised for herself back in 1985. Set to haunting love laments sung by Roberta Flack, the duet conjures up a man and a woman, who still feel a great deal for each other, at the moment of their resolving to end a long, troubled relationship.

Current event: Linda-Denise Evans and Benoit-Swan Pouffer in Alonzo King's *Following the Subtle Current Upstream.*

De Lavallade has projected onto the character of the woman (I saw Renee Robinson in the role) the dulcet beauty for which audiences adored her. And she's imagined an attractive male protagonist of considerable emotional depth. As performed by Glenn A. Sims, who appears to express actual thoughts as he moves, the man is fascinating for his complexity. Unfortunately, though De Lavallade gets the characters and the romantically ambivalent atmosphere right, the movement per se is banal. It lacks both invention and theatrical élan. The problem may lie in De Lavallade's own history as a performer. Her signature roles offered an image of loveliness that one contemplated; she was cast to be passive rather than assertive, more visual than dramatic.

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater
At the City Center.
•
David Dorfman
At the Harvey Theater at BAM.

The Ailey's artistic director, Judith Jamison, concocted the flimsiest of the new works on view. Her *Double Exposure,* commissioned by the Lincoln Center 2000 festival, is typical of that project's bent for empty glitz. Multimedia reigns here. Highly charged dancing with no evident structure, Robert Ruggieri's frenetic electronic score, ever-shifting but largely undefinable projections on a double-paneled backdrop, and agitated lighting effects all vie for the beleaguered viewer's attention.

The choreography harbors a latent theme that remains obdurately vague. Two men—the elegant, sensuous Jeffrey Gerodias and Clifton Brown, swift and fierce as a switchblade—represent twinned souls. Three lavishly gowned young women serve as a chorus of goddesses, demons, or simply not very effective alternatives to whatever a guy and his alter ego can get up to on their own. Both the presumed conflict and its ostensible resolution were unfathomable. Not surprisingly, gimmicks like switches in the costume colors, between slate gray and tropical brights, failed to prod the feeble choreography into yielding significance.

The piece has one entirely terrific moment—a brief solo for Briana Reed,

Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

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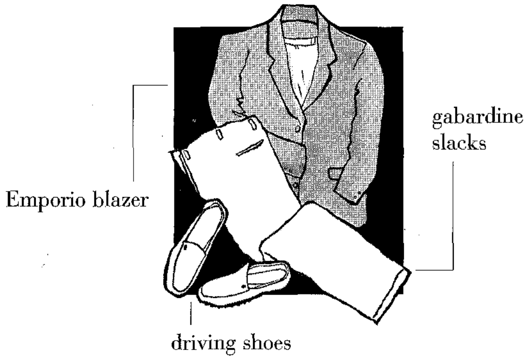

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who, all voluptuous flesh and powerful muscle, seems to epitomize the nameless force that keeps the universe in motion. The miracle of the Ailey company is that at any given time in its 42-year history, it has served as home to not one but at least a handful of singular, unforgettable dancers like Reed. This state of affairs allows even the most exacting members of the audience to put up with an amazing amount of indifferent choreography.

THE VIVACITY AND PERSONAL CHARM OF **David Dorfman**'s work, unusual in postmodern dance, easily seduce the audience for this genre, a public that may well be tiring of bleakness and inaccessibility. The choreographer's newest pieces, *To Lie Tenderly* and *Subverse*, recently showcased at BAM's Harvey Theater, are cases in point.

Dorfman creates movement that's robust and rough-edged, often wild, and occasionally grotesque (especially when it's spiced with grimaces and gestures that are like mime without specific meaning). It doesn't adhere—and barely refers—to any codified technique, thus dodging the trap of arty mannerism. Dorfman and his brave, engaging dancers look astonishingly natural performing the stuff; it might be normal body language with the energy level extravagantly upped. The accompanying scores, performed live, tend to be either hot and agitated or haunting.

The text material, beginning with the wordplay of the works' titles, appeals to the numerous fans of postmodern dance who love language and movement equally. Written by Dorfman, it's full of wry, witty observations, with poignant bits thrown in sparingly. The dancers manage to deliver the script as if they were born to conduct conversations from the stage. And what's more, everyone is marvelously dressed. For one piece, the company designer, Naoko Nagata, invented a wardrobe that's a gloss on the garb of itinerant street entertainers of centuries past, a ploy that is evocative and pointedly appropriate.

All in all, Dorfman—who looks like the retailer he once thought he was destined to be and who moves like mercury—puts on a swell show. The problem? As with almost every choreographer below the thinly populated genius level, once you've seen one of his dances, you've pretty much seen what he can do. Once you've seen two—especially back to back—you suspect you've seen one too many. ■

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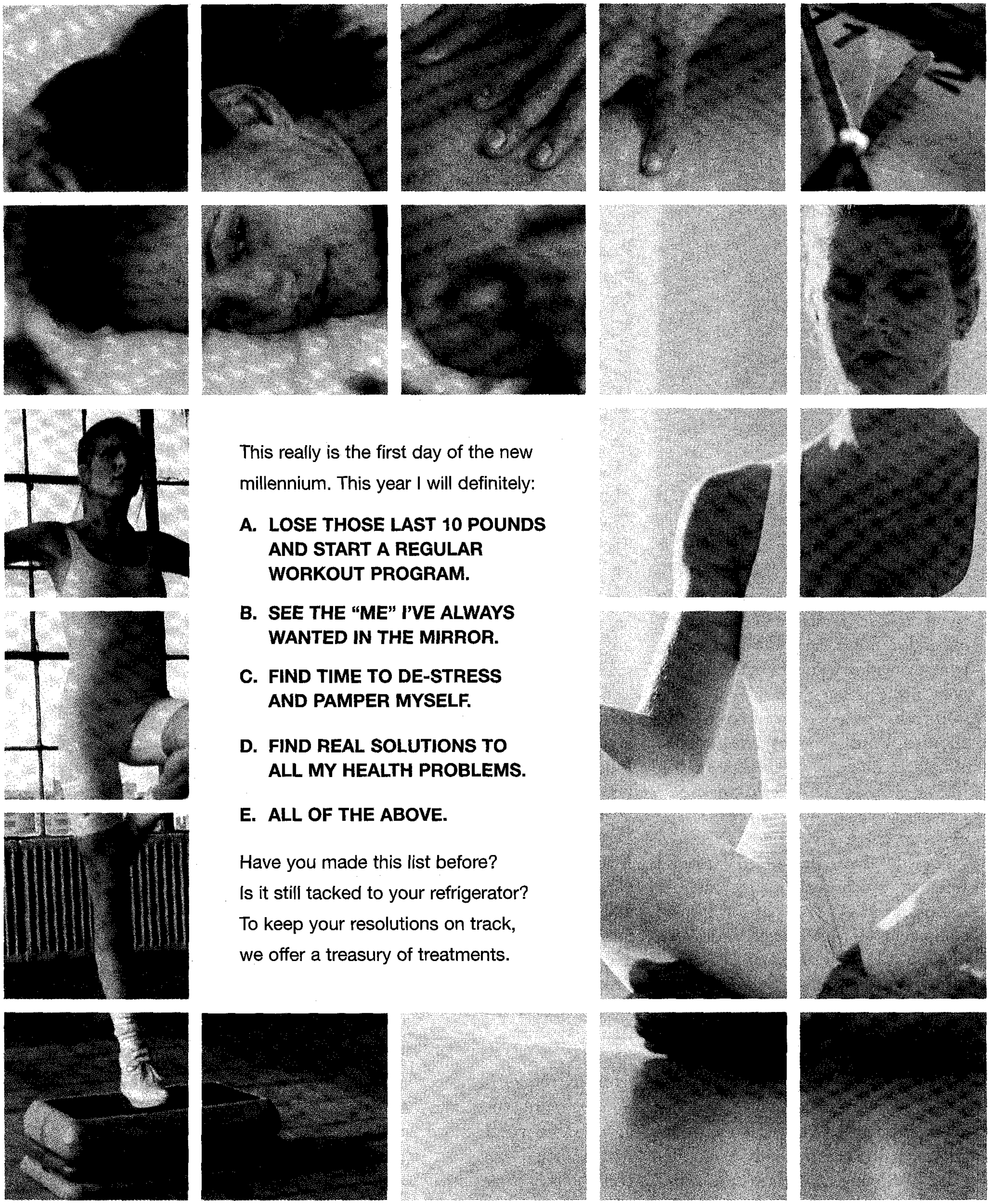

This really is the first day of the new millennium. This year I will definitely:

A. LOSE THOSE LAST 10 POUNDS AND START A REGULAR WORKOUT PROGRAM.

B. SEE THE "ME" I'VE ALWAYS WANTED IN THE MIRROR.

C. FIND TIME TO DE-STRESS AND PAMPER MYSELF.

D. FIND REAL SOLUTIONS TO ALL MY HEALTH PROBLEMS.

E. ALL OF THE ABOVE.

Have you made this list before?
Is it still tacked to your refrigerator?
To keep your resolutions on track,
we offer a treasury of treatments.

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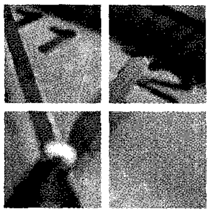


NO MORE EXCUSES

The **Manhattan Plaza Health Club** offers so many ways to keep fit, it's almost like being on vacation. Take the splendid 75-foot glass atrium pool where you can bask in sunshine as you swim laps in January. Or the newly expanded 5000 square-foot climbing gym that allows you to squeeze your way up chimneys, work out on a 200-foot bouldering circuit—and climb upwards of 80 graded routes. Whether you've never climbed or you live upside down covered in chalk, climbing at MPHC will be an exhilarating experience. For a workout with a techno-twist, MPHC has added Netpulse Internet, which connects the Internet to most pieces of cardiovascular equipment. So while you pedal or work out on the new Precor™ Elliptical trainers, you can access thousands of news, entertainment, and information sites. If you prefer, you can watch television on your own personal screen or listen to CDs—whatever will motivate you to go that extra distance. You say you want more? Get instruction in the Pilates, Ball Therapy, Body Sculpting, Cardio Boxing, Bikram Yoga, and Spinning, to name just a few of the 85 inspiring classes offered each week. Just choose your workout—MPHC will make it a pleasure.

SKIN GAME

If your list of resolutions include reviving a tired complexion, **Lia Schorr Skin Care** will take you beyond the basic facial and into the realm of serious skincare. The Crystal Peel will stimulate circulation, treat a multitude of problems—including fine lines and enlarged pores—and leave your complexion visibly improved. The Oxygen "Boosting" Treatment improves skin at the cellular level. In addition to cleansing and revitalizing, it will bring new life to a lackluster complexion. Once your face has a healthy glow, perhaps the rest of you could use a little reviving after all those holiday parties. Solution? A Hot Stone Massage, to relax, balance, and energize the body. Or a 30-minute foot reflexology massage, to help you feel good from the inside out.

LITTLE VOICE

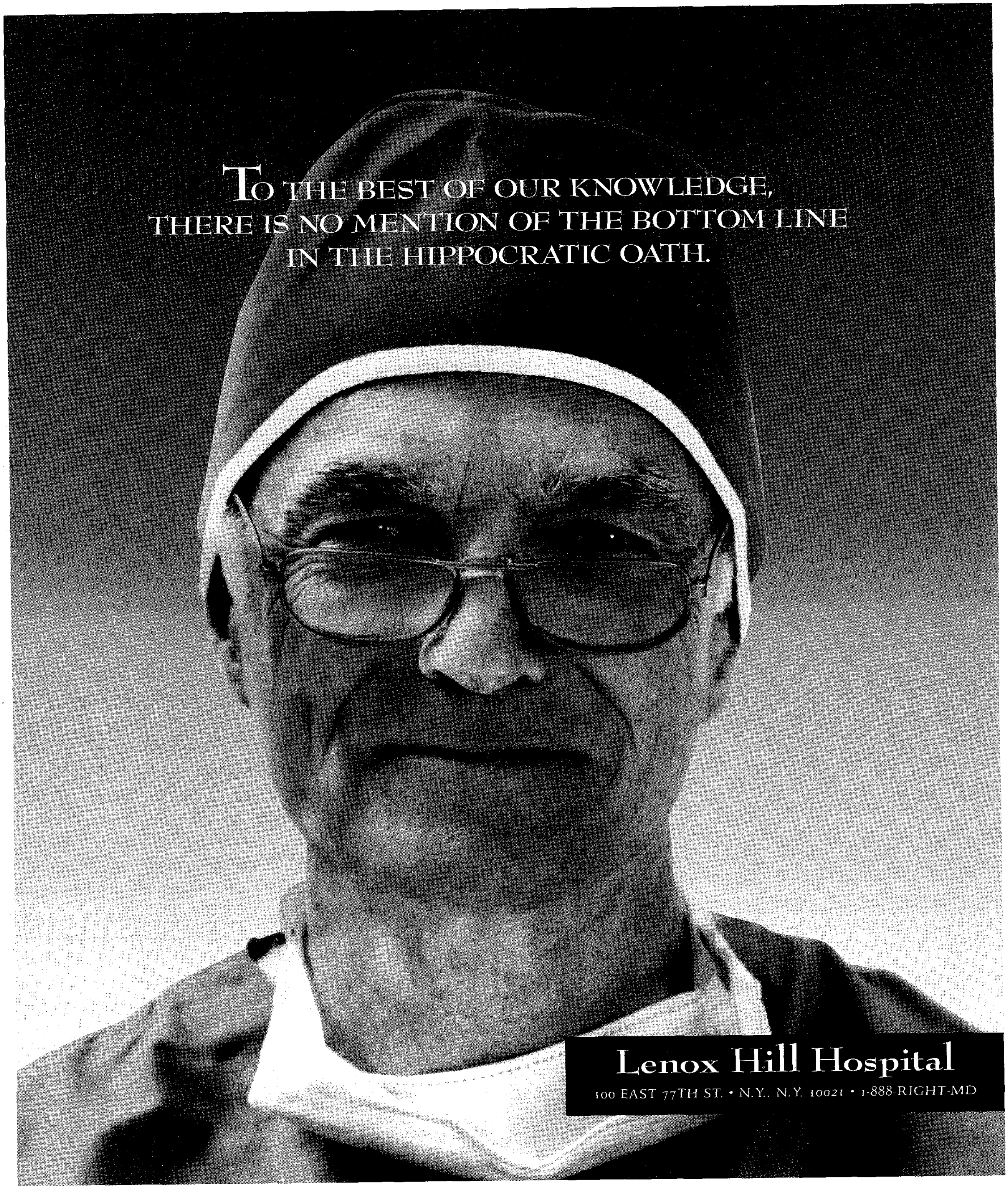
Whether you're a teacher, an attorney, an actor, or a soccer mom, a voice problem is a serious professional or personal liability. Now there is comprehensive help for voice disorders at all levels at the **New York Eye & Ear Infirmary's** new **Voice Center**. The new project, which integrates all the center's available expertise, is headed by Dr. Lucian Sulica, an otolaryngologist with specialized training in laryngology. "Our staff of experts includes voice and speech pathologists and physiologists, including Dr. Ronald Baken, who has a global reputation in voice physiology," says Dr. Sulica. "This means that whatever your voice problem is, you'll find diagnosis and treatment in one place." "Voice problems," Dr. Sulica explains, "may be due to infection, abuse or overuse, growths on or around the vocal chords, polyps or malignancies—or to neurological conditions like Parkinson's Disease." If you have any voice problem that persists for more than two weeks, see a doctor qualified to diagnose vocal disorders. "Most disorders can be treated effectively if they're properly diagnosed," says Dr. Sulica.

PUMP IT UP

For many junk-food recidivists, eating better is high on the resolution list. **The Pump Energy Food** makes it easy, with tasty, healthy dishes you'd make yourself if you had the time. Everything is fresh and free of preservatives, added sugar, butter, or oil. Enjoy healthy shakes, fresh juices, and such taste treats as grilled chicken breast baked with tahini and served over spinach and brown rice. Vegetarians might choose the salad platter, with hummus,

PROTECTING YOUR VOICE

To keep your voice healthy, **Dr. Lucian Sulica** has the following advice: quit smoking, avoid second-hand smoke, stay hydrated by drinking six to eight glasses of water daily, avoiding caffeine, and alcohol, and being aware of medications that dehydrate. Be careful of your diet—acid reflux can damage the larynx; avoid overeating or eating late. Listen to your voice; if it sounds strained, stop using it.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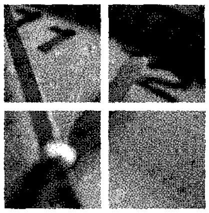
At Lenox Hill Hospital, we never forget that we're in the business of taking care of people. And since opening our doors in 1857, Lenox Hill Hospital has earned a reputation for excellence in patient care as well as for pioneering innovative, life-saving treatments. From our outstanding Lenox Hill Heart and Vascular Institute of New York to our achievements in orthopedic surgery and maternal/child health, the bottom line is we put people first. So, when you come to our hospital, you can rest assured that our dedicated primary care physicians and internists and our exceptional medical and surgical specialists will give you both the healthcare you need and the personalized attention you deserve. And that is something even Hippocrates would find comforting.

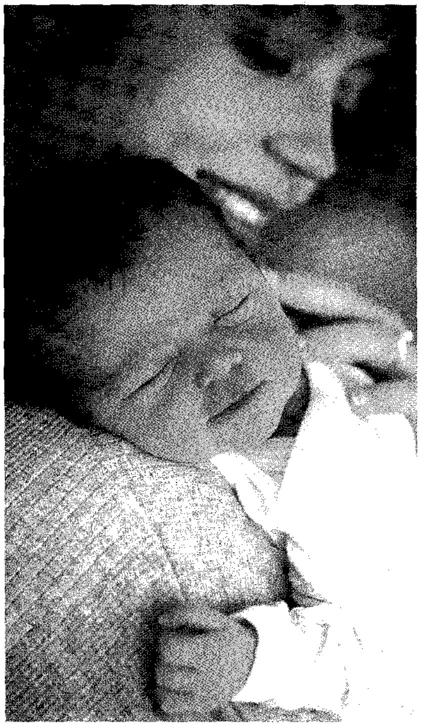
For information about choosing a Lenox Hill Hospital physician, call 1-888-RIGHT-MD or visit our website at www.lenoxhillhospital.org.



natureburger, and baked tofu served over romaine lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, and onions with a toasted whole wheat pita. Says owner Elena: "After you eat our food, you won't get thirsty because we don't add salt. You won't get heartburn because nothing is fried. And you won't get tired because everything has protein, including our desserts."

COMPREHENSIVE CARE FOR MOTHERS-TO-BE AND BABIES AT LENOX HILL

Lenox Hill Hospital established its maternity service in 1933. Generations of parents have been able to count on Lenox Hill Hospital for outstanding state-of-the-art care for both mother and baby ever since. These nearly seven decades have witnessed the mystery and uncertainty surrounding a fetus' progress during pregnancy lessen dramatically due to improved prenatal screening technologies—the latest of which are available at Lenox Hill Hospital's **Center for Maternal-Fetal Medicine and Gynecologic Ultrasound.**



Under the leadership of Michael Y. Divon, MD, director, Obstetrics and Gynecology, the center's comprehensive testing capabilities are providing vital insights such as the possibility of a high-risk pregnancy, ongoing monitoring thereafter, and specialized care for women who may be carrying multiple fetuses. Standing by, in case of premature delivery or other special medical needs, is a team of specially trained doctors and nurses in the hospital's renowned Neonatal Critical Care Unit (NCCU) that provides exceptional care to both high-risk and seriously ill newborns.

For many parents, the baby's first picture is the image produced by sonogram or ultrasound—the grainy array of black and white dots on a screen that show the pulsating heart, the outline of the head, limbs, and torso. For physicians, this fascinating visualization provides the means to study the structural integrity of fetal organs and observe fetal behavior. This test helps the doctor determine whether the mother is carrying more than one fetus as well as the growth rate, position of the placenta, and the baby—or babies—and more. With the Doppler feature of an ultrasound sonogram they evaluate the sufficiency of fetal and placenta blood flow and make sure the baby is receiving adequate nutrients from the mother.

The latest addition to the testing arsenal is nuchal translucency screening, a new tool that combines an ultrasound examination and a blood test to help determine the risk of Down Syndrome with a high rate of accuracy—between 80 and 90 percent—as well as certain other chromosomal abnormalities as early as 11 weeks into pregnancy. Later in the pregnancy, a fetus can even be given a non-stress test that evaluates the heart rate as the fetus moves about in the womb as well as contractions of the uterus.

"We're dealing with a patient inside of a patient, and we don't have free access," says Dr. Divon. "These non-invasive, indirect methods help us gather a remarkable amount of information and help us assess the likelihood of genetic anomalies for further investigation. For example, a problem with the heart or the kidneys can be an isolated condition or point to a larger syndrome." Amniocentesis is recommended in such cases. During this procedure a sample of fluid from the womb is obtained for a detailed analysis. Women over the age of 35 or whose family histories call for taking a closer look are advised to use this method of prenatal testing as well.

Results from any of the above tests may warrant follow-up genetic counseling. A genetic consultation is advisable also for patients whose age, family history, or exposure to toxic agents might be cause for concern. In addition, it is important for high-risk patients to consult experienced specialists when they have conditions such as hypertension, diabetes, or lupus, or are using medications that might complicate a pregnancy.

"Our expert dedicated staff delivers nearly 4,000 babies a year," says Dr. Divon. "In fact, we have delivered entire families. The vast majority of pregnancies are normal and have normal outcomes. These patients derive the greatest benefit from knowing everything is O.K. Still, it is best to be able to minimize surprises. In every case, we marshal our expertise and vast experience to aim for the best possible outcomes."

Free tours are given of the hospital's maternity section with its new labor, delivery, and recovery units, completely refurbished postpartum unit, newborn nursery, and neonatal critical care unit.

For more information about Lenox Hill Hospital's Center for Maternal-Fetal Medicine and Gynecologic Ultrasound, call 1-888-LENOX HILL.

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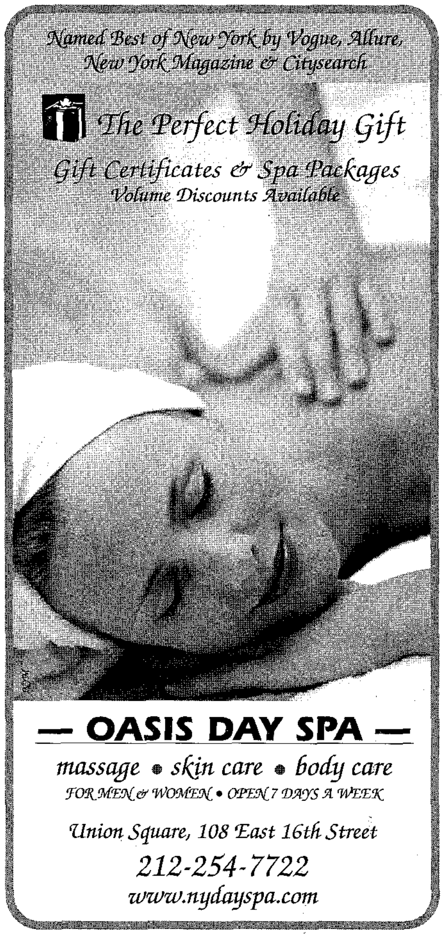

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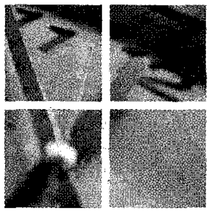


ENTER THE ZONE

Are you ready to join Brad Pitt, Matt Dillon, and Wynona Ryder in the Zone? Perhaps you've put it off because you don't have time to shop for and prepare food based on Dr. Barry Sears' best-selling book, *The Zone Diet*. Help is just a phone call away. **The Zone Diet Food Delivery Service** can make it easy for you to follow Dr. Sears' nutrition ratio of 40 percent carbohydrates, 30 percent proteins, 30 percent fats. And delicious too, with gourmet meals prepared by award-winning executive chef Philip Andriano. For just $39.95 plus tax per day, you'll get three tasty meals and two snacks, created just for you, based on your personal activity level and measurements. Meals are delivered to your doorstep by 5 a.m., up to 7 days a week. A sample breakfast might be Praline Pancakes with Maple Bourbon Syrup and Smoked Canadian Bacon. For lunch, perhaps a Chicken Caesar Salad, and for dinner, Sea Scallops Poached in Champagne with Julienne Vegetables. For between meal snacks, a chili tortilla or eggplant caponata. With this program, which has been described "your personal recipe for success in a cooler," you'll lose weight, keep it off, hyper-charge your energy levels and promote lean muscle mass. Best of all, there's a 31-day food cycle, so you won't see the same foods for a month.

FROM FLAB TO FAB

Harry Hanson and his team have spent 15 years doing one thing to perfection: personal training. "**Hanson Fitness** is the opposite of the big public gyms," says Harry. "We have two loft-like facilities, and all we do is one-on-one training. Our staff is certified—and re-certified every year. Every client gets 60 minutes of undivided supervised attention. We don't tell you what you should be doing; we ask you what your objectives are. Whatever your concerns —whether it's cardio-fitness, a need to build bone density, or pre-existing back problems—we'll create a customized program to meet your needs. Our job is to educate, to motivate you to push as hard as you can without risking injury. Not only are we coaches, we are inspirational leaders."

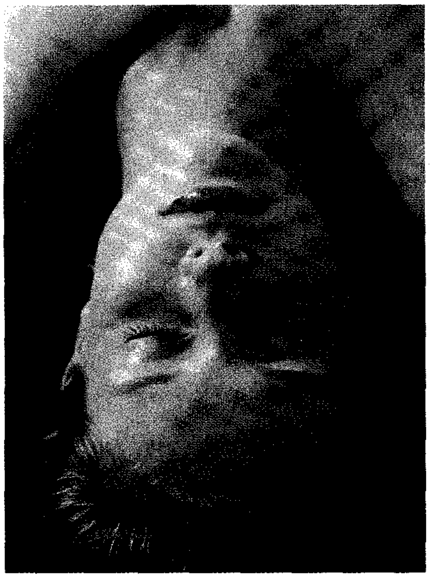
EXERCISE SMART

Want to reshape your body without surgery? "Callanetics is the intelligent woman's exercise. The more you think it through, the better it works," says Ruth Jeffries, owner of the **Callanetics Studio**. Ms. Jeffries, who has been helping to reshape less-than-perfect bodies for more than 25 years, has just introduced the new Third Dimension Callanetics. "It's three times more intense, three times more effective—and results are three times faster," says Ruth Jeffries. "The exercises work the deep postural muscles, not the surface muscles, which can make you bulk up. Callanetics lifts the breasts, reduces saddlebags, trims the waist and tummy, and lifts the behind. Most students see results within 10 sessions, but some see a change after just one class."

> "Third Dimension Callanetics is three times more intense, three times more effective—and results are three times faster."

GET A NEW PAIR OF LEGS

You've seen the reports in magazines and on television: ENDERMOLOGIE® really works to reduce cellulite and reshape legs, buttocks, and all those pesky trouble spots. Five years ago, Denise Margulies, a certified personal



trainer and owner of **Skin & Body Contour** introduced ENDERMOLOGIE® to New York and became an instant favorite with models and beauty editors. "With the powerful new CELLUM6 machine, results are even faster," says Denise. "In just a few visits, you'll have a new pair of legs." If your legs are already perfect, experience the magic of a healing massage—the sport or Swedish variety or with hot rocks. And if it's your complexion that needs attention, Skin & Body Contour offers Micro-Dermabrasion to banish fine lines and imperfections. To complete your transformation, a spa manicure or pedicure.

STRESS RELIEF

If you've resolved to seek relief from the stress and anxiety of everyday life, you'll find an oasis of serenity at the **Susan Ciminelli Day Spa.** The focus here is on holistic beauty, so as you relax amid the serene glow of scented candles and the soothing aromas of burning incense and essential oils, your needs and lifestyle will be analyzed, and a personalized spa regimen will be created just for you. Customized facials, nutritional counseling and a variety of massages are used to bring body and soul into balance. Susan

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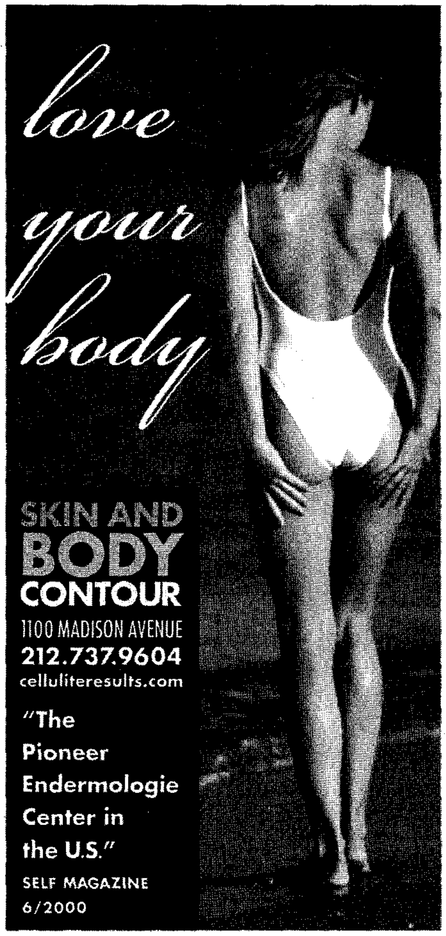

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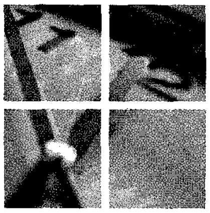


Ciminelli's unique holistic treatment techniques and products have been embraced by a legion of celebrities, including Sigourney Weaver, Melanie Griffith, Jennifer Lopez, and Amber Valeta. Her clients are often identified by their "Susan Ciminelli Glow."

HI-TECH BEAUTY

Ajune: The Center for Beauty Synergy takes the day spa concept to a higher level, offering clients clinically effective anti-aging skin care, including Micro-Dermabrasion with ultrasound, Botox, and collagen, as well as advanced treatments in aesthetic facials, massage, body therapies, nutrition/wellness, yoga, and pilates. Founded by Mauro C. Romita, M.D., FACS, a Board Certified plastic surgeon recently named as one of *New York* Magazine's "Best Doctors in New York," Ajune is an elegantly tranquil and technologically progressive Upper East Side retreat. A perfect after-holiday combination: while you're relaxing with one of Ajune's superb facials, experience the Presso-Therapy treatment, which soothes tired, swollen legs, improves circulation, and reduces water retention. You'll leave feeling pampered and revitalized.

GET STONED

LaStone Therapy is one of the fastest growing massage techniques in today's spas throughout this country and across international waters. And **Oasis Day Spa** is the largest LaStone Therapy day spa in the country. "Many people are seeking a connection to body-mind-soul in their everyday lives," says owner Bruce Schoenberg. "This form of bodywork involves the use of heated and cooled lava stones (thermotherapy) applied to the body in various ways to bring about relief to stiff and sore muscles." The result is the alleviation of chronic and acute problems that many of us deal with on a daily basis. Says Schoenberg: "Among our clients who regularly enjoy massage, those who try LaStone Therapy say there's no going back." Oasis always specializes in anti-aging skin care treatments that will reduce lines and wrinkles and refine and rejuvenate your skin.

NOT JUST SKIN DEEP

Manhattan's cutting-edge spa, **completely bare**, takes beauty to the next level. From facial imperfections to unwanted hair, completely bare will take care of all your beauty needs. The new high-tech EpiFacial™ is a noninvasive treatment which rids the face of practically all facial imperfections with virtually no down time. Using intense pulsed light, the EpiFacial eliminates broken capillaries, minimizes wrinkles, treats Rosacea and sun spots. At the core of completely bare's services, the best form of permanent hair reduction, EpiLight™ removes unwanted hair from anywhere. Like twenty facials in one, Micro-Dermabrasion will leave your skin flawlessly glowing. The home of the "techno lifts," completely bare can firm up your face and lift sagging breasts using microcurrents to lift and plump muscles. A Board Certified aesthetic surgeon administers Botox and collagen treatments.

HEAD-TO-TOE GORGEOUS

Defy winter's ravages and make this the season to get gorgeous at the West

SPA TIPS FOR THE NEW YEAR

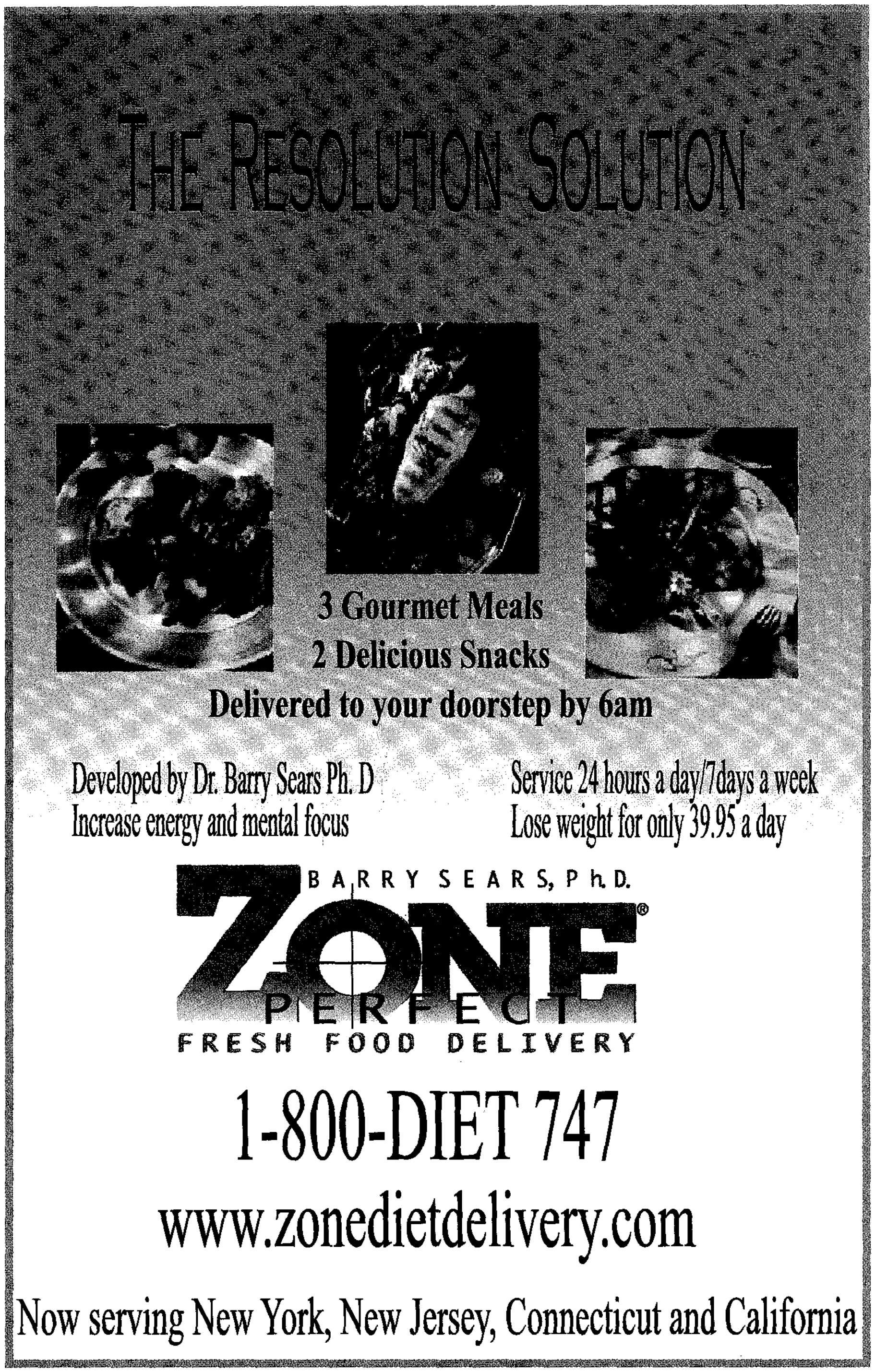
To care for your mind, body, and spirit, day spa pioneer **Susan Ciminelli** has the following advice:

- **For the mind**, a daily positive affirmation.
- **For the body**, dry brush daily, starting at the ankles and working upward with a loofah or brush—to increase circulation and stimulate detoxification.
- **For the spirit**, create a daily bath ritual, not just to get clean but to be alone with your spirit. Light a candle, sip herbal tea, let your soul communicate.
- **Give up carbs.** They interfere with energy flow.

Side's best kept beauty secret. Every day is a holiday at **Gemayel Salon & Spa**, where beauty has no boundaries. Choose from 10 invigorating facials and peels and full-body treatments, including muds, sea salt polish, contour wraps, scrubs—and heavenly reflexology. If your complexion needs special care, try the Lift Defense, a new generation of lifting facials that can takes years off your face. Or the Beta Ex, an exfoliating facial that will do more for your skin than most superficial chemical peels. From head to toe, Gemayel offers the most innovative pampering—modern styles, fantastic nail care, excellent products, and luxurious day-of-beauty packages for men and women.

Rx FOR BEAUTIFUL EYES

You're getting plenty of sleep, but those pesky bags under your eyes look worse than they did during the weeks of holiday parties. "That's because the more rested you are, the more fluid those bags absorb, and the bigger they get," explains Dr. Teresita G. Mascardo, director of the **Woman to Woman Cosmetic Surgery Center**. The solution? A simple eye-tuck or blepharoplasty. "This one-hour procedure can make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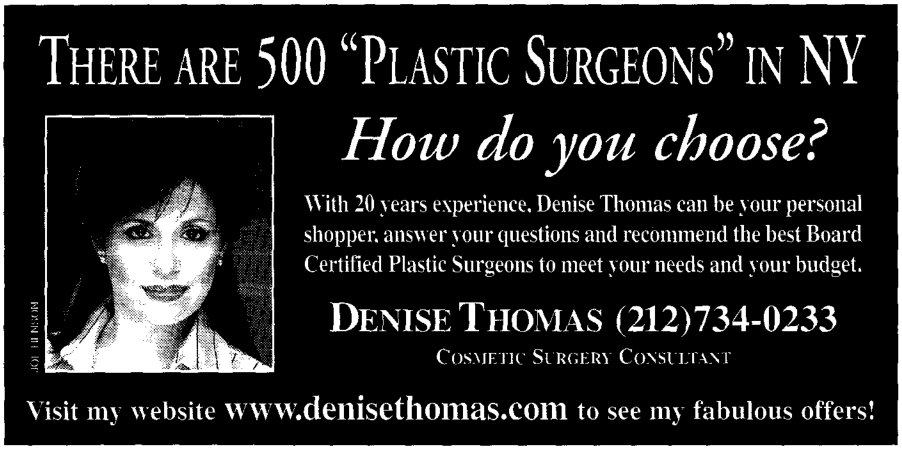
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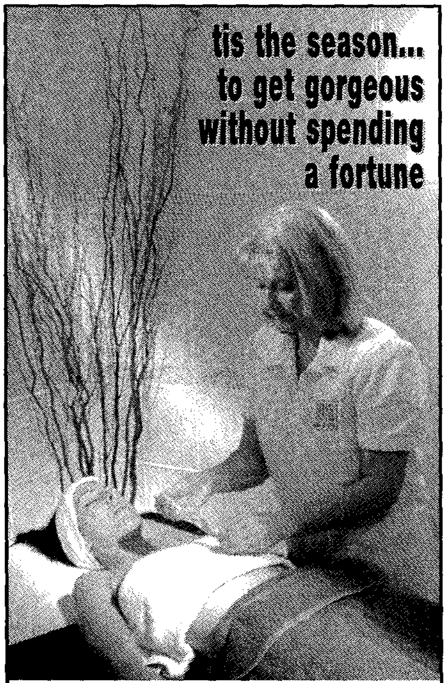

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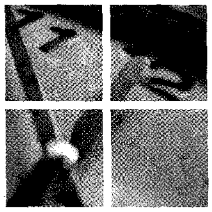
you look 10 years younger," says Dr. Mascardo, who is Board Certified and has 24 years of experience. "And you can go back to work in three days or four days. The center also offers day spa services like laser hair and wrinkle removal, facials, peels, Micro-Dermabrasion, Sclerotherapy, and Botox. Dr. Mascardo offers quick body makeovers with liposuction of saddlebags, lower abdomen, or double chin—as well as breast lifts, augmentations and reductions, the latter covered by insurance.

EXPERT REFERRALS

With so many cosmetic surgeons to choose from, it's not easy to find the right one. That's why busy, successful men and women—sports personalities, actors, models—turn for guidance to **Denise Thomas**, a leading cosmetic surgery consultant located in Manhattan and recently seen on *Oprah*. For 20 years, Denise has successfully matched clients with the surgeons best suited to their individual needs. "I'm very selective," says Denise. "I only recommend Board Certified surgeons who are experts in the areas where my clients want surgery." Discreet, knowledgeable and service-oriented, Denise has an impressive roster of happy clients. "That's because their happiness and well-being is my primary concern."



YOUR BODY, YOUR CHOICE

"Women experiencing abnormal bleeding with uterine fibroids should be offered minimally invasive procedures before considering major surgery or hysterectomy," says **Herbert Goldfarb,** M.D., FACOG, FACS, founder and director of the **Center for Minimally Invasive Gynecology.** Dr. Goldfarb, the author of the *No Hysterectomy Option: Your Body, Your Choice* (John Wiley and Sons), specializes in minimally invasive treatment of women with bleeding and fibroids. "We accept the fact that sometimes major surgery is necessary," says Dr. Goldfarb, "but very often other non-hysterectomy steps will work, such as hysteroscopic surgery, laparoscopic assisted vaginal myomectomy (LAVM), or myolysis, an endoscopic technique which destroys the blood flow to the fibroid."

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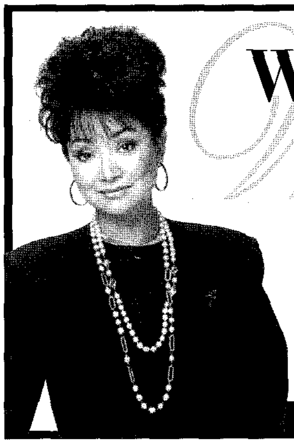
The **New York Hair Restoration Surgicenter** specializes in surgical techniques that restore permanent hair growth for both men and women. Medical director Robert Bonvino, M.D. evaluates each patient and designs a treatment plan based on individual needs and wishes. "We do everything possible to make sure the results are what patients envision for themselves," says Dr. Bonvino. The surgery involves transplanting hair from a donor site on the patient's head where there is healthy hair growth to the area where he or she is losing hair. Once the surgery is complete, the

> “If you’re like most Americans, you aren’t satisfied with your smile. Your teeth can reveal what you eat and drink, whether or not you smoke—and in some cases, what medications you take. Luckily, there are remedies for dental imperfections.”

results of the transplants take approximately six months to become noticeable. “This is a permanent solution,” Dr. Bonvino explains. “The results are natural and virtually undetectable. You can cut and style and color the hair any way you like—because it is your own hair.”

SMILE POWER

If you’re like most Americans, you aren’t satisfied with your smile. Your teeth can reveal what you eat and drink, whether or not you smoke—and in some cases, what medications you take. Teeth, like skin, can show age. Thanks to technological advances and state-of-the-art techniques, Dr. Jan Linhart of **Park Avenue Center for Dental Arts** can remedy dental imperfections, leaving you with a natural and younger looking smile. Dr. Linhart offers an extensive menu of services, including laser whitening, porcelain veneers, and natural color restorations—custom-designed in a one-on one consultation. Dr. Linhart has more than 20 years of experience and has a trademark for the most effective whitening procedures, such as Pearlinbrite,™ combining laser technology with traditional dentistry. He is a member of the American Dental Association (ADA), Academy of General Dentistry (AGD), and the American Academy of Cosmetic Dentistry.



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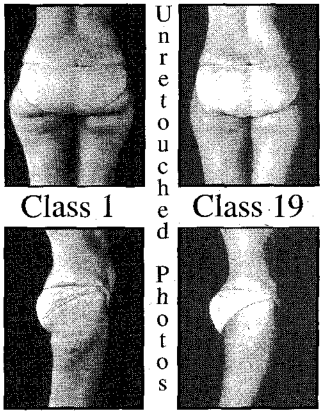

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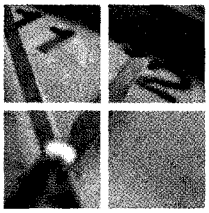

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Center for Minimally Invasive Gynecology, Herbert A. Goldfarb, M.D., FACOG, FACS, director; 877 Park Ave., 585-4400; 29 The Crescent, Montclair, NJ, 973-744-7470; www.hgoldfarb.com. The center offers a complete range of options in the treatment of bleeding and uterine fibroids, including hysteroscopic surgery. Laparascopic assisted vaginal myomectomy (LAVM), and myolysis.

completely bare, 764 Madison Ave., Suite 3R, 717-9300; 12 Chase Road, Scarsdale, 914-713-0200. Come in for a complimentary skin analysis and test to determine what treatments are right for you.

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Lenox Hill Hospital, 100 E. 77th St. Physician Referral: 1-888-RIGHT-MD, 434-2000; www.lenoxhillhospital.org. Lenox Hill Hospital, a 652-bed teaching hospital, offers a wide range of general and medical, surgical, and psychiatric services to adults and children. It has outstanding primary care physicans, internists, and special programs, including the Lenox Hill Heart and Vascular Institute of New York, the Center for Total Joint Replacement, orthopaedic surgery, the Nicholas Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma, the Center for Total Joint Replacement, maternal/child health, otolaryngology-head and neck surgery, and the Cochlear Implant Center.

Lia Schorr Skin Care, 686 Lexington Ave., 4th floor,486-9670, 1-800-782-7212. Crystal Peel, reg. $200, now $175, seven for $875; Oxygen Boosting Treatment, reg. $90, now $80, six for $450; Rejuvenating Facial, reg. $80, now $70, six for $375; Hot Stone Massage, reg. $85, now $75, six for $395; Relaxing Massage, reg. $80, now $70, six for $375.

Dr. Jan Linhart, Park Avenue Center for Dental Arts, The Helmsley Building, 230 Park Ave., Suite 1164, 682-5180. For more information about Dr. Linhart or his cosmetic and restorative dentistry practice—or to schedule an appointment, call or visit his Web site at www.drlinhart.com.

Manhattan Eye, Ear & Throat Hospital, 210 E. 64th St., 838-9200. Manhattan Eye, Ear & Throat Hospital, a subsidiary of Lenox Hill Hospital, offers leading physician experts in Ophthalmology, LASIK Laser Vision Correction, Plastic Surgery, and Ear, Nose, and Throat disorders. Special programs include the Cochlear Implant Center and the Sleep Diagnostic Center.

Manhattan Plaza Health Club, 482 W. 43rd St., 563-7001, www.mphc.com. See our ad on page 3A for a special promotional offer.

New York Eye & Ear Infirmary, 310 E. 14th St. 979-4200 for appointments; www.nyee.edu. The New York Eye & Ear Infirmary is one of the nation's foremost specialized facilities, providing comprehensive diagnosis and treatment of all diseases and disorders of the eye, ear, nose, and throat, as well as elective cosmetic and reconstructive plastic surgery. Its New York Eye Trauma Center offers state-of-the-art care for the injured eye and other emergency services.

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Woman to Woman Cosmetic Surgery Center, Teresita G. Mascardo, M.D., FACS, director; 120 E. 61st St., 980-6890; 598 Danbury Rd., Ridgefield, CT, 203-431-0280 or 1-800-LOVELY-1. Dr. Mascardo performs liposuction and contouring of the face and body; face, neck, and brow lifts; eyelid surgery; fat injections; breast surgery; abdominoplasty; nasal surgery; and otoplasty.

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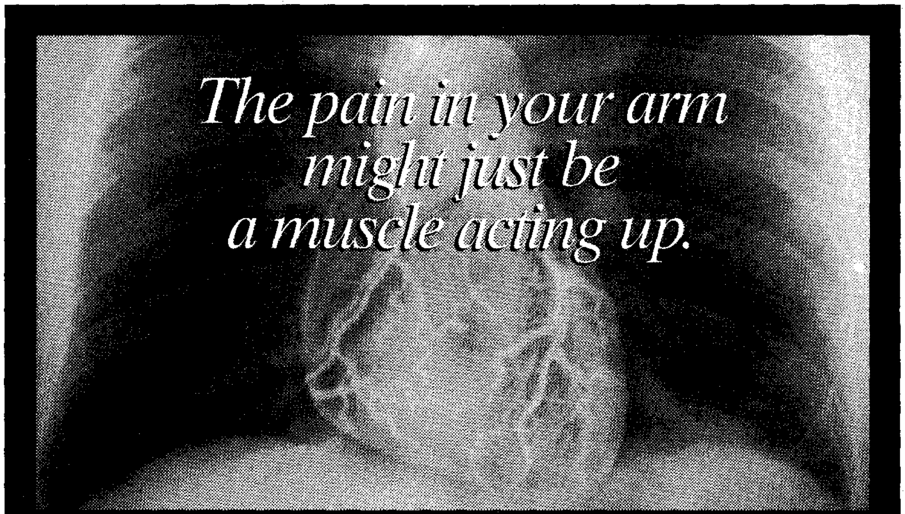

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Movies

Edited by Derek de Koff

This Week's Releases

All the Pretty Horses
In this adaptation of Cormac McCarthy's National Book Award–winning novel, Matt Damon stars as a teenage Texan whose ill-advised romance with a Mexican woman (Penélope Cruz) unleashes a host of misfortunes. Billy Bob Thornton directs. (1 hr. 57 mins; PG-13) • Opens 12/25.

Chunhyang
Lee Hyo Jung stars in the titular role, playing a beautiful young woman living in eighteenth-century Korea who awaits her husband's rescue after she's imprisoned and sentenced to death. Directed by Im Kwon Taek. (2 hrs.; NR) • Opens 12/29.

The Claim
Twenty years after a miner (Daniel Dillon) trades in his wife and daughter for a potentially lucrative gold mine, he's both incredibly rich and incredibly haunted by his decision. Co-starring Sarah Polley and Wes Bentley. Michael Winterbottom directs. (2 hrs.; R) • Opens 12/29.

Shadow of the Vampire
Elias Merhige's melodrama stars John Malkovich as real-life director F. W. Murnau, who, reimagined here, hires an actual vampire to star in his silent-film shocker *Nosferatu*. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • Opens 12/29.

Hot to trot: Matt Damon and Penélope Cruz in *All the Pretty Horses*

13 Days
See Rainer, page 80. (2 hrs. 16 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 12/25.

Traffic
See Rainer, page 80. (2 hrs. 27 mins.; R) • Opens 12/27.

Vatel
Gérard Depardieu stars as Vatel, the steward of Prince de Condé, who must plan an elaborate party for an imminent visit from King Louis XIV. He unwittingly places himself in direct competition with the king when he falls in love with a beautiful young woman (Uma Thurman). (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 12/25.

New Films

★ Best in Show
A marvelous comedy about dog-show entrants and their prize pets. Christopher Guest, who also stars as the owner of a bloodhound named Hubert, was the director and co-writer (with cast-member Eugene Levy), and the film is right up there with his mockumentary *Waiting for Guffman*. The other performers, including Catherine O'Hara, Michael McKean, and Fred Willard, bring their best revue-sketch instincts to the material. The real prize specimens in this movie parade about on two legs, not four. (Rainer; 10/2/00) (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) • The Screening Room; Loews 19th St. East; Sony Lincoln Square.

Billy Elliot
A striking miner's son furtively studies ballet and eventually wins over his hard-nosed dad. This latest in a line of English movies about the quaintness of squalor seems primarily designed for American tourists; book your plane tickets early. The film is such a prodigious feat of four-hankie engineering that Julie Walters's fierce performance as the boy's dancing instructor may get lost in the suds, which would be an injustice far greater than anything young Billy has to endure. (Rainer; 10/23/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas.

Bounce
Ben Affleck plays an ad executive who gives away his plane ticket to a man who dies when the plane crashes. Guilt-ridden, he tracks down the widow (Gwyneth Paltrow) and ends up falling in love with her. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Boys Life 3
Five new short films examining various aspects of the gay lifestyle, co-starring Sara Gilbert, Alexis Arquette, Elliot Gould, and Christina Crawford as herself. (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema.

★ Charlie's Angels
Cameron Diaz, Drew Barrymore, and Lucy Liu play the new generation of Angels in this daffy, spirited movie, which also features a prize collection of male crazies, including Bill Murray, Tim Curry, and Crispin Glover. The music-video maven McG directed, and he understands why we're watching: to gawk at butt-stomping chicks in stretch-fabric actionwear having a high old time. (Rainer; 11/7/00) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Gemini; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Chocolat
Juliette Binoche plays the owner of a chocolate shop whose dainties bewitch a small town. Co-stars Johnny Depp and Alfred Molina; Lasse Hallström directs. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square.

★ The Contender
Writer-director Rod Lurie has a flair for political melodrama and a gift for bringing out the grade-A cured ham in his talented cast. Joan Allen plays a senator who is suddenly called upon by the president, played by Jeff Bridges, to be confirmed as his VP when his sitting vice-president dies. A sex scandal in her past sets the Washington machinery humming. Lurie has a good time with the skullduggery and subterfuges of the political process, but he's also a big pontificator, and he turns the senator into a feminist standard-bearer for the right to privacy. The film would be better with less cant and more swill, but it's enjoyable anyway. (10/23/00) (2 hrs.; R) • Clearview's Beekman.

★ Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon
Set in nineteenth-century China, this Ang Lee movie is a ravishing martial-arts romance with sequences as magical as anything in the movies. Chow Yun-Fat and Michelle Yeoh star as great warriors and friends with a deep, unspoken ardor for each other; Zhang Yiyi, a marvelous young actress, is their nemesis. The film, with action sequences choreographed by the great Yuen Wo-Pin, satisfies our desire for pop while at the same time transcending it. It's a poetic extravaganza. In Mandarin, with English subtitles. (Rainer; 12/11/00) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; UA Gemini; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Dancer in the Dark
Björk won the Best Actress award at Cannes for her performance as a Czech immigrant in a working-class town in Washington State who is going blind and is trying to prevent her son from going blind, too. The director Lars Von Trier stages fantasy musical numbers for this aggrieved waif that are on the same high level as the numbers in *At Long Last Love* and *Everyone Says I Love You* (how low can you go?). Björk has her intensity, but Von Trier keeps piling on the extreme close-ups of her tremulous pathos. (Rainer; 10/2/00) (2 hrs. 19 mins.; R) • UA Union Square.

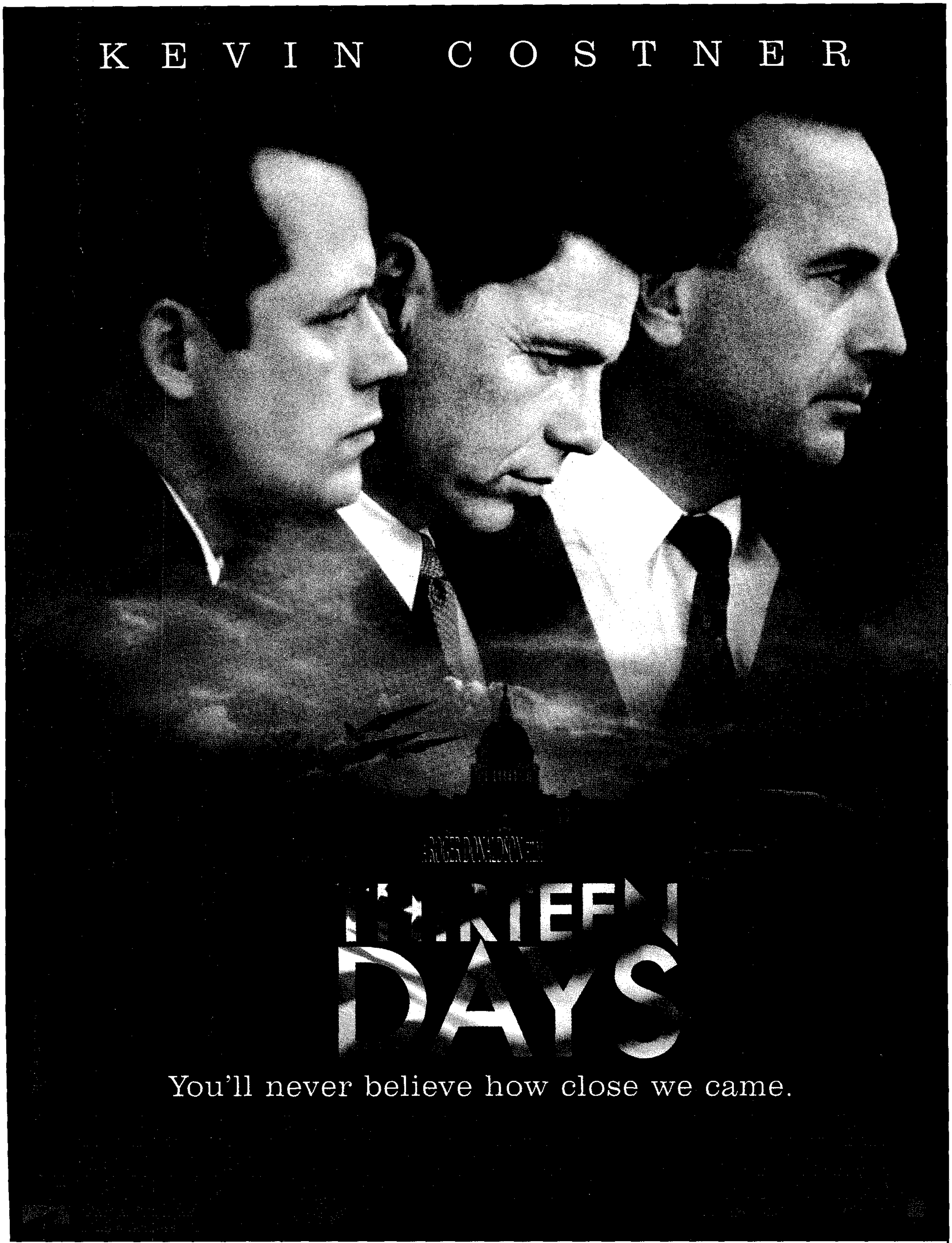
Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas
Jim Carrey is the live-action embodiment of Dr. Seuss's classic Christmas grump. Ron Howard di-

Opening

Uma Believer

The year is 1671, which means . . . Best Costume nominations! In Roland Joffé's **Vatel**, Gérard Depardieu (pictured, with Uma Thurman) stars as Vatel, the steward of Prince de Condé (Julian Glover). In a last-ditch attempt to pull his province out of debt, the prince has invited King Louis XIV over for a Bacchic feast—legs of mutton, prancing jesters, dulcimer freak-outs—and assigned his steward the arduous task of managing the whole affair. But when Vatel catches a glimpse of the lovely Anne de Montausier (Thurman), he unwittingly places himself in direct competition with the king. Heads, undoubtedly, will roll. The script, adapted from a French screenplay, is by Tom Stoppard. Begins December 25.

Photographs: top, by Van Redin; bottom, by Etienne George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Opening

Bloodsucker Proxy

When asked exactly what genre **Shadow of the Vampire** falls into, director Elias Merhige hesitates. "The film has horror elements," he muses, "and a wonderful Expressionist edge—but it also has a lot of really funny, bizarre moments, too. I'd call it a gothic thriller with a sense of humor, but it's also a comment on the madness of the filmmaking process." The film imagines that actor Max Schreck (Willem Dafoe, pictured), who played the original film vampire in the 1922 German silent film *Nosferatu: A Symphony of Horror*, was in fact a bona fide blood-slurper hired by depraved director F. W. Murnau (John Malkovich). "When I read the script," says Merhige, "I saw the film would give me an opportunity to explore many different levels of vampirism: the camera as vampire, the film director as vampire, and *certainly* the actor as vampire." As for whether any bloodletting took place during production, Merhige says, "Well, the film was shot in only 35 days. Unfortunately, the really juicy stuff always happens during longer shoots. Maybe if we'd had a bit more time . . ." *Shadow of the Vampire* opens December 29.

rects. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.

★ Dr. T & the Women

A lyrically loony comedy from Robert Altman and his screenwriter Ann Rap (*Cookie's Fortune*) about a Dallas gynecologist, played extremely well by Richard Gere in a moonstruck mode. His Dr. T believes women should be revered, and there are many who would love to revere him back. Most movies about men who love women end up exposing the men as cads, but Dr. T has a deluded tenderness that recalls Warren Beaty in *Shampoo.* It's a lovely comedy. Helen Hunt, Kate Hudson, and Shelley Long co-star. (Rainer; 10/16/00) (2 hrs.; R) • CO Worldwide Cinemas.

Dude, Where's My Car?

Ashton Kutcher and Seann William Scott co-star in this raunchy road film à la *Road Trip,* which involves pudding, angry girlfriends, and amnesia. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Dungeons & Dragons

The impossibly dull role-playing game that has gotten many people brutally beaten up in junior high becomes a full-blown action film starring Jeremy Irons and Carroll Cartwright. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Emperor's New Groove

Eartha Kitt, Sting, and David Spade lend their voices to this animated fable about an ancient diva with witchy powers—with Kitt, of course, in the leading role. (1 hr. 12 mins.; G) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Family Man

Nicolas Cage stars as an investment banker who has the chance to see how life would've been different if he'd settled down with his college sweetheart (Téa Leoni). (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • Sony Lincoln Square.

★ George Washington

David Gordon Green, a first-time writer-director of feature films, has a light, lyrical, impressionist gift and a gentle, uncondescending approach to children's lives. Set in a southern town and featuring a cast of mostly African-American nonprofessional preteens, the movie is about the ways in which these children relate and survive. It's a genial dream-walk of a movie that could use a firmer strut. (Rainer; 11/6/00) (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) • The Screening Room.

★ A Hard Day's Night

Newly restored and digitalized and still great after all these years—35, to be exact. The Beatles look impossibly young, but the film is far too much fun to wax nostalgic over. Richard Lester directed, with a freshness that, if anything, makes it seem more up-to-date stylistically than when it came out. (Rainer; 12/11/00) (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) • Film Forum.

La Buche

Three days before Christmas, three Parisian sisters try and fail at balancing the annual pressures of the holiday season with the more savory pressures of sex. Emmanuelle Béart, Sabine Azéma, and Charlotte Gainsbourg star. Directed by Daniéle Thompson. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) • Paris Theatre.

Lies

Korean filmmaker Jan Sun Woo presents this lurid sexual adventure (originally banned in Korea) about a married 38-year-old sculptor (Lee Sang Hyun) who ends up deflowering an 18-year-old student (Kim Tae Yeon) who eagerly wants to lose her virginity. (1 hr. 55 mins.; NR) • The Screening Room.

Little Nicky

Adam Sandler stars as the put-upon love child of Lucifer and an angel, trying to make his way in the world. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) • Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews State; Whitestone; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II.

Men of Honor

Cuba Gooding Jr. stars as Carl Brashear, the real-life Navy diver who became the first African-American to break the color line; Robert De Niro is the cracker commander who tries to wreck Carl's ambitions and later becomes his gadfly ally. The film's testimonial-like tone doesn't make for an enlivening portrayal of heroism. Because of the racism he was opposing, Brashear's monomania to succeed in the Navy at all costs is depicted by the filmmakers as the height of valor. Whatever is disturbing or enraging about Brashear is sublimated to a bland high-mindedness. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; YWCA Cine-Club.

Miss Congeniality

A tomboy FBI agent (Sandra Bullock) must learn how to be glamorous in order to go undercover as a beauty-pageant contestant. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Atrium.

Pay It Forward

This heavy heaping of inspirationalism has the ungainliness of a political-party platform; child abuse, alcoholism, violence in the schools, and much more fill

Ground Rules

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote current releases that New York recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. Reviews are followed by the names of theaters where the film is playing.

Photograph by Jean Paul Kieffer

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STEVEN SODERBERGH
New York Film Critics Circle • National Board Of Review

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR
BENICIO DEL TORO
New York Film Critics Circle

“NOTHING WITH THE DARING OF ‘TRAFFIC’ HAS EMERGED FROM THIS MOVIE YEAR.”

- Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

“Michael Douglas, giving one of the most powerful performances of his career, heads a superb cast in this movie which will envelop, absorb and engross you.”

- Jeffrey Lyons, WNBC-TV

Michael **DOUGLAS** Don **CHEADLE** Benicio **DEL TORO** Dennis **QUAID** Catherine **ZETA-JONES**

TRAFFIC

NO ONE GETS AWAY CLEAN

USA FILMS PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH INITIAL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP A BEDFORD FALLS / LAURA BICKFORD PRODUCTION DON CHEADLE BENICIO DEL TORO MICHAEL DOUGLAS LUIS GUZMAN DENNIS QUAID CATHERINE ZETA-JONES "TRAFFIC" [illegible] DEBRA ZANE, C.S.A. [illegible] CLIFF MARTINEZ [illegible] LOUISE FROGLEY [illegible] STEPHEN MIRRIONE [illegible] PHILIP MESSINA [illegible] RICHARD SOLOMON MIKE NEWELL CAMERON JONES GRAHAM KING ANDREAS KLEIN [illegible] EDWARD ZWICK MARSHALL HERSKOVITZ LAURA BICKFORD [illegible] STEPHEN GAGHAN [illegible] STEVEN SODERBERGH

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out this fable about a sad, spunky seventh-grader (Haley Joel Osment) who devises a way to make people pay on the favors they've received in life. Helen Hunt plays his mother; Kevin Spacey, his social-studies teacher. The film's slow-drawn deliberativeness is meant to clue us in that something weighty is going on, but most of this fable is second-rate sermonizing couched in psychobabble. (Rainer; 10/30/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • CO Worldwide Cinemas.

★ Pollock

Ed Harris gives a powerful, kinesthetic performance as Jackson Pollock in this respectable, somewhat conventional movie about the painter, co-starring Marcia Gay Harden as Pollock's wife, Lee Krasner. Harris also directed, his first time. (Rainer; 12/25/00) (2 hrs.; R) • Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Proof of Life

Russell Crowe is a kidnap and ransom negotiator, and Meg Ryan is the wife of an engineer (David Morse) in a South American country who has been abducted and needs rescuing. The chemistry between these two stars is nil, and the action sequences that lead up to the liberation of the engineer are routine. (Rainer; 12/25/00) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Festivals

A Fab Four

Maybe madeleines aren't quite your thing when it comes to good old-fashioned Proustian imprinting. Nevertheless, those aspiring toward all things wistful and winsome will find a gold mine in Terence Davies's substantial body of work. On the heels of his adaptation of Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth*, the Film Society of Lincoln Center presents The Past Recaptured: The Cinema of Terence Davies, a four-film tribute that includes *Distance Voices, Still Lives*, two short films melded into one melancholy remembrance of growing up poor in Liverpool (starring Pete Postlethwaite, pictured); *The Terence Davies Trilogy*, three shorts about the life of one poor man growing up in Liverpool; and *The Long Day Closes*, a solitary memory piece about . . . a very poor boy growing up in Liverpool. The series concludes with *The Neon Bible*, something of a departure for Davies—it *does* follow the exploits of an impoverished young boy, but Liverpool never enters into it. Begins December 29.

Photograph courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center

★ Quills

Philip Kaufman's movie about the Marquis de Sade, written by Doug Wright from his Obie-winning play, is a voluptuous impasto that mixes together angels and demons in a richly ambiguous swirl. Geoffrey Rush plays Sade, imprisoned in the Charenton Asylum for the Insane, and he's a degenerate fop who smuggles scurrilous screeds out into the world with the help of a chambermaid (a radiant Kate Winslet) and gets obliterated for his troubles. Michael Caine is the doctor-torturer who puts the screws to Sade; Joaquin Phoenix is the abbé at Charenton whose progressive ideas do not survive the riotous hypocrisies of the times. Kaufman soft-pedals Sade's basest aspects, but there's tremendous verve and intelligence in his filmmaking and in the performances he's elicited. (Rainer; 11/27/00) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Rugrats in Paris: The Movie

Those especially shrill animated children from the popular TV show shriek and bleat their way onto the big screen. (1 hr. 18 mins.; G) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's 59th Street East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; UA East; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.

★ Unbreakable

M. Night Shyamalan's follow-up to *The Sixth Sense* is almost as good—it has the same nocturnal sense of dread and a satisfyingly surprising ending. Bruce Willis plays a security guard who alone survives a massive train wreck. Why? Samuel Jackson is a comic-book art collector named Elijah, as in the prophet, and his stare looks like it could burn a hole in Superman's Fortress of Solitude. (Rainer; 11/27/00) (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Vertical Limit

Chris O'Donnell stars as a climber who must rescue his sister atop the peaks of K2, one of the world's highest and most treacherous mountains. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.

What Women Want

A male-chauvinist pig (Mel Gibson) sees the error of his ways after a bump on the head gives him the ability to read women's minds. Co-stars Helen Hunt. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.

★ Wonder Boys

A superb comedy, starring Michael Douglas as a college creative-writing professor in Pittsburgh whose wife has walked out on him, about the long weekend in which his life unravels and ties itself up again. Tobey Maguire co-stars as the student who acts as a kind of surrogate son/comrade-in-arms. The terrific cast also includes Robert Downey Jr. and Frances McDormand. Curtis Hanson directed, lyrically and lucidly, from Steve Kloves's adaptation of Michael Chabon's 1995 novel. (Rainer; 3/6/00) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) • Loews Village; Sony Lincoln Square.

★ The Yards

James Gray's second feature, about corruption and family in the Mob scene in Queens, is mostly powerful, though it becomes overly familiar by the end. The cast is amazing: James Caan, Joaquin Phoenix, Mark Wahlberg, Faye Dunaway, Ellen Burstyn, Charlize Theron. They set up a force-field that keeps you watching. (Rainer; 10/30/00) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) • CC Murray Hill Cinemas.

★ You Can Count On Me

Writer-director Kenneth Lonergen's wonderfully small-scale movie stars Mark Ruffalo and Laura Linney as reunited brother and sister, and theirs is one of the most convincing portrayals of family connection I've ever seen. They get all the feints and parries between siblings just right. It's a marvelous little movie that dispenses with much of the mushiness and grand revelations one might expect from this sort of material. Rory Culkin plays Linney's 8-year-old son, and Matthew Broderick, in a sweetly cracked performance, is the boss she has an affair with. (Rainer; 10/23/00) (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) • CC Village East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Battery Park City Cinema

102 North End Avenue (212-945-3418) • 102 Dalmatians; Bounce; Charlie's Angels; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove; Meet the Parents; Men of Honor; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; The 6th Day; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

CC Angelika Film Center

18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Billy Elliot; Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Quills.

CC Village East

189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • 102 Dalmatians; Dude, Where's My Car?; Dungeons & Dragons; Men of Honor; You Can Count On Me.

Cinema Village

22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • Dark Days; Moon Shadows; Spring Forward; A Time for Drunken Horses; Trade Off.

Clearview's Waverly

323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (212-777-FILM#603) • Unbreakable; Vertical Limit.

Film Forum

209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • But Forever In My Mind; A Hard Day's Night; Hillbrow Kids; One Day in September. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village
66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • Charlie's Angels; The Emperor's New Groove; Meet the Parents; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; What Women Want; Wonder Boys.

Quad Cinema
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • Boys Life 3; The Art of Amália; The Visit; What's Cooking?.

The Screening Room
54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) • Best in Show; *George Washington; Lies; This Is Spinal Tap.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • Bounce; Dancer in the Dark; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Proof of Life; Requiem for a Dream; The 6th Day; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit.

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas
160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • 102 Dalmatians; Almost Famous; Dude, Where's My Car?; Men of Honor; The Yards.

Clearview's Chelsea
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit.

Clearview's Chelsea West
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • Proof of Life.

Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • Best in Show; Charlie's Angels; Meet the Parents; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; What Women Want.

Loews Kips Bay Theatre
570 Second Ave. (212-505-6397#558) • Charlie's Angels; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove; Meet the Parents; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; The 6th Day; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Billy Elliot; *Chocolat*; Unbreakable.

CC Crown Gotham
969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) • Bounce.

CC Sutton
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • 102 Dalmatians; *Dungeons & Dragons.*

Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Spring Forward.

Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Men of Honor.

CO Worldwide Cinemas
340 W. 50th St. (212-505-CINE#610) • Bedazzled; Book of Shadows: Blair Witch 2; The Cell; Dr. T & the Women; Girlfight; Lost Souls; Pay It Forward.

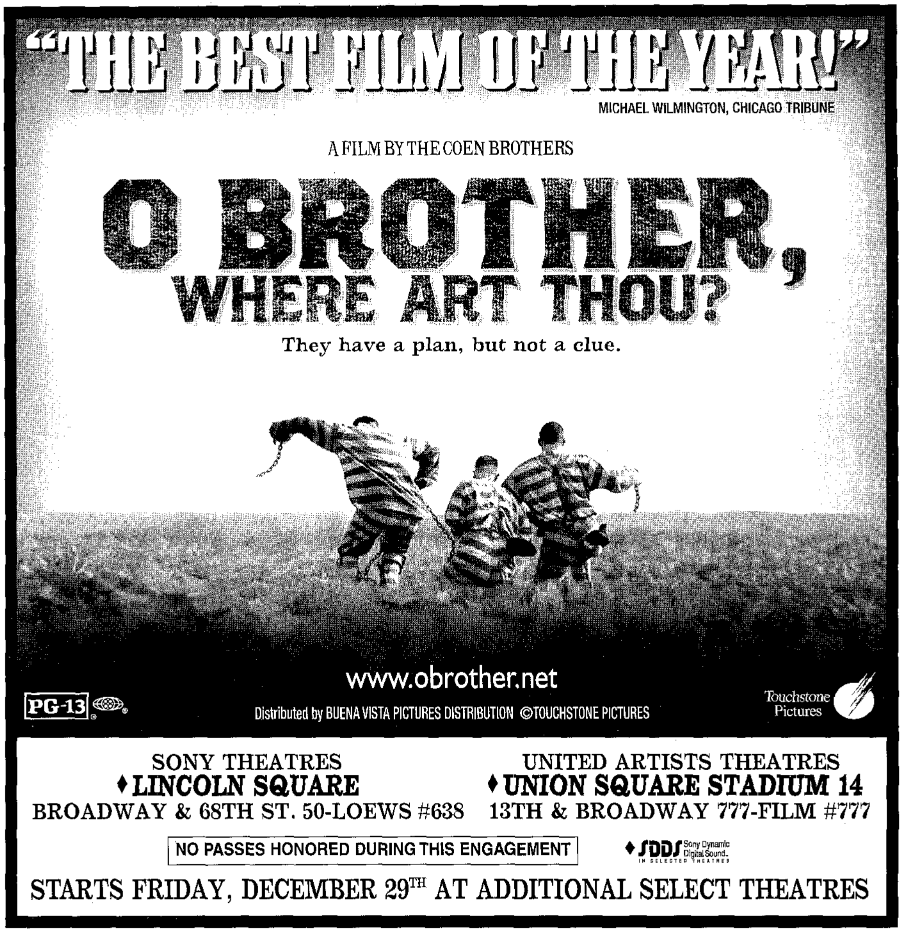
Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • 102 Dalmatians; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Little Nicky; Meet the Parents; Miss Congeniality; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; The 6th Day; Vertical Limit.

Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Gladiator.

Loews Coronet
993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (212-505-CINE#608) • Miss Congeniality; Proof of Life.

Loews State
1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • Chicken Run; The Legend of Bagger Vance; Little Nicky; Remember the Titans; The Legend of Drunken Master.

Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • La Buche.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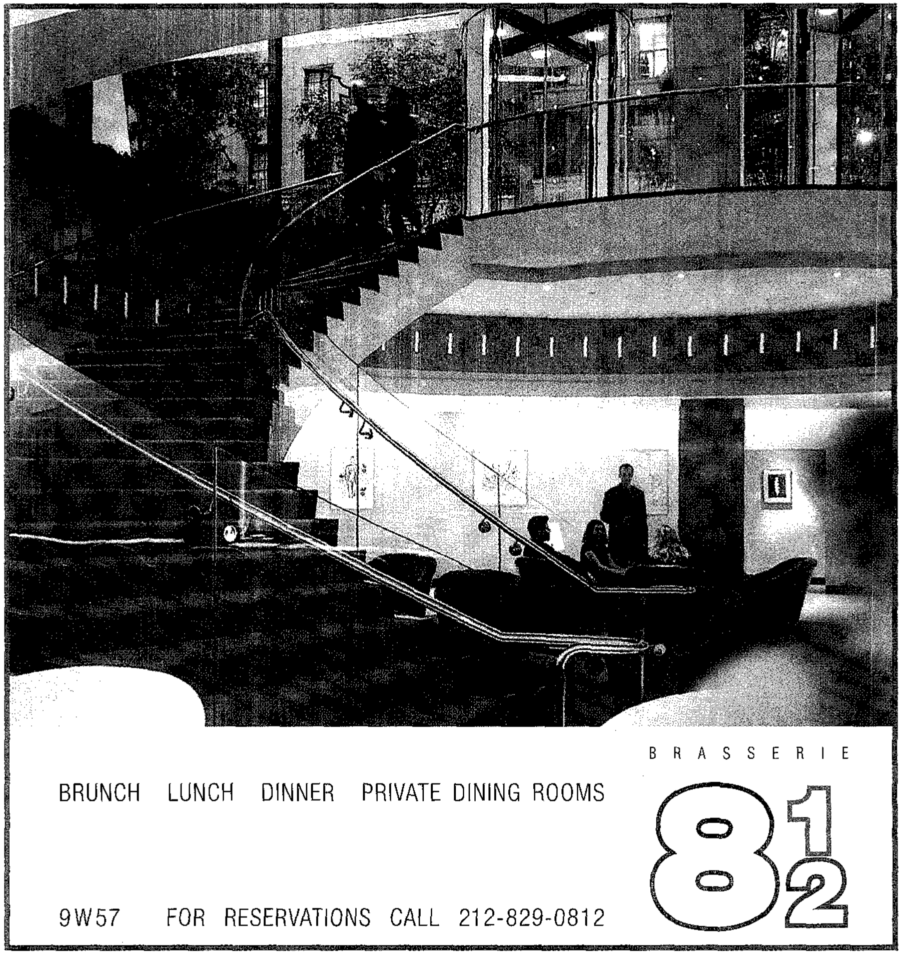
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61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • 102 Dalmatians; Bounce; Charlie's Angels; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove.

Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (212-777-FILM#606) • The Contender.

Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; Meet the Parents; Quills; You Can Count On Me.

Clearview's Park and 86th St.
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • Dude, Where's My Car?; Men of Honor.

Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas.

Loews New York Twin
1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#698) • What Women Want.

Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Proof of Life; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • Rugrats in Paris: The Movie.

UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • Charlie's Angels; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Vertical Limit.

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • Dude, Where's My Car?.

Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (212-777-FILM#609) • Proof of Life; What Women Want.

Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (212-777-FILM#613) • Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Unbreakable.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Pollock; Quills.

Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • The Emperor's New Groove; Meet the Parents; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit.

Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • 102 Dalmatians; Charlie's Angels; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove; The Emperor's New Groove; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris The Movie; The 6th Day; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit What Women Want.

New Coliseum
701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) • Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; What Women Want.

Nova
3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) • Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas Dude, Where's My Car?.

Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • 102 Dalmatians; Billy Elliot; Bounce; Charlie's Angels; Chocolat; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove; Family Man; Meet the Parents; Proof of Life Wonder Boys; You Can Count On Me.

Bronx

Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • 102 Dalmatians; Charlie's Angels; D Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where' My Car?; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's Nev Groove; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Ur breakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • 102 Dalmatian Charlie's Angels; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Christ mas; Dude, Where's My Car?; Dungeons & Dragons; Th Emperor's New Groove; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Th 6th Day; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Wome Want.

Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkw (718-409-9030) • 102 Dalmatians; Charlie's Angels; D Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where My Car?; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's Ne

Photograph courtesy of Milestone Fil

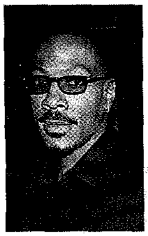
Revival

Bull Session

Staring at somebody's hand for an hour and a half might not be your idea of a gooc time—but would you reconsider if we told you the hand was attached to Pablo Picasso? In Henri-Georges Clouzot's groundbreaking 1956 documentary **The Mystery of Picasso,** watch the master at work as he tears through twenty different canvases, all o which were reportedly destroyed after filming was complete. Alongside Georges Auric's mesmerizing score, the footage of ever-transforming paint splotches—elves turr into fowls, fowls into demons, demons into bullfights—becomes a genuinely psychedelic experience. Opens at Film Forum on December 29.

Trailers

YET ANOTHER 48 HOURS Eddie Murphy and Robert De Niro are teaming up to play a pair of mismatched cops in the Village Roadshow Production *Showtime*. De Niro plays a hardened old-timer who reluctantly teams up with a young, flashy newcomer (Murphy) to act in a reality-TV show meant to improve community relations with the police force.

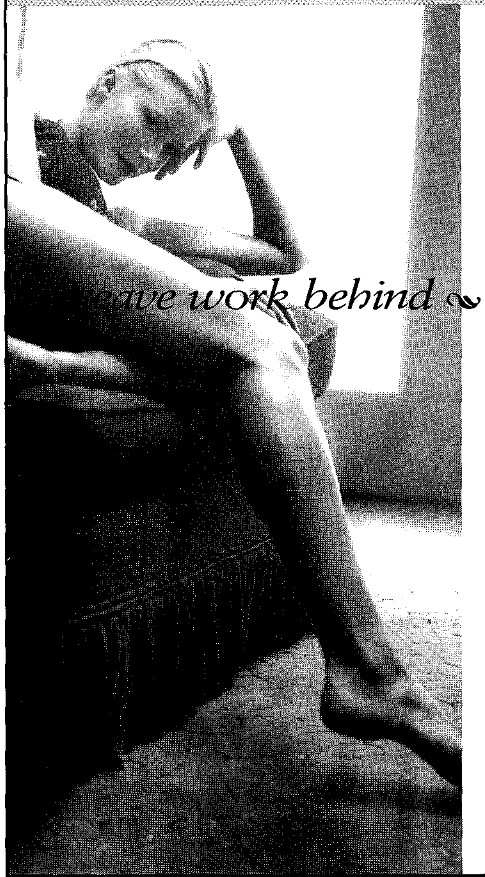


***SWEETHEARTS* DEAL** Hank Azaria is in talks to join the cast of *America's Sweethearts*; he would replace Robert Downey Jr. in the role of Catherine Zeta-Jones's lover in the Columbia film, alongside Julia Roberts, John Cusack, and Billy Crystal (who also wrote the script). The action focuses on a film company's attempt to cover up the rocky relationship of a leading Hollywood couple.

***TRUST* BUSTER** Catherine Zeta-Jones will also add *Trust*, under producer David Foster, to her busy shooting schedule next year. The Warner Bros. thriller is an adaptation of a British mini-series by the same name; Zeta-Jones will play a lawyer who discovers that her husband, a doctor, is cheating on her—with one of his patients.

SCOUNDREL DAYS Michael Keaton and Michael Caine have committed to work with director John Mackenzie on the indie *Quicksand*; the film, about an aging international film star (Caine) who stumbles into a life of crime on the Cote d'Azur, has wrapped filming in France and will soon begin shooting in New York. Geoffrey and Jim Reeve will produce.

SARA CARDACE



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Groove; Little Nicky; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; The 6th Day; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) • Billy Elliot; Quills; You Can Count On Me. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights
70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) • Call theater for showtimes.

Clearview's Cobble Hill
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Meet the Parents; Quills; Requiem for a Dream.

CO Alpine
6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (718-777-FILM#580) • Call theater for showtimes.

CO Fortway
6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (718-777-FILM#578) • Call theater for showtimes.

CO Kings Plaza
5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (718-777-FILM#579) • Call theater for showtimes.

CO Kingsway
946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (718-777-FILM#577) • Call theater for showtimes.

Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-718-338-3371) • Proof of Life; Unbreakable; What Women Want.

Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-718-277-0303) • 102 Dalmatians; Charlie's Angels; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove; Men of Honor; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; The 6th Day; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-718-369-0838) • Charlie's Angels; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-718-821-5993) • 102 Dalmatians; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; What Women Want.

UA Marboro
6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) • 102 Dalmatians; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; The Emperor's New Groove; Unbreakable.

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • Bounce; Charlie's Angels; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; Dungeons & Dragons; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

Premiere

Seoul Stirrings

You've no doubt seen plenty of films in which love triumphs over adversity, but how many have you seen that are narrated in grand Korean theatrical tradition by a *pansori* singer? The form is used to maximum effect in Im Kwon Taek's *Chunhyang*, a tale of two lovers torn asunder in eighteenth-century Korea. Lee Hyo Jung (pictured, with Cho Seung Woo) stars in the title role as a former courtesan's beautiful young daughter who elopes with Mongryong (Woo), the dashing son of the governor of Namwon. Complications ensue when the vindictive new governor (Lee Jung Hun) imprisons the young beauty and sentences her to death after she rebuffs his numerous advances. Will Mongryong save her? Only the ever-yodeling *pansori* singer knows for sure. Begins December 29 at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinema.

Photograph courtesy of Lot 47 Films

Queens

Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • 102 Dalmatians; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; The Emperor's New Groove.

Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • 102 Dalmatians; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove; Unbreakable; What Women Want.

CO Cinema City
183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (718-777-FILM#592) • Call theater for showtimes.

CO Fresh Meadows
Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (718-777-FILM#619) • Call theater for showtimes.

College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • 102 Dalmatians; Charlie's Angels; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove; Meet the Parents; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; What Women Want.

Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • Bounce; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; Little Nicky; Meet the Parents; Miss Congeniality; Proof of Life; The 6th Day; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • Left Luggage; Quills; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; What's Cooking?; You Can Count On Me.

Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; The Emperor's New Groove; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

North Shore Towers
27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) • Into the Arms of Strangers; Meet the Parents; Two Family House.

Plaza
103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • What Women Want.

Sony Bay Terrace
211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (718-777-FILM#712) • Call theater for showtimes.

Sony Elmwood
57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (718-777-FILM#733) • Call theater for showtimes.

UA Astoria
28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) • 102 Dalmatians; Charlie's Angels; Dungeons & Dragons; Men of Honor; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie.

UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • Dude, Where's My Car?; Proof of Life.

UA Crossbay
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • Dude, Where's My Car?; Dungeons & Dragons; Unbreakable.

UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • 102 Dalmatians; Charlie's Angels; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; The Emperor's New Groove; Little Nicky; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Vertical Limit; What Women Want

UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • Billy Elliot; Bounce; Charlie's Angels; Dr

Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Meet the Parents; Men of Honor; Vertical Limit.

UA Movies at Bayside
38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) • Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Men of Honor; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • 102 Dalmatians; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; Meet the Parents; Proof of Life; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

Staten Island

Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • 102 Dalmatians; Bounce; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; The Emperor's New Groove; Meet the Parents; Men of Honor; Miss Congeniality; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • 102 Dalmatians; Bounce; Charlie's Angels; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; Dungeons & Dragons; The Emperor's New Groove; Meet the Parents; Proof of Life; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free. • "Repertory Nights." 12/30: *Fanny and Alexander* (1982). "The Films of Jacques Tati." 12/26-12/27: *Mon Oncle* (1958). 12/28-12/29: *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* (1953). 12/30: *Mon Oncle*. 12/31: *Traffic* (1971).

BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770). • 12/26-12/31: "BAMcinématek Favorites." 12/26-12/27: *Sunset Boulevard* (1950). 12/28-12/29: *Gone With the Wind* (1939). 12/30-12/31: *South Park: Bigger, Longer, and Uncut* (1999).

Brooklyn Museum of Art
200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 372; www.brooklynart.org); free. • 12/30: *Huie's Sermon* (1980). 12/31: *Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog* (1995).

Film Society of Lincoln Center
65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 members, $4.50 seniors, $4 "Movies for Kids." • (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 12/27: "Spanish Cinema Now." 12/26: *Plenilulo* (2000); *Monkey's Like Becky* (1999). 12/27: *Second Skin* (1999); *Numbered Days* (1994). Beginning 12/29: "The Past Recaptured: The Cinema of Terence Davies." 12/29: *Distant Voices, Still Lives* (1988); *The Terence Davies Trilogy* (1984). 12/30: *The Terence Davies Trilogy; The Long Day Closes* (1992); *The Neon Bible (1988).* 1/1/01: *Distant Voices, Still Lives; The Long Day Closes.*

Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult. • Through 1/6: "Luis Buñuel." 12/26: *The Exterminating Angel* (1962). 12/28: *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* (1972); *Diary of a Chambermaid* (1963). 12/29: *Viridiana* (1961). 1/1/01: *Tristana* (1970); *Belle de Jour* (1966).

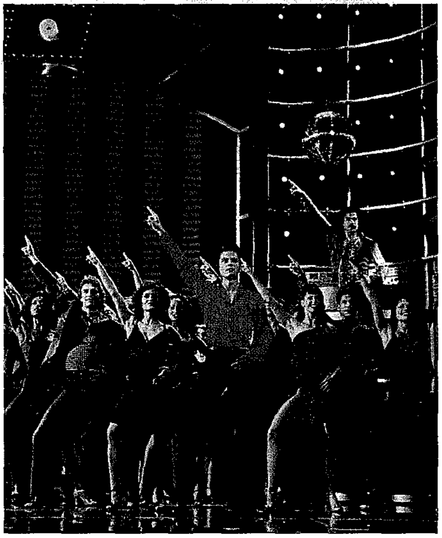
Two Boots Pioneer Theater
55 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $9, $6 seniors. • 2/26-1/2/01: *Bamboozled* (2000); *Ratcatcher* 2000).

Edited by Logan Hill

Closing

Sunday Morning Finally Comes

Tony Manero may soon be singing the Sondheim lyric "I gotta spend another Saturday night / At home with the Sunday *Times.*" The only Broadway disco musical ever set in Bay Ridge and featuring a priest's crisis of faith, the goofy, glitzy **Saturday Night Fever** (cast, pictured) will turn off the smoke machines on December 30. Fortunately, because of the resultant drop in hair-product consumption, crude-oil prices are expected to plummet in the new year. (See "Broadway.")



Broadway

Now Playing

Aida
The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Call for schedule. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Annie Get Your Gun
Cheryl Ladd plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Patrick Cassidy), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$80. Call for schedule. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).

Beauty and the Beast
Disney's beast is back (no, not the mouse). Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Call for schedule. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

Betrayal
Director David Leveaux (last season's powerful revival of Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing*) directs Juliette Binoche, Liev Schreiber, and John Slattery in Harold Pinter's intricate tale of love, lust, and the pain of adultery. This tense 1978 drama, one of Pinter's tightest plays, moves back through time to track a wife's seven-year affair with her husband's best friend to its almost heartbreakingly naïve beginning. $40–$65. Call for schedule. • American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).

Cabaret
The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Matt McGrath (*Hedwig*) and Lea Thompson. $25–$90. Call for schedule. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Chicago
It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now featuring Jasmine Guy and Charlotte D'Amboise. $20–$85. Call for schedule. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Contact
This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Call for schedule. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Ground Rules

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

hotograph by Eduardo Patino.

Copenhagen
A major hit in London, Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when German physicist Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco, Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. $40–$65. Call for schedule. • Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Dinner Party
Neil Simon's unabashedly contrived new comedy features three men, two of their ex-wives, and a mysterious man who has locked them all in a Paris dining room together. Henry Winkler and John Ritter star. $20–$65. Call for schedule. • Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Dirty Blonde
Brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her delightful play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $55–$65. Call for schedule. • Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Fosse
A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $65–$80. Call for schedule. • Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Full Monty
The musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Call for schedule. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Gore Vidal's The Best Man
In 1959, Vidal felt that the true nature of American politics was being occluded by the sunny soft-focus antics of Frank Capra and James Stewart, so he set out to write a tough play that would, he says, "explain to the republic the kind of people who are presidential and why." Chris Noth and Spalding Gray play opposing presidential candidates, joined by Elizabeth Ashley, Charles Durning, Christine Ebersole, Jonathan Hadary, and Michael Learned. $45–$75. Call for schedule. • Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200).

Jane Eyre
Few shows boast a production team with this pedigree, starting with John Caird (*Les Misérables, Nicholas Nickleby,* both with Trevor Nunn), who adapted and staged (with Scott Schwartz) the Charlotte Brontë novel, and designer John Napier (*Cats, Les Miz*), along with costume designer Andreane Neofitou. This musical, with a score by pop composer Paul Gordon, received very mixed reviews at the La Jolla Playhouse—but broke box-office records. $50–$86. Call for schedule. • Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).

Jekyll & Hyde
Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Now starring David Hasselhoff. $45–$80. Call for schedule. Through 1/7. • Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Kiss Me, Kate
With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $25–$80. Call for schedule. • Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables
The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Call for schedule. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Previews

Front Man

Before 1999's *Side Man,* Warren Leight's drama about the guys who blew behind Dizzy and Bird, **Frank Wood** (center, with cast) was himself a bit player, one who had never even been mentioned in a *Times* theater review. More important, he says, "I wasn't even an actor in the financial sense at all." A creature of regional and Off-Off Broadway theater, Wood made ends meet by bartending, answering phones in a producer's office, teaching acting courses, and taking other odd jobs. For a while, he admits, "I took samples of herbal tea around to different grocery stores—and I borrowed money from my parents that I didn't pay back, too." A life-changing Tony-winning performance later, Wood is returning from a heralded run of *Side Man* in London. Next up, Wood's front and center, headlining *The Wax,* a new drama by Kathleen Tolan at Playwrights Horizons. Opposite Laura Esterman (*Marvin's Room*), Lola Pashalinski (*Gertrude & Alice*), and Mary Testa (*On the Town*), he'll play a restless husband (and a mathematician—yet another comes to the New York stage!) who meets up with eight old friends in various stages of midlife crisis. He'll be stepping out of the jittery, skittish skin of a character he inhabited for more than two years. "I've been having these superstitious feelings. *Will I not be able to perform again?* These dramatic scenarios of doom . . ." Well, we're not worried. Previews begin December 12. (See "Off Broadway.") L.H.

The Lion King
This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Call for schedule. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Miss Saigon
A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. $20–$80. Call for schedule. Opened: 4/11/91. Through 1/28. • Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).

The Music Man
Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As she has steadily demonstrated, she is blessed with the voice, the looks, and the acting talent of a musical-comedy diva. As Marian Paroo, the librarian of River City, Iowa, who goes from tight-lipped spinster to glowing inamorata in this happy show, Miss Luker gives a performance as detailed, nuanced, and cherishable as ever turned a performer into a legend. Susan Stroman's production has other assets as well, but Craig Bierko, the incumbent Harold Hill, gives an impersonation of Preston rather than a performance. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $40–$85. Call for schedule. • Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).

The Phantom of the Opera
Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Call for schedule. Opened: 1/26/88 • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Proof
David Auburn's *Proof* is what *Copenhagen* ought to be a play about scientists whose science matters less than their humanity. Here, those of us who want their dramatic characters to be real people need not feel excluded. Robert, a world-famous mathematician who went crazy; Catherine, his mathematically brilliant but too-depressed-to-work daughter; Hal, a young math teacher going through Robert's hundred-plus confused notebooks; and Claire, Robert's older daughte and a successful actuary, are above all fascinating individuals. As directed by Daniel Sullivan, the performances are perfect. As for Mary-Louise Parker, her Catherine is a performance of genius. (Simon: 6/5/00.) $24–$69. Call for schedule. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Photograph by Joan Marcu

Rent
The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Call for schedule. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

Riverdance
The Irish return. $25–$80. Call for schedule. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Rocky Horror Show
Christopher Ashley (*Jeffrey*) directs a surreal cast in Frank N. Furter's pad. Lifelong rocker Joan Jett makes her Broadway debut opposite *Rent* star Daphne Rubin-Vega, stage vet Tom Hewitt, comics Dick Cavett and Lea De Laria, and Alice Ripley of *Side Show* (very appropriate). Expect an eye-popping design from David Rockwell (Cirque Du Soleil Theatres). $75. Call for schedule. • Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

Saturday Night Fever
Flared pants! $35–$85. Call for schedule. Through 12/30. • Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe
Lily Tomlin returns, along with an astonishing assortment of characters led by Trudy, a homeless lady and "creative consultant to these aliens from outer space" who knows that reality is really just "a collective hunch." The solo show that makes other solo shows look like, well, solo shows, it's written and directed by Jane Wagner, Tomlin's longtime collaborator and partner. As Trudy says, "I'm glad I got delusions of grandeur. It makes me feel a lot better about myself." $50–$65. Call for schedule. • Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Seussical
Barring the Broadway arrival of *Harry Potter Sings!*, Dr. Seuss may be the only children's brand with enough star power to battle Disney's troika of *The Lion King, Aida,* and *Beauty and the Beast.* But with high-camp appeal, a flashy ad campaign by David LaChappelle, the elastic David Shiner as the Cat in the Hat, and *Dirty Blonde*'s adorable Kevin Chamberlin as Horton, there's no doubt this musical, by Lynn Ahrens and Steven Flaherty (*Ragtime, Once on This Island*), will yank in more than just the kiddies. Director Rob Marshall has recently been called in to help Frank Galati juice up the tuner after mixed out-of-town reviews. $25–$85. Call for schedule. $25–$85. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

Swing!
The dance marathon continues, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts. $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife
Who would have expected from a campy downtown playwright a nicely structured, intelligently funny, satirically relevant uptown comedy? In Charles Busch's new play, the retired but still overactive allergist Dr. Ira Taub is married to Marjorie, an immobilized nervous wreck since the death of her therapist. If you seek an ideal cast, look no further. Linda Lavin, for whom the admiring Busch wrote Marjorie as, he says, a kind of King Lear, is that and more: Lady Macbeth, Willy Loman, Lydia Languish, and, better yet, herself at her dizzying best. (Simon: 3/13/00.) Also starring Tony Roberts and Michele Lee. $30–$70. Call for schedule. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Wax
Frank Wood, who won a Tony for his terrific, jittery performance in *Side Man*, stars with Mary Testa in Kathleen Tolan's new comedy about friends and mid–life crises; Brian Kulick directs. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. In previews for a 1/7 opening. • Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Now Playing

An American Family
To open its eighty-fifth season, Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre presents a historical drama by Miriam Kressyn set on the Lower East Side. $25–$37.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/21. • Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).

American Rhapsody
A new musical revue of Gershwin's works directed by Ruth Leon and starring KT Sullivan and Mark Nadler. $40–$55. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. • Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-239-6200).

The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant
A new adaptation of the Werner Fassbinder film about a lesbian affair between a fashion designer and a young model, directed by Ian Belton. $42. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Henry Miller's Theatre, 124 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).

Blue Man Group: Tubes
Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Book of the Dead (Second Avenue)
John Moran's new multimedia musical takes audience members on a "theme park ride" through the world's regions and religions. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. • The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Boys Don't Wear Lipstick
In this solo show, Brian Belovitch recalls his atypical life, in which he, with a some medical assistance, became Tish and lived happily as an army bride before returning to Gotham's cabaret circuit. $20–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (212-239-6200).

Cary and Gallo: What If We Did This?
Ted Sullivan directs the comic duo Cary and Gallo, in a production written by several late-night-television writers. $30. Mon. at 8. Through 1/22. • SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

Cat's Paw
A new play and "meditation on the Don Juan theme" by the furiously inventive Mac Wellman (*Hypatia, Fnu Lnu*). $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30. • SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. (212-479-7979).

A Child's Garden
Melting Pot Theatre's new musical is based on the works and life of Robert Louis Stevenson. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 5. Through 1/14. • Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).

A Christmas Carol
Forget the Grinch. Madison Square Garden welcomes back its annual holiday extravaganza, directed by Susan Stroman and starring Frank Langella as Scrooge. $29–$65. Call for schedule. Through 12/31. • Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (212-307-7171).

Circus Oz
Kid-friendly Australian mayhem, featuring tightrope walkers, jugglers, trapezists, and more. $10–$35. Call for schedule. Through 1/14. • New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Cobb
Thanks to Kevin Spacey's advocacy, Lee Blessing's suddenly timely play about the baseball icon transfers to Off Broadway. Joe Brancato directs. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 7:30, Sun. at 3:30. • Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (212-239-6200).

Comic Potential
When Alan Ayckbourn's new comedy wowed London last year, actress Janie Dee took home the Olivier, Evening Standard, and Critics Circle awards. She'll arrive at the MTC to play Jacie Triple Three, a robotic actoid hired by a

Onstage

Double Occupancy

Flamenco legend Pilar Rioja recently finished her stint at Repertorio Español, leaving two very strong dramas onstage for the rep's thirty-third season. **Vieques**, a new drama by Jorge González, the recent winner of the 2000 Nuestras Voces playwriting competition, tracks the life of a local family on the Puerto Rican island in the fifties, just as the United States began its military exercises. Meanwhile, Luis Rafael Sánchez's brash **La Pasión Según Antígona Pérez (The Passion According to Antígona Pérez)** (Alejandra Orozco and Rene Sanchez, pictured) recasts the Antigone legend in a Latin American dictatorship. Catch both, in repertory, at the Gramercy Arts Theatre. Headsets are available for simultaneous English translations. (See "Off Broadway.")

hotograph by Nigel Teare.

struggling screenwriter in Ayckbourn's farcical future. $55. Call for schedule. • MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

The Countess

Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle of John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Call for schedule. • Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

De La Guarda

A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Call for schedule. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Dinner With Friends

Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. $30–$65. Call for schedule. • Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show

A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Very fun. $39. Call for schedule. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Down the Garden Paths

Anne Meara's new comedy about four couples stars Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. $60. Call for schedule. Through 1/28. • Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Ln. (212-307-4100).

End of the World Party

A new comedy about gay men who share a Fire Island summer house by multiple Emmy winner Chuck Rangberg. Cast includes Anthony Barrile, Jim J. Bullock, David Drake, and Christopher Durham. $45. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • 47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

The Fantasticks

The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. • Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).

Fermat's Last Tango

A comic musical about mathematicians. $45–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 12/31. • Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Forbidden Broadway 2001: A Spoof Odyssey

Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. Now featuring the disco hit "Stayin' Awake." $49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. • Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).

4 Guys Named José . . . and Una Mujer Named Maria

Four Latino guys fight to put together a song-and-dance revue that confounds stereotypes. $37.50–$47.50. Call for schedule. • Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Fully Committed

For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) Now starring the wonderful Roger Bart, who made his name as Snoopy in *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown.* $45. Call for schedule. • Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

Green Fields

Zypora Spaisman and Shifra Lerer star in the Yiddish classic, directed by Bryna Turetsky. $18–$30. Wed. at 2 and 7, Thurs. at 7, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 12/24. • Mazer Theater, 197 E. Broadway (212-279-4200).

The Hostage

The Irish Repertory presents Brendan Behan's dark comedy about a British soldier held captive by a former IRA commander. $35–$40. Call for schedule. Through 12/31. • Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change

They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Call for schedule. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Jesus Hopped the A Train

After a successful run at the LAByrinth Theater's this new play by Stephen Adly Guirgis (*In Arabia, We'd All Be Kings*) transfers for an Off Broadway stint. In its first production, John Ortiz (pictured), the talented co-founder of the LAByrinth Theater, gave a mesmerizing, intense performance as Angel Cruz, a Rikers Island prisoner who confronts a religious fanatic (Ron Cephas Jones) behind bars. $45. Call for schedule. • East 13th Street Theatre, 136 E. 13th St. (212-239-6200).

Jitney

This is the revised version of August Wilson's first play, the start of what became a ten-part series, still in progress, about African-American lives, one play per decade. Here the seventies are viewed through the goings-on in the office of a gypsy-cab company in Pittsburgh in 1977. It is so vividly written, acted, and directed (by Marion McClinton, a Wilson specialist) that it keeps you steadily amused, concerned, and moved. All performers are flawless. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $55. Call for schedule. • Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-505-0700).

Kiki & Herb: Jesus Wept

The notorious duo, whose last holiday show featured an immortal lamb that once slurped up Jesus's afterbirth, present their latest extravaganza. If "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth" just makes you want to knock out the other 32, this show's for you. Don't miss it. $15. Mon.–Wed., Fri. and Sat. at 7:30. Through 12/30. • Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Kit Marlowe

David Grimm's new biographical play about playwright Christopher Marlowe is directed by Brian Kulick (*The Winter's Tale*). The cast includes Christian Carmago and Keith David. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

La Pasión Según Antígona Pérez (The Passion According to Antígona Pérez)

Playwright Luis Rafael Sánchez recasts the Antigone legend in a Latin American dictatorship, at Repertorio Espanol. $30–$45. Call for schedule. • Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

The Last of the Thorntons

Pulitzer and Academy award-winning playwright Horton Foote revisits his often-visited fictional hometown, Harrison, to tell the tale of the last surviving member of the Thornton clan. Hallie Foote, his daughter, stars. $47.50. Call for schedule. Through 1/14. • Signature Theatre's Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

Late Night Catechism

Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $40. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Living in the Wind

Michael Bradford's new romantic drama about two former slaves stars Cheryl Freeman and Chad L. Coleman. $30. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Lypsinka! The Boxed Set

Lypsinka (*Lipsinka! As I Lay Lip-Synching, Lypsink Must Be Destroyed!*) is back. $35–$40. Wed.–Sun. at 8 Through 12/31. • Westbeth Theatre, 151 Bank St. (212-307-4100).

Maybe, Baby It's You

Playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charli Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy $40. Wed. at 2, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 10. • Theate at St. Luke's, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Mummenschanz Next

The very strange Swiss theater troupe returns with it unique brand of wordless, sculptural theater $27.50–$45. Call for schedule. Through 12/31. • Alic Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500).

Murdered by the Mob

Interactive off-line entertainment with a three course dinner, door prizes, death, dancing, and acting awards for best audience participation. $55. Fr at 7:30, Sat. at 7. • Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th S (800-687-3374).

Photograph by Gerry Goodstei

Onstage

Fertile Ground

The 90-year-old actress **Zypora Spaisman** (pictured, with Roni Neuman and Norman Kruger) may look more like your *bubbe* than a firebrand, but she's been kicking up a storm in the tight world of Yiddish theater. A refugee who began her career at age 10 in the Polish State Theatre and later performed in labor camps during World War II, Spaisman emigrated to the United States in 1956 and performed in every production of the Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre until, her publicist says, she "got kicked out of her job after 42 years." Charging into her tenth decade, Spaisman turned around and founded a new company, the Yiddish Public Theatre, and is headlining a very well-received revival of the classic comedy *Grine Felder (Green Fields),* through January 14. (See "Off Broadway.")

Naked Boys Singing
Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

Old Money
The prolific Wendy Wasserstein's (*The Heidi Chronicles, The Sisters Rosensweig*) new play, a tale about generations of rich folks living in an Upper East Side mansion, arrives at Lincoln Center, an institution funded by generations of rich folks who have resided in uptown mansions. Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*) directs. $50. Call for schedule. • Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Our Sinatra
Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. Featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Call for schedule. • Reprise Room at Dylan's, 245 W. 54th (212-239-6200).

Perfect Crime
The long-running thriller. $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. • Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).

Pete 'n' Keely
A new musical comedy by James Hindman imagines a 1968 television special starring "America's Swinging Sweethearts," played by Sally Mayes and George Dvorsky. Mark Waldrop directs; Bob Mackie designed the costumes. $35–$55. Call for schedule. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

A Place at the Table
Director Michael Sexton, who directed last year's terrific *Trudy Blue*, returns to the MCC with Simon Block's comical tale of television politics. $35. Call for schedule. • MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (212-727-7765).

Princess Turandot
A prince and a princess meet and fall in love in Darko Tresnjak's new play, which mixes vaudeville, performance art, music, and more. $37.50. Call for schedule. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).

Richard III
Dan Daily plays Shakespeare's title role, opposite Glynis Bell, Jonathan Peck, Rachel Botchan, and others. Shepard Sobel directs. $28–$35. Call for schedule. • Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).

Sightseeing
Margaret Dulaney's new comedy tracks a television celebrity who tours Third World countries on a cruise ship. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/7. • Jose Quintero Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

Stomp
As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $29.50–$55. Call for schedule. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

Strictly Personal
A comedy about dating and personals by Jake Feinberg. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

Tabletop
Two Davids, Story and Mamet, have popularized the workplace play, a genre to which Rob Ackerman now contributes his highly estimable *Tabletop*. We are in the photographic studio of Marcus Gordon, a nervous perfectionist and slave driver wielding the foul-mouthed insult like a bullwhip. Needed, for a product called Fruit Freeze, is a "pour shot," to be followed by a "heroic beauty shot." Something always goes wrong: An apple gets bruised, that swirl ollapses, tempers fray. The set could easily be a functioning studio, as lovingly lighted by Jack Mehler as if it were a cup of Fruit Freeze. Six terrific actors ombine into an ensemble perhaps even greater than s parts. (Simon: 8/14/00.) $47.50. Call for schedule. American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-200).

Tallulah Hallelujah!
Is Tallulah Bankhead this season's Mae West? Clearly, that's the idea. Last year, two plays about West debuted and Claudia Shear's wonderful *Dirty Blonde* transferred to a healthy Broadway run. Soon, three Off Broadway shows will tackle the legacy of the raunchy brunette. Tovah Feldshuh's up first in her new show. $45. Call for schedule. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Tiny Alice
Edward Albee's perversely strange mystery. $40–$50. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/5 opening. Through 12/31. • Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding
A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. Now starring Domenica Cameron-Scorsese, daughter of Martin. $67.50–$80. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

The Unexpected Man
Parisian playwright Yasmina Reza wowed audiences with *Art*, her three-person 90-minute discourse on friendship and modern art. Her newest play employs just two actors—Alan Bates and Eileen Atkins—and requires just 75 minutes of your time. The estimable duo play a novelist and a devoted fan sitting across from one another on a train and speaking their inner monologues aloud. Atkins won an Olivier Award for her performance, though London notices for the play itself were mixed. $60–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 12/31. • Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).

The Vagina Monologues
Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. $55. Call for schedule. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Vieques
Set on the Puerto Rican island of Vieques, this new drama tracks the life of a local family in the fifties, as the United States began its military exercises. The playwright, Jorge González, is the recent winner of the 2000 Nuestras Voces playwriting contest. Call for schedule. • Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

Off-Off Broadway

Christmas With the Crawfords
An angry, alcoholic recreation of the notorious 1944 holiday radio broadcast recorded at Joan Crawford's home. $30–$35. Tues–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 7. Through 12/30. • Grove Street Playhouse, 15 Grove St. (212-212-879-5575).

Dahling
Gareth Hendee directs the latest start-up in the burgeoning Tallulah Bankhead industry. A cast of eight revive the life of the raunchy lady. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. • Grove Street Playhouse, 15 Grove St. (212-358-5812).

Monday Night Magic
Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. • Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).

Mono
Steven Tannenbaum directs an inventive improvisatory play set in a bar-like environment, where fourteen characters act out all around. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (212-358-3447).

Night and Day
In Tom Stoppard's comedy, journalists, an English colonialist, and a dictator clash in Africa. $20–$40. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3, some Weds. at 8. Through 3/22. • Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

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cue

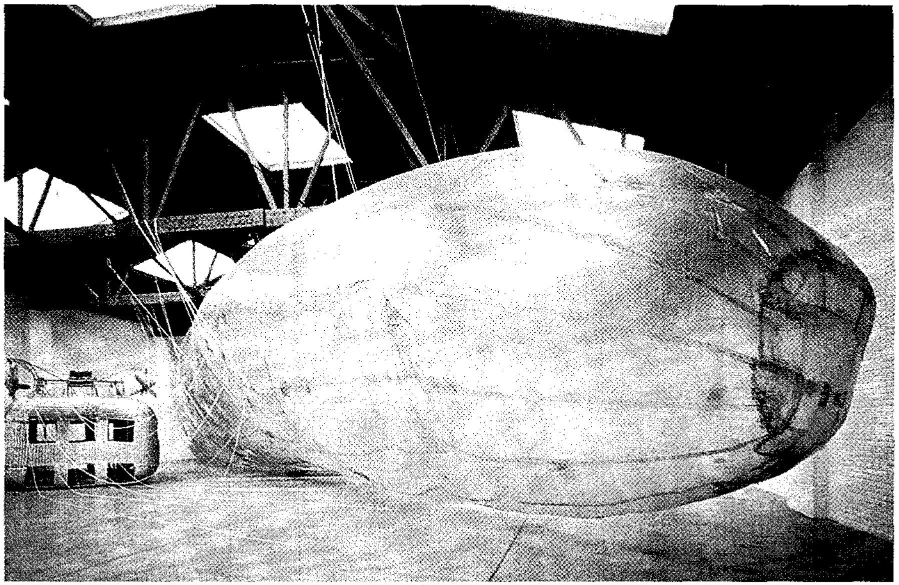
Art

Edited by Edith Newhal

On View

Air Rage

Since the late sixties, the Belgian artist Panamarenko has been enthralling the rest of the world (Europe, Japan, Australia, Brazil) with his experimental flying machines, works that take their aesthetic and aerodynamic cues from insects, birds, and various types of aircraft—and should not, under any circumstances, be flown. Now Americans get to see what they've been missing in the artist's first major U.S. exhibit, which pairs a pivotal work, *Aeromodeller*, 1969–71 (below), a humongous engine-powered hybrid of a dirigible and a cocoon, with the recent *Raven's Variable Matrix* (2000), a World War I fighter plane-cum-dragonfly. At Dia Center for the Arts, 542 West 22nd Street; through June 17.



Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Marc Chagall
Paintings and works on paper by the Russian-born artist dating from 1917 to 1978; through 1/31. • Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (212-879-0500).

Tony Foster/Chris Gallagher
Watercolors, painted on-site, of Costa Rican rain forests, Bolivia's mile-high lakes, the Sierra Nevada, and other remote wilderness areas/Abstract paintings in which bands of color appear to undulate horizontally or vertically across a canvas. Through 1/13. • Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

Frederick C. Frieseke
Paintings, watercolors, and etchings on themes of family life by the American artist, who spent his childhood in Jacksonville, Florida, and worked in Giverny, France between 1905 and 1919; through 1/13. • Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (212-628-4000).

Everett Shinn
Fifty of the Ashcan School painter's works depicting New York City streets and theater scenes, including well-known works on loan from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Brooklyn Museum of Art, and the Newark Museum; through 1/23. • Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (212-744-2300).

Saul Steinberg
Drawings, works on paper, and mixed-media constructions spanning the late fifties through the late eighties; through 1/13. • Baumgold, 74 E. 79th St. (212-861-7338).

Cy Twombly
The artist's first New York show of new paintings in nearly 30 years; through 1/27. • Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-744-2313).

57th Street Area

Nancy Grossman
Assemblages, collages, and sculpture dating from the early 1960s to the present; through 1/13. • Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082).

Ken Kelly
Abstract paintings that combine brushwork and stenciled areas that suggest tentacles, reptiles, plants, and other natural forms; through 1/27. • Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323).

Sol LeWitt
New works, including a painted fiberglass sculpture, a series of gouaches, and one floor-to-ceiling acrylic wall drawing measuring 57 feet in length; through 2/3. • PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292).

Craig McPherson
Large pastel drawings of the ocean and other bodies of water; through 1/27. • Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (212-397-0669).

Gwynn Murrill
Bronze sculptures of Sika deer that were originally commissioned by the city of Obihiro, Japan; through 1/20. • Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Kenneth Noland
New paintings of circles by this artist, who emerged in the fifties as one of the leading exponents of the Color Field movement; through 1/20. • Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (212-344-8420).

Fred Tomaselli
New paintings and drawings that incorporate photocopies of songbirds, body parts, pieces of maps, cutouts from outerwear catalogs, pills, leaves, and other materials; through 1/13. • Cohan, 41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171).

SoHo and TriBeCa

John Beerman/Willy Heeks
Recent paintings inspired by landscapes and nature/Recent abstract works on paper. Through 1/13. • Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (212-219-2863).

David Bierk
Monumentally scaled paintings that juxtapose images related to the contemporary fashion world with landscapes, still lifes, and other genres borrowed from o evoking works by Fantin-Latour, Manet, Vermeer, an other masters; through 1/6. • Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

John Cage/Rudolf de Crignis
Drawings on Japanese paper from the artist-musician' "Where R=Ryoanji" series that were "determined" by chance/A group of tempera paintings from 1991 Through 1/13. • Roeder, 545 Broadway (212-925-6098)

Keith Haring
Paintings and objects by the late artist that reflect th spirit of the the Paradise Club, a gay dance club on th border of SoHo that was central to his world from th early eighties until it closed in 1987; through 2/10. • Deitch Projects, 18 Wooster St. (212-343-7300).

Callum Innes
Recent abstract paintings in which a single oil color brushed onto a canvas and then brushed away wit turpentine, leaving only vestigial traces of pigment through 1/20. • Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).

Robert Moskowitz
Recent pastel drawings that are predominantly blu and draw on the artist's familiar motifs, includin Rodin's *The Thinker* and the World Trade Center, an one large-scale painting, *The Razor's Edge*, from 1996 through 2/3. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Dennis Oppenheim
A survey of the American conceptual artist's work o the past 30 years, including sculpture, installation photo-documentations of earth and body works, an videos of body-art performances; through 2/28. • Ac 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

Edwina Sandys
Sculptures on the theme of women; through 1/13. Egizio's Project, 596 Broadway (212-226-8537).

Robert Williams
New paintings; through 1/27. • Shafrazi, 119 Woost St. (212-274-9300).

Chelsea

Roger Ackling
Recent found-object sculptures; through 1/20. • Vo Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Luis Cabellero/Ana Mercedes Hoyos
Paintings by the Colombian artist (1943–1995) o themes of social and political injustice/Paintings plates and bowls of tropical fruits sold on the beach

Photograph by Cathy Carv

Cartagena, Colombia, and photographs of women who live in Palenque, a coastal village near Cartagena. Through 1/30. • Generous Miracles, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-2858).

Felix Gonzalez-Torres/Ashkan Sahihi
Two works by the late artist that have never been publicly exhibited: *Key West Weekend* (1989), a black-and-white puzzle of a bird that sits atop a Plexiglas pedestal, and *Untitled* (1995), a billboard displayed in the gallery and in 24 billboard locations throughout the city that depicts a bird in a vast sky/Portraits of people in extreme or irregular circumstances. Through 1/13. • Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Chris Johanson/Alicia McCarthy
Paintings by two Bay Area artists who used found materials and a simplified palette and line to express human emotions; through 1/16. • RareArt, 435 W. 14th St. (212-645-5591).

June Leaf
New sculptures, drawings, and paintings of natural forms that appear to be in the process of transformation; through 1/13. • Thorp, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-6565).

Sol LeWitt
Two new structures; through 1/6. • Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Robin Lowe
Large-scale paintings of portraits and landscapes that portray a fictitious rural county inspired by William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County; through 1/13. • Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. (212-414-4144).

Tatsuo Miyajima
Video projections of digital numbers that appear to be floating in space; through 1/27. • Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Adrian Piper/Robert Wilson
The first segment of a five-part installment entitled "The Color Wheel Series, First Adhyasa: Annomayakosha," which integrates the spectrum of the Pantone system with tenets of Hindu Vedantic philosophy in order to examine color as an illusory superimposition, or *adhyasa*/Sculptures that were conceived for the artist's recent theatrical productions. Through 1/6. • Cooper, 521 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Alice Stepanek and Steven Maslin/Eric Freeman
Collaborative landscape paintings/Expressionistic paintings of abstracted floral forms. Through 1/13. • Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-1600).

Julianne Swartz/Bohnchang Koo
Glass sculptures suspended from the ceiling that create barely visible shadows on the gallery's floor/Photographs of linear patterns in nature, such as vines growing on a stucco wall, that are predominantly white. Through 1/13. • Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

Thomas Trosch
Recent paintings that depict people in aristocratic drawing rooms annd boudoirs in New York and Connecticut circa 1965; through 1/6. • Fredericks Freiser, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6555).

Mary Weatherford
New abstract paintings on which sponges, shells, and starfish are collaged; through 1/6. • Debs, 525 W. 26th St. (212-643-2070).

Other

Stephen Rand
Works made with Formica laminate sample chips and push pins that from a distance look like paintings; through 1/20. • Pasek, 122 Suffolk St. (212-388-0631).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Werner
A series of fifteen monotypes from the late eightes and early nineties by the Danish artist Per Kirkeby and a selection of ancient South Arabian alabaster heads; through 1/20. • 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

57th Street Area

De Nagy
"Tibor de Nagy Gallery: The First Fifty Years," works by artists who have exhibited at this gallery since its founding in 1950, among them Blaine, Frankenthaler, Freilicher, Hartigan, Porter, Rivers, others; through 1/6. • 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

Helman
"Soft Core," sculptures dating from the early sixties to the present made with soft materials, by Allen, Boroson, Bourgeois, Christo, DeBellevue, Hamilton, Kusama, Morris, Oldenburg, Serra, others; through 1/20. • 20 W. 57th St. (212-245-2888).

Marlborough
New sculpture by Martin Chirino; monumental sculptures by Hepworth, Lipchitz, Moore; through 1/6. • 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

McGrath
Works on paper by Amato, Bakker, Graham, Hockney, Marden, Nauman, others; through 1/6. • 20 W. 57th St. (212-956-3366).

Perlow
Nonobjective works from the twenties through the forties by Bauer, Ferren, Greene, Rebay, plus figurative drawings of Berlin at night by Bauer from the twenties and thirties; through 1/6. • 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Kagan Martos
Paintings, sculptures, photographs, and videos on the theme of toys by 22 artists, among them Applebroog, Baechler, Bellmer, the Chapman brothers, Pruitt, Warhol; through 1/30. • 515 Broadway (212-343-4293).

Lehmann Maupin
"Figure in the Landscape," meditations on traditional subjects in the history of art by Dunham, Gaskell, Guston, Ritchie, Salle; through 1/13. • 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Thread Waxing Space
"Death Race 2000," works by 28 artists from Germany, England, and the United States that capture the spirit of the 1975 film directed by Paul Bartel and produced by Roger Corman that depicted an ironic version of the year 2000; through 1/13. • 476 Broadway (212-966-9520).

Chelsea

Alexander and Bonin
"Still," works in which quietness is an essential part of their content, by Balka, Bordo, Hatoum, Leonard, Plimack Mangold, Raetz, Salcedo; an assortment of accessories from Paul Etienne Lincoln's *Equestrian Opulator*, through 1/20. • 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

Audiello
"Neutopia," works that conjure Utopia by Ancalmo, Davis, Hoy, Schank, Vargas-Lugo; through 1/20. • 526 W. 26th St. (212-675-9082).

Center for Figurative Painting
"Reconfiguring the New York School," an examination of Abstract Expressionism; through 1/27. • 115 W. 30th St. (212-868-3452).

Feigen Contemporary
"Compression," works by Almog, Asymptote Architecture, Blair, Blake, Goldman, Grabner, Hendee; through 1/13. • 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500).

Grimm
Works in various mediums by six Pakistani artists; through 1/13. • 505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7662).

Klagsbrun
Artists books by nine artists; miniature paintings by Devriendt; through 1/6. • 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-33335).

Lombard-Freid
"Thrifting," works by seven emerging Texas-based artists who recycle objects and materials in their work; through 1/6. • 531 W. 26th St. (212-967-8040).

Morris
Works by Antezzo, Boberg, Celmins, Kilgallen, Levinthal, LeWitt, Moffatt, Murray, Schabel, Verene, others; through 1/20. • Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

Nosei
Photographs by Lindner and Benzaken, through 2/8; "The World Inside the World," sculpture by Cemin and Christian and photographs by Schwartz; through 1/17. • 530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695).

White Columns
"Wine, Women, and Wheels," photographs, paintings, and sculpture that look at life on the edge, by Floyd, Gang, Kuharic, Overfelt, Stone, others; through 1/21. • 320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). Note: gallery will be closed 12/18–1/2/01.

Photography

Geneviève Cadieux
Large-scale, close-up portraits of people that suggest equivalencies and interrelationships between them, and one sculptural work, a triptych of delicate blown-glass globes; through 2/25. • Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950), Tues.–Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors.

Matt Gray/Cornelia Blatter
Photographs that depict two albino rabbits scrambling wildly in a white box/Photographs of letters that the artist attached to balloons and released into the air. Through 1/6. • Gering, 476 Broome St. (212-226-8195).

ICP
"Reflections in a Glass Eye: Works From the International Center of Photography Collection"; "Annie Leibovitz: Women"; "Collected Visions: An Installation by Lorie Novak"; through 12/31. • 1133 Sixth Ave. (212-860-1777), Mon.–Wed. 10–5, Thurs. and Fri. 10–8 (5–8 voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6 (closed 12/25); $8.50, $6 students and seniors.

ICP Uptown
"Eugène Atget: The Pioneer." Photographs of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Paris by the French photographer (1857–1927), drawn from several collections in France, accompanied by prints by Bill Brandt, Walker Evans, Bernd and Hilla Becher, Paul Strand, and other photographers influenced by Atget; through 1/21. • 1130 Fifth Ave. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8); $4–$6.

Mann
Photographs and photo-based artworks from the fall/winter issue of *Blind Spot* magazine, including works by Aitken, Armstrong, Hirst, Laplante, Marty, Rousse; through 1/27. • 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

Kurt Markus
Photographs that explore cowboy life in the American West; through 1/13. • Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

Javier Silva Meinel
Images that convey the artist's desire to connect himself with Peru's cultural past and present; through 1/6. • Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Karin Appollonia Müller
Large-scale color photographs of urban Los Angeles and Western oceanside landscapes; through 1/20. • Saul, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-627-2410).

Jason Oddy
Photographs of Soviet sanatoriums, Nazi resorts, and UN headquarters that explore the ways in which architectural spaces control human behavior; through 1/13. • Gallery 24, 552 W. 24th St. (212-414-0370).

Jorge Ribalta
Photographs that re-create places from Barcelona's historical *bas-fonds* district; through 1/27. • Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Rubin • Greenberg Van Doren
"The Life of the Party," party pictures by Craig-Martin, Fink, Graham, Papageorge, Warhol, Winogrand; through 1/6. • 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

Ground Rules

Galleries are generally open Tuesday through Saturday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Julius Shulman
Photographs of houses designed by the modernist architect Richard Neutra; through 1/6. • Richardson, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-343-1255).

Bruce Weber
New black-and-white photographs of children and adolescents; through 1/16. • Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Garry Winogrand
The first exhibition of work by this photographer (1928–1984) since his 1988 MOMA exhibition, comprising New York street scenes shot in the sixties and seventies; through 1/6. • Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

Winston Wächter Mayer
"Bright Lights, Big City," photographs that celebrate figure and form in the city by Arnold, Bassman, Cartier-Bresson, Halsman, Klein, Leipzig, Zinneman, others; through 1/6. • 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Museums

American Craft Museum
"Memories of Murano: American Glass Artists in Venice." Glass works made in Venice by Tina Marie Aufiero, James Carpenter, Dale Chihuly, Dan Dailey, William Prindle, Ginny Ruffner, Toots Zynsky, and other American glass artists who have been invited to work in the Venetian glass factory of Paolo Venini; through 1/7. • "Venetian Glass: 20th Century Italian Glass From the Olnick Spanu Collection." Works by Flavio Poli, Carlos Scarpa, Thomas Stearns, Paolo Venini, and other glass artists from the collection of Nancy Olnick and Giorgio Spanu; through 1/7. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History
Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society at Midtown
"Power and Desire: South Asian Paintings From the San Diego Museum of Art, Edwin Binney 3rd Collection." Paintings created under the patronage of rulers of South Asian courts between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; through 1/7. • 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Tues.–Sat. 10–6; Sun. noon-5. $4, $2 students and seniors (free Tues.–Fri. 12–2).

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts
"Women Designers in the U.S.A., 1900–2000: Diversity and Difference"; through 2/25. • 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts
"Leonardo Drew." One new sculpture composed of two sections—one of cotton and the other of wood and found objects—and related drawings; through 3/4. • "Carlos Garaicoa: The Ruins, The Utopia." Drawing, photographs, and mixed-media and video installations by a Havana-based artist; through 3/4. • "Context: Mexico's Taller de Gráfica Popular and Its Legacy." Prints from the museum's permanent collection made by various members of the workshop; through 3/4. • 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art
"Nardo di Cione." An exhibition celebrating the reunion of the museum's Nardo di Cione altarpiece, *Madonna and Child Enthroned With Saints*, and its "lost" uppermost panel; through 2/18. • "Robots, Astronauts, and Space Toys: The Robert Lesser Collection." Almost 300 robots and space toys displayed with their original packaging; through 1/28. • "Gold of the Nomads: Scythian Treasures From Ancient Ukraine." More than 170 articles of personal adornment, ceremony, and battle created by Scythian artists and Greek goldsmiths; through 1/21. • "Lee Krasner." The first full-scale retrospective of the American abstract painter since her death in 1984; through 1/7. • "Hip-Hop Nation: Roots, Rhymes, and Rage." An exhibition exploring the growth of hip-hop music through music, video, photography, clothing, and ephemera from its earliest stages through the present day; through 12/31. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution
"The Opulent Eye of Alexander Girard." A retrospective of works by the mid-century American designer and architect (1907–1993); through 3/18. • "Masterpieces From the Vitra Design Museum: Furnishing the Modern Era." Furniture selected for its importance in the evolution of industrial furniture design; through 2/4. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum of Art
"A Distant Muse: Orientalist Works From the Dahesh Museum of Art." Paintings, sculpture, prints, drawings, photographs, books, and decorative arts by Jean-Léon Gérôme, Charles-Théodore Frère, Ernst Koerner, and other European Orientalists; through 12/30. • 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts
"Panamarenko: *Orbit*." An exhibition pairing the Belgian artist's key work, *Aeromodeller*, an experimental flying machine built in 1969–71, with a work created this year; through 6/17. • "Bridget Riley: *Reconnaissance*." The British artist's seminal paintings from the sixties and seventies in which carefully calibrated geometric patterns seem to move rhythmically across a canvas; through 6/17. • "Jorge Pardo: *Project*." A transformation of the Dia Center's 6,000-square-foot ground floor featuring colored ceramic tiles, mural paintings, glass dividers, stylish seating, increased natural light, and an expanded bookstore; through 6/17. • "Rodney Graham and Bruce Nauman: . . . *the nearest faraway place* . . ." New and earlier works by both artists that reflect their shared interests in the myth of the American West; through 6/17. • 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Frick Collection
"The Draftsman's Art: Master Drawings From the National Gallery of Scotland." Drawings by Da Vinci, Raphael, and other old masters, as well as works by Scottish artists; through 2/25. • "Raeburn's *The Reverend Robert Walker Skating on Duddingston Loch*." Sir Henry Raeburn's celebrated skating minister on loan from the National Gallery of Scotland; through 1/21. • "Mantegna's *Descent Into Limbo*, From the Barbara Piasecka Johnson Collection." A smaller version of Mantegna's original masterpiece that was probably painted by the artist for Ferdinand Carlo, the last Duke of Mantua, around 1470–75; through 8/1. • "Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney on Loan From the Greentree Foundation." Works by Corot, Degas, Manet, Picasso, Redon; through 7/29. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery
"Ben Shahn's New York: The Photography of Modern Times." Photographs of New York City in the thirties by the Social Realist painter; through 1/27. • 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
"Giorgio Armani." A look at the career of the fashion designer through thematic groupings of his designs from the past 25 years; through 1/17. • "Amazons of the Avant-Garde: Alexandra Exter, Natalia Goncharova, Liubov Popova, Olga Rozanova, Varvara Stepanova, and Nadezhda Udaltsova." Paintings and works on paper by six Russian avant-garde women artists, drawn from more than 30 public and private collections; through 1/7. • "Project for a New Guggenheim Museum in New York City." Architect Frank Gehry's preliminary plans and models for a new Guggenheim developed in connection with the museum's response to a Request for Proposals issued by the New York City Economic Development Corporation for the development of Piers 9, 13, and 14 on the East River in lower Manhattan; through 4/21. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Japan Society
"Yes Yoko Ono." The first American retrospective of works by the avant-garde artist, including objects, installations, language pieces, films, photographs, music, and performance art dating from 1960 to the present; through 1/14. • 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum
"Charlotte Salomon: Life? Or Theatre?" The first New York exhibit of gouaches by this artist (1917–1943), who drew on her own experience, and that of her family, in Nazi Germany; through 3/25. • "Light x Eight: The Hanukkah Project 2000." Works that manipulate light by eight contemporary artists, among them Angela Bulloch, Anish Kapoor, and Matthew McCaslin; through 1/28. • "Morocco: Jews and Art in a Muslim Land." Decorative objects, artworks, costumes, and photographs documenting Jewish life in Morocco for the past 2,000 years; through 2/11. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 pay what you wish); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

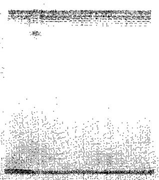
Metropolitan Museum of Art
"A Century of Design, Part III: 1950–1975." The third in a four-part series of exhibitions surveying twentieth-century design in all media; through 4/1. • "Annual Christmas Tree and Neapolitan Crèche"; through 1/7. • "The Still Lifes of Evaristo Baschenis: The Music of Silence." Paintings by the seventeenth-century Italian artist known for his poetic still lifes of musical instruments; through 3/4. • "Rain From the Moon: Silver in Ancient Peru." Approximately 130 silver objects from private and public collections in the United States; through 4/22. • "The Golden Deer of Eurasia: Scythian and Sarmatian Treasures From the Russian Steppes." Works of gold and silver recently excavated at Filippovka in southern Russia, along with related Scythian, Sarmatian, and Siberian objects from the State Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg; through 2/4. • "Romanticism and the School of Nature: Nineteenth-Century Drawings and Paintings From the Karen B. Cohen Collection." Works by Constable, Couture, Daubigny, Delacroix, Rousseau, others; through 1/21. • "The Year One: Art of the Ancient World, East and West." Works of art from Western Europe, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Middle East, India, China, Southeast Asia, and the Americas from the museum's collections that were produced some 2,000 years ago in the period just before and after the Year One; through 1/14. • "Egyptian Art at Eton College: Selections From the Myers Museum." Ancient Egyptian decorative artworks that were acquired by Major William Joseph Myers (1858–1899), an alumnus of the college; through 1/21. • "Thomas Sully in the Metropolitan." Paintings and drawings by the Philadelphia portraitist (1783–1872) from the museum's collection, including self-portraits, depictions of prominent social figures, members of the artist's family, and other subjects; through 12/31. • "Art and the Empire City: New York, 1825–1861." Paintings, sculpture, architectura drawings, photographs, and decorative arts created i New York City, from the museum's own collection and from lenders in the United States and Europe through 1/17. • "La Divine Comtesse: Photograph of the Countess de Castiglione." Photographs of th Countess de Castiglione, the mistress of Napoleon II and considered a great beauty of her day, that wer taken by the photographer Pierre-Louis Pierson under her direction; through 12/31. • "The Embodie Image: Chinese Calligraphy from the John B. Elliot Collection." Hanging scrolls, handscrolls, albun leaves, and letters from the Elliott Collection of th Princeton University Art Museum, accompanied by selection of calligraphic works from the Metropolitan's collection; through 1/7. • "American Modern 1925–1940—Design for a New Age." More than 10 objects from the museum's collection and from th

Season's Gleanings

"Tibor de Nagy Gallery: The First Fifty Years"
Tibor de Nagy Gallery, 724 Fifth Avenue, near 57th Street; through January 20

Eighteen superlative early works (by Red Grooms, Grace Hartigan, Fairfield Porter, Larry Rivers, others), on loan from private collections and museums, that have been shown in this gallery since its founding by Hungarian refugee Tibor de Nagy (pictured, far right, with his partner, John Bernard Myers, at the gallery's first exhibition in 1950).

"Thrifting"
Lombard-Freid Fine Arts, 531 West 26th Street; through January 6

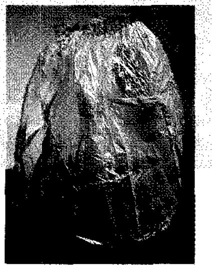


Maybe it's the wide-open spaces or all that old oil money, but Texas has become quite the spawning ground for artistic talent. Now Kerry Inman, the director of Houston's Inman Gallery, has rounded up seven Lone Star State residents—among them Bill Davenport, Francesca Fuchs, Katrina Moorhead, and Dario Robleto—who transform used objects and low-tech materials into sublimely witty paintings and sculpture (left, Fuchs's *Thermos*, 1998).

"Party Pictures: From Studio 54 to Cannes 2000"
Lawrence Rubin • Greenberg Van Doren • Fine Art, 730 Fifth Avenue; through January 6

If there's a distinction between paparazzi pictures and party snapshots, it's that the former generally invade a subject's space whereas the latter, at their best, make you feel as if you were there. Or at least that appears to be the objective of the stylistically disparate social observers gathered in this exhibition: Jessica Craig-Martin (right, *AmFAR Benefit, Cannes*, 2000), Larry Fink, Paul Graham, Tod Papageorge, Andy Warhol, and Garry Winogrand.

"soft core"
Joseph Helman Gallery, 20 West 57th Street; through January 20



Ever since Marcel Duchamp presented an Underwood typewriter's cloth cover as a readymade in 1916, sculptors have been exploring the metaphorical possibilities of softness. This show, however, sticks to squishies from the sixties forward, pairing such icons as a Claes Oldenburg vinyl light switch, a Robert Morris felt piece, and Eva Hesse's *Model for Augment and Aught*—stacked latex sheets the size of dollar bills—with the works of newcomers like Julie Allen (left, *Bird of Paradise,* 2000), Lee Boroson, and Lucky DeBellevue.

John C. Waddell Collection, including furniture, clocks, appliances, lamps, posters, nd textiles; through 1/9. • "Painters in Paris: 895–1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, éger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked Paris; through 12/31. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. 12-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and at. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. he Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. :30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); 10, $5 students and seniors.

organ Library
Ruskin's Italy, Ruskin's England." An exhibition commemorating the centenary of the death of the English critic, artist, and social commentator (1819–1900) through letters, diaries, sketchbooks, photographs, and other materials from the library's holdings; through 1/7. • "Collecting for Centuries: Anniversary Gifts." An exhibition honoring the library's seventy-fifth anniversary as a public institution and the fiftieth anniversary of the Association of Fellows, including more than 100 works received by and promised to the library; through 1/7. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10:30–8, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio
"Latin American Artist-Photographers From the Lehigh University Art Galleries Collection." More than 100 photographs by 50 modern and contemporary Latin American and Latino artists drawn from the permanent collection of the Lehigh University Art Galleries, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; through 1/14. • 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.-Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art
"In the Presence of Spirits: African Art From the National Museum of Ethnology, Lisbon." Artworks from Angola, Mozambique, and Guinea-Bissau; through 12/31. • 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.-Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun.12–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art
"An Engagement With Folk Art, Cyril I. Nelson's Gifts to the Museum." Quilts, textiles, coverlets, painted and decorated furniture, paintings, and other works given to the museum by one of its trustees; through 1/7. • Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art
"MOMA 2000: Open Ends." An exhibition comprising approximately twelve separate exhibitions of the museum's acquisitions in all media since 1960, including paintings, sculpture, photography, video, design, and architectural drawings and models; through 1/20. • "Collection Highlights." More than 45 masterworks from the museum's permanent collection of painting and sculpture; through 1/28. • "Projects 70: Janine Antoni, Shahzia Sikander, Kara Walker." Three new banners displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 3/13. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.-Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York
"Guys & Dolls: The Fabled Musical of Broadway." Scene designs, costumes, photographs, and ephemera drawn from the archives of composer Frank Loesser and playwright Abe Burrows that reveal how they turned the Damon Runyon story "The Idyll of Miss Sarah Brown" into the 1950 hit musical; through 6/10. • "The City Shops: Photographs by Martha Cooper and Fred W. McDarrah." Images from the sixties to the present documenting shops in New York City neighborhoods; through 4/15. • "A Portrait of Paris: Eugène Atget at Work." Images of architecture in Paris at the turn of the last century, taken by the French photographer during the last two decades of his life; through 2/4. • "Life of the People: Realist Prints and Drawings From the Ben and Beatrice Rose Collection, 1912–1948." Works by Jacob Burck, Hugo Gellert, Louis Lozowick, John Sloan, and other Social Realists who were working in the first half of the twentieth century; through 1/14. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology
"Perry Ellis." Fourteen of the designer's outfits that were donated to the museum by the Perry Ellis Morphos Collection; through 1/13. • "A Woman's Hand: Designing Textiles in America, 1945–1969." Printed, woven, and knitted textiles for interiors and apparel by more than 40 women designers; through 1/13. • "Bonnie Cashin, Practical Dreamer." An exhibition paying tribute to the American clothing designer through designs, childhood and professional sketches, photographs, film stills, clips, personal scrapbooks, and other ephemera; through 1/6. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.-Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design
"Rave Reviews: American Art and Its Critics, 1826–1925." An exhibition examining the Academy's role in shaping the formation of American art criticism, with paintings by George Bellows, Thomas Cole, Thomas Eakins, Childe Hassam, Winslow Homer, John Singer Sargent, and others; through 12/31. • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs.12–5, Fri. 10–6, Sat. and Sun. 10–5; $5.

New Museum of Contemporary Art
"Pierre et Gilles." Hand-painted photographs from

otographs from top to bottom: Hans Namuth; courtesy of the artist and Lombard-Freid Gallery; urtesy of Lawrence Rubin Greenberg van Doren; courtesy of Joseph Helman Gallery.

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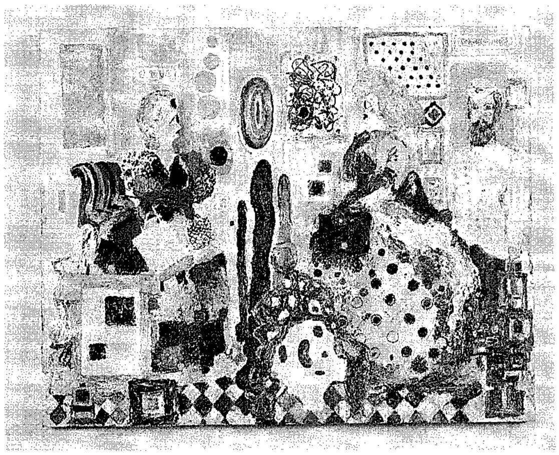
Painting Party

Revive your flagging holiday spirits with **Thomas Trosch**'s latest luscious paintings of sophisticated party animals of the past. This time around, the settings are New York and Connecticut living rooms circa 1965 (think Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Slim Aarons, Truman Capote, Sister Parish), just the right milieu for Trosch's Florine Stettheimer-meets-James Ensor palette. At Fredericks Freiser Gallery, 504 West 22nd Street; through January 6.



Photograph courtesy of Fredericks Freiser Galle

the past two decades by the French collaborative team; through 1/7. • "Adrian Piper: A Retrospective and MEDI(t)Ations." Objects, installations, performances, videos, and soundworks by the artist known for her identity-based works; through 1/21. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12-6, Thurs.-Sat. 12-8 (free Thurs. 6-8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library

"Utopia: The Search for the Ideal Society in the Western World." A collaborative exhibition between the NYPL and the Bibliothèque Nationale de France featuring works from both institutions' collections on the theme of Utopia; through 1/27. • "Drawings by Charles Addams." A rotating selection of drawings by the *New Yorker* cartoonist; through 6/30. • Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues. and Wed. 11-7:30, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free

New-York Historical Society

"Eye of the Storm: The Civil War Drawings of Robert Knox Sneden." Watercolors, maps, and drawings depicting Robert K. Sneden's experience as a soldier in a New York regiment of the Army of the Potomac, as a Union map-maker, and as a prisoner of war in some of the worst Confederate prisons; through 12/31. • "Pray for Me: American Wartime Messages, 1759–1968." Letters, prints, and photographs drawn from the society's collection; through 12/31. • "Elder Grace: The Nobility of Aging." Photographs of 80 African-American women and men by Chester Higgins, Jr.; through 3/4. • "Intimate Friends: Thomas Cole, Asher Durand, William Cullen Bryant." Paintings, manuscripts, and periodicals relating to Cole and Durand, founders of the Hudson River School, and their poet-editor friend; through 2/4. • "Inventing the Skyline: The Architecture of Cass Gilbert." Sketches, presentation drawings, letters, and other materials from the society's Cass Gilbert Collection, relating to such projects as the U.S. Customs House and the Woolworth Building; through 1/21. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center

"Disasters of War: Works by Francisco de Goya, Henry Darger, and Jake and Dinos Chapman." Works that mediate horrific historical events; through 2/25. • "Georges Adéagbo: *Abraham—L'ami de Dieu*." Installations by a West African artist that combine paintings, sculptures, books, handwritten texts, photographs, newspaper articles, and objects; through 3/29. • "Special Projects Program, Winter 2000." New projects by Geyer and Hayes, Pilson, and Rakowitz; through 1/30. • "John Wesley." The first U.S. retrospective of works by thi painter known for his palette of pinks and baby blues, his use of painted "frames" within his pictures, and his daydreamlike combinations of emblems, historical and comic-book figures, animals and sexy women; through 1/15. • "Santiago Sierra." A sculpture and performance work by a Mexico-based artist; through 1/15. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., a 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun 12-6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art

"Seductions and Games: Recent Video Installation by Maureen Connor." The first American survey o the artist's interactive-media production; throug 1/28. • "Tiffany Behind the Glass." An exhibitio focusing on the construction, manufacture, marketing, and conservation of lamp and window production; through 2/4. • New York City Building, Flushin Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700) Tues.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; $5, $2.50 student and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem

"Whitfield Lovell: Whispers From the Walls." A mixed-media installation inspired by the forced removal of a thriving African-American communit in Denton, Texas, in 1921; through 12/31. • "Isaa Julien: Vagabondia." A video installation by a Britis filmmaker that is his response to the Sir John Soan Museum in London, which houses an eccentri collection of antiquities amassed by Soane in th eighteenth century; through 1/7. • "Martin Puryear The *Cane* Project." A series of woodblock prints b the sculptor that were inspired by Harlem Renaissance writer Jean Toomer's classic novel *Cane* through 1/7. • 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed and Thurs. 12-6, Fri. 12-8, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art

"Sol LeWitt: Retrospective." A survey of th artist's wall drawings, structures, photographs, an works on paper from the past 40 years; throug 2/25. • "Edward Steichen." A retrospective of th photographer's work including nearly 200 vintag prints as well as rarely seen examples of his wor as a painter, designer of textiles, and curator of exhibitions; through 2/4. • "Roni Horn: Still Wate (The River Thames, for Example." A piece comprising fifteen photographic images, printed a lithographs, of the surface of the River Thame through 1/14. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212 570-3676); Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Fri 1- (pay what you wish every Fri. 6-9); $10, $8 student seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Phili Morris

"Sowon Kwon: Two or Three Corridors." A site-specific installation of artworks chosen by the artist fro the private hallways of Philip Morris Compani Inc.'s international headquarters; through 1/5. • 12 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. t 7:30); free.

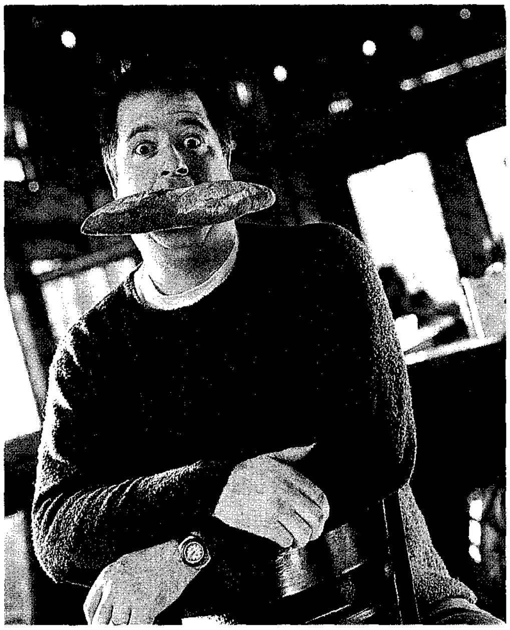
Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

Tasting

Asia de Brooklyn

Alan Harding, the godfather of the Smith Street restaurant renaissance, has fashioned two fearlessly fusion'd offerings for his new sandwich lounge, **Little Pho**, which abuts the original Uncle Pho and serves a light menu on weekends. Reinventing the traditional Vietnamese sandwich of pâté and weird condiments, Harding has come up with a melange of crumbled pork, saucisson d'Arles, cucumber, and watercress, laced with Thai hot sauce: If Catherine Deneuve's character in *Indochine* were to order a sloppy Joe, this would be it. Also on the menu, a BLT of duck confit in Asian five-spices and piquant red-onion marmalade on brioche toast, as well as a vegetable-and-noodle egg roll with quince dipping sauce, kind of Pad Thai in a Blanket. (261 Smith Street, near Degraw Street, Brooklyn; 718-855-8709.) PETER KAMINSKY



New and Noteworthy

★ AZ
f you think pan-Asian fusion is so last decade, make aste to the Flatiron triplex that used to be Flowers, emade with a glass elevator and retractable roof and ow home to chef Patricia Yeo and her inspired culi-ary inventions. What works? A trio of sensational hutneys on Indian flatbread, and lapsang souchon-moked quail with scallion pancakes, for starters. A treet-level lounge caters to lighter appetites. • 21 W. 7th St. (212-691-8888). (E)

★ Baldoria
rank Pellegrino Jr.'s father earned the nickname rankie No after years of politely declining requests or reservations at Rao's, his ten-table East Harlem elebrity hangout. Junior offers better odds in the the-ter district: 136 seats, plus a raw bar upstairs. A fugi-ive from Felidia's posh kitchen adds some verve to the ome-style Neapolitan seafood salad and roasted pep-ers Pellegrino borrowed from his dad uptown. • 249 V. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

★ Blue Hill
lex Urena's seasonal American menu draws on his ooking tour of France and Spain, which is where he icked up the haute habit of garnishing food with oam (to wit: a delicious asparagus soup with Parme-an froth). But despite a certain culinary trendiness, e atmosphere couldn't be more congenial or the ervice less pretentious. The room is pretty, too, com-rtable and sophisticated, and the three-sided lime-one bar accommodates diners and drinkers alike. • 75 ashington Pl. (212-539-1776). (M–E)

★ Brasserie
ostalgists may have wished for a clone of the origi-al Brasserie. This ain't it. But the redesign is stunning d the big-brother video screens make as much of our entrance as those bygone steps used to. The clas-c French food (think onion soup, duck cassoulet, andatory beignets) is satisfying and served nearly ontinuously from breakfast through late night—a elcome anomaly in this otherwise early-to-bed ecinct. • 100 E. 53rd St. (212-751-4840). (M–E)

Brasserie 8 1/2
t this souped-up designer bookend to the newly odish Brasserie, you get big brasserie dishes plus a pumpkin-carpeted-diva staircase entrance, and two subterranean, airport lounge style bars. The simpler menu choices tend to be better, like the frisée salad and the cornflake-crusted crab cakes. The evening scene is overcooked, but lunch at bar No. 2 (the blue green one) is better. • 9 W. 57th St. (212-829-0812). (M–E)

★ Caffé La Grolla
The itty-bitty offshoot of Ristorante La Grolla performs three essential functions: It accommodates 28 extra bodies; it provides a more casual, late-night alternative to its popular parent; and it delivers. The menu's an appealing mix of La Grolla classics its regulars can't live without (veal scallopine, scrumptious artichokes) and brand-new dishes like supernally moist roasted pork loin and Neapolitan-style pizzas. • 411A Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-579-9200). (I–M)

★ Chicama
Douglas Rodriguez is so disarmingly inventive that he could serve his spectacular seviches, his drippingly seductive goat stew, and his daunting, did-Mom-ever-make-it-like-this? suckling pig from a lean-to in Union Square and there'd be no room left for the other vendors. Instead, he inhabits a rustic dream hut that takes you somewhere north of Brazil, east of Mardi Gras, and south of Heaven. • 35 E. 18th St. (212-505-2233). (M–E)

Chinghalle
At what Mark Strausman calls his "midlife-crisis restaurant," the indefatigable force behind Campagna and Fred's at Barneys has gone off in a newish food direction, somewhere between *Thin Man*-era supper club fare (Waldorf crab salad, London broil à la Diane) and the chef's own intensely satisfying Jewish-Italian oeuvre (chicken livers sautéed in port, grilled pizza). Decorative touches like Belgian train-seat booths and naked-bulb chandeliers suit the artfully aged premises, once a meatpacking plant. • 50 Gansevoort St. (212-242-3200). (M)

City Eatery
Who knows? With a spiffy renovation and new chef Scott Conant (formerly of Chianti and San Domenico) in the kitchen turning out lusty braised short ribs, zesty pastas, and olive-oil-poached tuna, the dining room formerly known as Astor Restaurant may become as popular a NoHo destination as the lively lounge downstairs. • 316 Bowery (212-253-8644). (I–M)

Cocina Cuzco
This colorful room decorated with Incan pottery is connected to the jungle-themed Lemongrass Grill next door; they're both part of a restaurant empire that includes the eight-branch Lemongrass Thai-food chain, plus assorted Japanese, Korean, and Malaysian kitchens. But there's no culinary confusion on this traditional Peruvian menu, which features seven kinds of seviche, succulent rotisserie chicken, and varying degrees of aji-pepper-spiced sauces. • 55 Ave. A (212-529-3469). (I) ($).

Daily Chow
Forget about Alice's restaurant—you can get any (Asian) thing you want right on the Bowery. Rather than stick to any particular country or cuisine, Brad Kelley's friendly followup to Kelley & Ping and Kin Khao aims to please everyone with a greatest-hits menu: edamame, summer rolls, pad Thai, bi bim bop, mushu vegetables, even a wok station for made-to-order stir-fries. • 2 E. Second St. (212-254-7887). (I–M)

Dim Sum gogo
What do you get when a French-American food writer (Colette Rossant) collaborates with a Hong Kong chef (Guy Lieu)? Dumpling dough flavored with beet juice, seasoned beef patties on steamed buns with taro fries, roast chicken smothered with fried garlic stems, and 24 kinds of dumplings. Plus four variations on the dough-wrapper theme, four different sauces, and microwave-safe takeout containers. • 5 E. Broadway (212-732-0797). (I–M)

★ The Dining Room
You know how you love cooking those intimate dinners at home for just you and your close friends? Oh, you don't. Well then don't you wish you were at one? This scrumptious example of turning lemons into lemon soufflé not only transforms an awkward layout

Ground Rules

These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations, either for outstanding overall quality or in recognition of at least one exceptional feature, and are usually awarded after the restaurant has been formally reviewed. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive; (M) = moderate; (I) = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; ($) = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

otograph by Bruce Katz.

into a series of cozy hideaways but it gets you all warm and snuggly with hearty American cuisine that surprisingly weighs less than the conversations around it. • 154 E. 79th St. (212-327-2500). (M–E)

District

At this new hotel restaurant, David Rockwell's design makes playful reference to the theater-district locale, and Sam DeMarco's menus make mouthwatering reference to the fun, original food he popularized downtown at First. For breakfast, there's the Scramble (smoked salmon, cream-cheese fondue, latkes, and dill-caper gremolata). For lunch, "double features" like potato pierogi with a brisket sandwich. Plus a $28 pre-theater dinner and a late-night "mini-bar." • 130 W. 46th St. (212-485-2999). (M)

★ Esca

Somewhere in between overseeing Babbo and Lupa, taping his cooking show, and just basking in the glory of his own undeniable greatness, Mario Batali has found time to earn another gastronomic gold star. At Esca, the overachiever in the orange clogs, partner Joe Bastianich, and chef David Pasternack do for Southern Italian seafood what Le Bernardin has done for French: The poured concrete bar with a built-in conduit for ice and oysters is an inspired take on raw-shellfish service; crudo (think Italian sashimi) is incredibly fresh and of the highest quality; pastas like spaghetti with fresh chiles, mint, and a one-pound lobster are irresistible. And the whole fish for two, roasted in a sea-salt crust that's cracked tableside, is a riveting performance worthy of the theater-district locale. • 402 W. 43rd St. (212-564-7272). (M–E)

Fleur de Sel

Chef Cyril Renaud wanted his first restaurant to be a personal statement. So he hung his own watercolors, painted the menu covers, and named the place after the highly prized, hand-harvested sea salt that's native to Brittany, just like him. His $52 prix fixe menu is small and changes daily, so there's no telling when you might see that lobster-avocado salad or venison fillet with juniper berries and orange zest again. • 5 E. 20th St. (212-460-9100). (M–E)

Opening

Joya Cooking

With a sleek interior, Napster-fresh world music on the stereo, and a large and well-executed menu of Thai standbys, **Joya** brings New Age spirit to a cuisine that had become too predictable. The menu is straight-ahead Southeast Asia—tom kha gai, noodles, lemongrass everywhere—but everything's super-fresh and highly accurate. And the open kitchen lets diners see what actually goes into those mystifying curries and hot dipping sauces. (215 Court Street, at Warren Street, Brooklyn; 718-222-3484.) P.K.

★ 44 & X Hell's Kitchen

John Tesar's inspired new American cooking packs this handsome room nightly with Hell's Kitchen locals and clued-in theatergoers, happy to find such good food and friendly service this far west. After feeding Wall Street warriors downtown at Vine, Tesar's traded in some of his fancier flourishes for a renewed focus on down-home dishes like rich and gooey mac-and-cheese, crispy buttermilk fried chicken and chive waffles, and individual meat loaf swathed in tomato sauce. • 622 Tenth Ave. at 44th St. (212-977-1170). (M–E)

★ Gnocco Caffe

Co-owner Pierluigi Palazzo named this East Village café after the traditional Modenese snack of crispy, puffy fried dough, usually served with prosciutto di Parma. But just to complicate matters, the gently-priced menu also offers two versions of gnocchetti (an entirely different, equally delicious thing), plus well-dressed, unusually fresh salads and an unassuming pork tenderloin lavished with Parmigiano-Reggiano shavings and an aged-balsamic emulsion. • 337 E. 10th St. (212-677-1913). (I)

★ Grand Sichuan Int'l Midtown

Each successive branch of this Szechuan chainlet has become progressively glitzier, culminating in this location's chandeliers and wall to wall carpeting. What separates this one from the kung pao pack is menu oddities like the eight dishes inspired by a Chinese TV show and a super-spicy category called "Mao's home cooking." (The chairman liked his chili peppers—who knew?) • 745 Ninth Ave., nr. 50th St. (212-582-2288). (I)

★ Guastavino's

They could serve tuna casserole and you'd still be in awe of one of the most spectacular restorations of a neglected urban space. Don't worry. It's ok to drop your jaw at the first sight of the towering Alhambran arches. Everybody does. Though you may not be as impressed with what's put in front of you, Guastavino's is one of those massive undertakings that may take a long time to get things right. In the meantime, enjoy the scenery. • 409 E. 59th St. (212-980-2455). (M–E)

ike

In some quarters—even in the outré East Village, apparently—the phrase "American food" still evokes tuna casserole and TV dinners, three of which are actually on the menu at this stylish throwback to the Eisenhower era. But so are latter-day reworkings of deviled eggs, cornflake-crusted fish sticks, and lobster-and-spinach Thermidor cassolette, plus all the classic cocktails you never imagined drinking with Salisbury steak. • 103 Second Ave. (212-388-0388). (I–M)

Le Zinc

Once you open a place like Chanterelle, where do you go from there? If you're Karen and David Waltuck, you head two blocks south and two blocks east to open a casual bistro—the perfect spot to unwind after a long night shaving truffles. With a few Asian exceptions, the menu reads like the homespun work of someone who's sown his wild *hautes*: assorted charcuterie, steak-frites, Provençal fish stew, "Grandma's Szeged goulash." A burger, even. And nothing over $19. • 139 Duane St. (212-513-0001). (I–M)

★ Los Dos Molinos

Not since Drew flashed Dave has Manhattan witnessed a hotter display than the one at Los Dos Molinos—the Union Square branch of the popular Arizona restaurant. The slow, satisfying burn begins with chips and fiery salsa and continues with familiar but superlative Mexican-American fare. Entrées like irresistibly hot "adovada" pork ribs come with rice and beans, a good homemade flour tortilla, and an apology in advance printed on the menu: "Sorry we do no provide a mild sauce, I do not know how to mak 'mild,' " reads the chef's mission statement–indemnit clause. • 119 E. 18th St. (212-505-1574). (I–M)

★ Lotus

Everything you wanted from a trendy club-bar-restaurant and less. Less attitude, less discomfort, less elbow contact, and less forgettable food. Lotus is blooming surprise. A slight kitchiness keeps it warm Nice guy owners keep it friendly. And chef Richar Farnabe keeps you well fed. Think of the velvet rop outside as a ribbon. And Lotus as a gift. • 409 W. 14t St. (212-243-4420). (M–E)

★ Macelleria

Vegetarians beware: The name is Italian for "butche shop," which the cozy back room still resembles, an the space used to be a meat locker. But there's muc more to chef Jeffrey Edwards's menu than his dry-aged porterhouse for two. Whole peppercorns enlive Gorgonzola salad dressing. Zesty fennel sausages ador a cannelini-bean stew. Delectable pastas are serve with hearty ragus, perfect for fall. • 48 Gansevoort St (212-741-2555). (M)

★ Merge

Chef Sam DeMarco and his partners have a knack fo creating neighborhood restaurants good enough t leave your neighborhood for. At Merge, in the former Indigo space, they've done it again. A cool, comfortable room, a friendly staff, a festive mood, signatur "tiny tini" cocktails, and DeMarco's inspired multiculti neo-American cooking are an irresistable dra for locals as well as interlopers. Sunday evenings, "Gino's *Soprano* Style Dinner," a $25 prix fixe Italian American feast, is an absolute steal. • 142 W. 10th S (212-691-7757). (M) AE only.

Mirchi

A modern Indian restaurant that takes the street out street food. The main attraction here is an ope kitchen equipped with two *tawas*. The large saucer shaped griddles that look like cast-iron gongs are use to prepare traditional Indian street food like tak-a-ta a heavily spiced stir-fry of chopped vegetables an herbs, accessorized with chicken, lamb, or chicken liver, and served like tapas with little KFC-style dinn rolls. • 29 Seventh Ave. So. (212-414-0931). (I–M)

Neo

If you've ever wondered how sushi would taste enhanced by condiments other than wasabi and sc sauce, this is the place to find out. Chef Ste Wong, also known as Neo, has concocted over sauces to compliment his sushi, from tofu to onio aioli. Plus inventive Japanese fusion dishes, tempur and a raw bar. • 2298 Broadway, nr. 83rd St. (212-76 1003). (M–E)

Photograph by Bruce Ka

★ Orsay
The new version of *The Exorcist* isn't nearly as chilling as what Jean de Noyer must have gone through ridding the demons from this place. But from the ash of Mortimer's musty chicken hash, Orsay has risen, a brasserie swirling with seductive arches and good cheer, giving the Upper East Side the kind of French tickle it sorely needs. The former regulars never had it so good. Do you think they'd know the diff? • 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (212-517-6400). (M)

★ Peasant
Peasant is exactly right. From its stunningly backlit brick-walled kitchen that features only open-fire cooking to its incredibly appealing Tuscan menu, chef-owner Frank De Carlo has reason to bust his buttons every night, and you have almost too many reasons to undo a couple of yours. And thanks to some recent soundproofing, you no longer need to shout to get your share of impeccably al dente pastas, and meltingly tender osso buco in a risottolike nest of farro. • 194 Elizabeth St. (212-965-9511). (M)

★ Pipa
Doug Rodriguez has done Nuevo Latino at Patria and Chicama. Now he's tackling old-world Spanish (sort of). A field trip to Galicia yielded dozens of recipes for tapas, casseroles, soups, and flatbreads, all of which undergo subtle and delicious transformation in the chef's inventive hands. To wit: bocarones in escabeche with almond-crusted queso de cabra, crispy anchovies wrapped in sage leaves, and churros with warm chocolate dipping sauce for dessert. Much more radical is the conversion of the old Parlour Cafe into a seductive Iberian oasis with serrano ham hanging from beams and walls studded with enough shells to stock Sanibel Island. • 38 E. 19th St. (212-677-2233). (M)

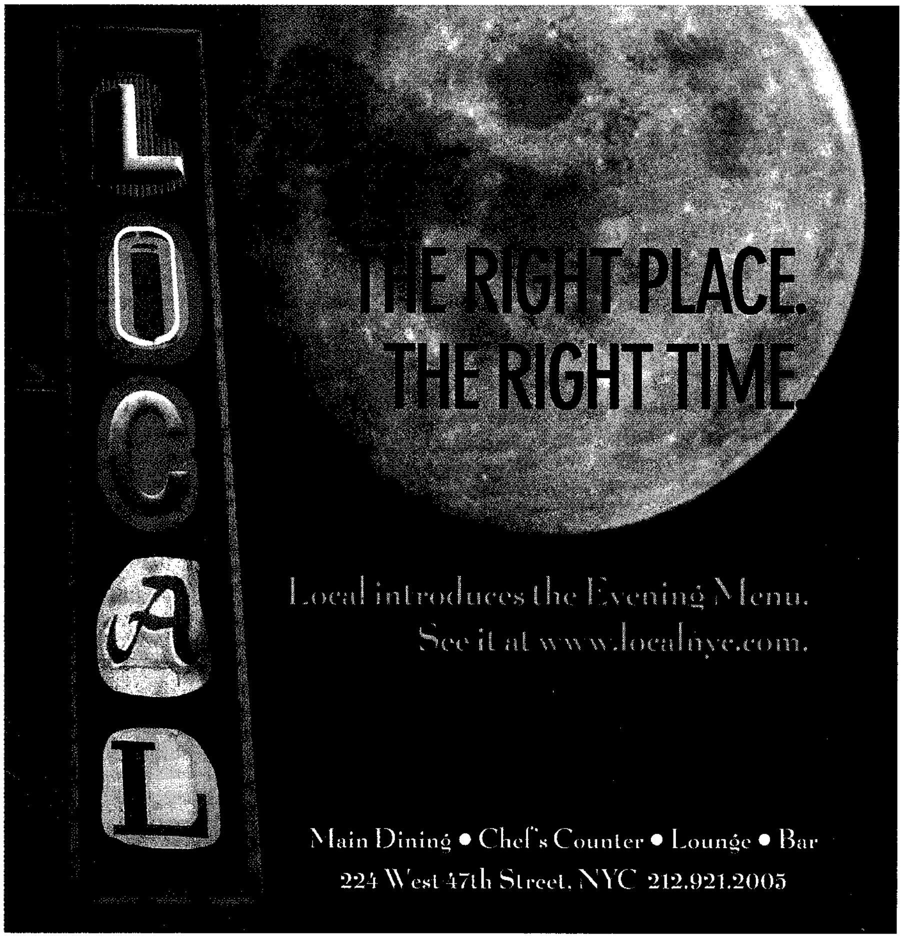
★ Quartino
All that separates this rustic Italian paninoteca and wine bar from the South Street Seaport is a few short blocks and one major mind-set. It's all about the good life, Italian-style, which of course involves wine, served by the mini-carafe; delectable cured meats and imported cheeses; strong espresso; and convivial conversation. But amazingly, no smoking. The owners may be Italian, but they're also (with one or two exceptions) doctors. • 21 Peck Slip (212-349-4433). (I)

★ Rhône
The owners of this former meatpacking-district garage are erstwhile sommeliers with a thing for the Rhone Valley. If you've ever wondered about the difference between a Côte Rotie and a Côtes du Rhône-Villages, this is the place to find out, to the accompaniment of Gramercy Tavern alum Payson Dennis's sophisticated French country cooking. Splurge on lobster-truffle salad or sea bass served with oxtail ragout, or just mellow out at the enormous walnut bar or on a low-slung fifties-era Artifort chair in the lounge area. • 63 Gansevoort St. (212-367-8440). (M-E)

Rosa Mexicano at Lincoln Center
This hyper designed offshoot of Josefina Howard's upscale Mexican restaurant features a floating terazzo staircase ascending a dramatic 40-foot water wall. Not to be upstaged, the signature made-to-order guacamole has survived the commute, as have the pomegranate margaritas. And chef Sergio Remolina has made his own mark with assorted seviches and chile-spiced lamb shank steamed in parchment. 61 Columbus Ave, at 62nd St. (212-977-7700). (M-E)

★ Rose Water
Chef-partner Neil O'Malley used to work at Oznot's Dish in Williamsburg, and it shows in his meze platter and lamb brik. But his tenure at Savoy, where he met partner John Tucker, is equally conpicuous. The menu's seasonal fixation guarantees a harvest of white-lightning corn and heirloom omatoes in the summer. But the careful service, Brooklyn-mellow ambience, and sublime breaded ork chops are good year-round. • 787 Union St. 718-783-3800). (M)

★ A Salt & Battery
The folks from Tea & Sympathy have expanded



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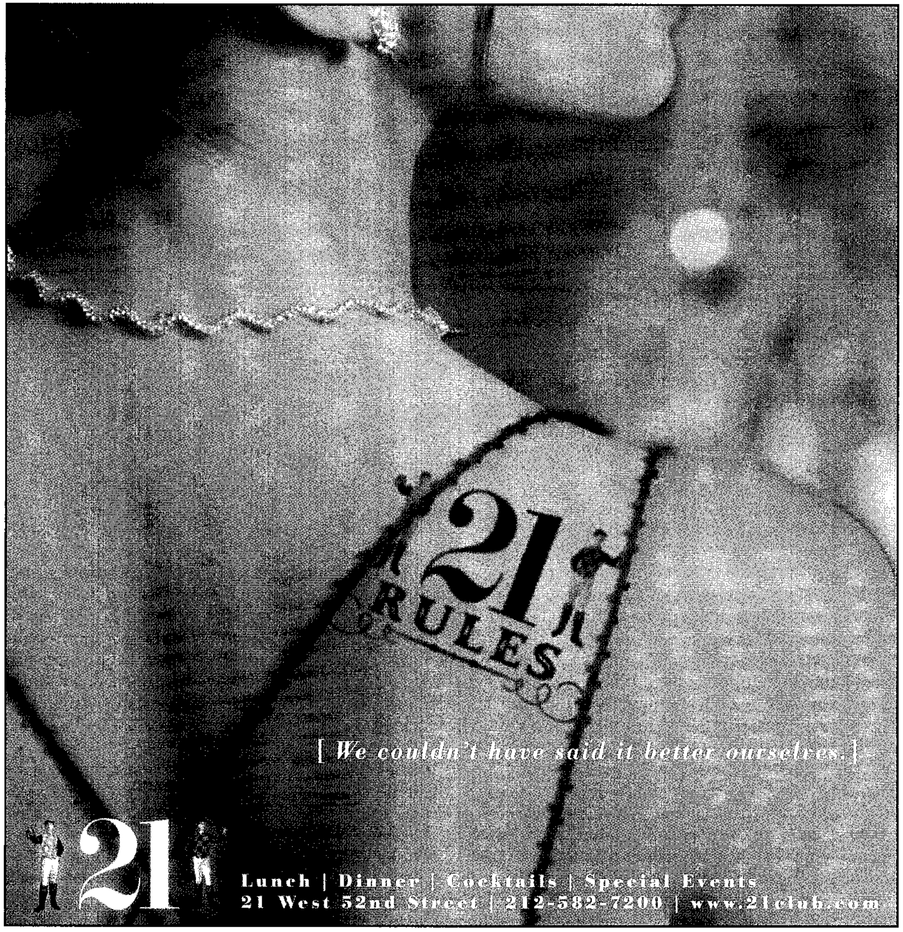

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their British empire with a fish-and-chips shop that literally reeks of authenticity. Aside from the main attraction, properly wrapped in British newspaper, there are mushy peas, pickled onions, Heinz baked beans, and the improbably edible deep-fried Mars Bars. Between orders, a relentlessly cheery staff spouts cockney slang while fry-chef Patsy Carroll—who used to cook in the British Merchant Navy and then, judging by his hoop earrings and Errol Flynn beard, turned pirate—cracks wise. • 112 Greenwich Ave. (212-691-2713). (I-M)

★ Sandro's
Has Roman chef Sandro Fioriti finally settled down? Those of us whose taste buds remember his signature crisp-fried baby artichokes, pan-fried calamari, and classic bucatini amatriciana from the original uptown Sandro's, all revived in this otherwise nondescript Chelsea storefront, can only hope. But judging by his recent restlessness, our advice is to get while the getting's good. • 200 Ninth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (212-633-8033). (M)

★ Sandwich Planet
Owner Will Brown got his start in the sandwich trade a dozen blocks north with his thriving Island Burgers and Shakes. At Planet, he reprises his boldly seasoned, lavishly garnished chicken churascos and hamburgers but also expands his Island oeuvre to include the kind of two-fisted retro sandwiches—Reubens, cheesesteaks, clubs, and croque-monsieurs—that have been displaced recently by wraps and other raised-pinky deviations. • 534 Ninth Ave., nr. 39th St. (212-273-9768). (I) ($)

★ Shelly's New York
The latest restaurant Shelly Fireman has created in his own image inhabits the space that was originally an Art Deco–era Horn & Hardart Automat. Only the assimilative Fireman would offer towering shellfish platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mein, barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowned with seared foie gras and make it work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E)

Tao Asian Bistro
The team behind Rue 57 has transformed the old Palace movie house into a pan-Asian place where the terminally indecisive can share spicy lobster roll with black caviar, Shanghai-style soup dumplings, $10-an-ounce Kobe beef with wasabi, and Peking duck. Book the "sky box," a private dining room where the projectionist's booth used to be, and gaze down on the sixteen-foot Buddha, keeping the peace no doubt. • 42 E. 58th St. (212-888-2288). (M)

★ Tocqueville
At the loveliest new mom and pop shop in town, Marco Moreira and Jo-Ann Markovitzky have taken what they've learned from a decade of catering and added to it all the things they couldn't do in someone else's home to come up with a gently idiosyncratic nook that will take about twenty minutes to charm you. • 15 E. 15th St. (212-647-1515). (M–E)

★ Triomphe
Now that 44th Street west of Fifth is hotel row, the venerable Iroquois has emerged from its midlife stodge with a $13 million makeover and a pocket-size restaurant. Perhaps the prices could be sweeter, but there is refreshing pride in the serving crew, and much to savor on Steven Zobel's menu: tender braised rabbit, oysters simmered in Vermouth cream, sautéed chicken livers, and a commendably serious steak. • 49 W. 44th St. (212-453-4233). (M–E)

★ Vaux Bistro
At the more affordable, family-friendly reincarnation of what used to be Vaux, the menu reads rustic French, with daily specials like coq au vin, beef stew, and bouillabaisse (all $16), plus all the bistro classics we've come to expect: Frisée salad with meaty lardons and hot garlic croutons. Potato-and-leek soup. Terrine de canard. Mussels with addictive first-rate frites. And a chocolate-caramel bread pudding that will make you regret finishing them. • 278 Fifth Ave. nr. 1st St. (718-499-1433). (M)

★ Viareggio
At first glance, there's little to distinguish this dining room from countless others. But the kitchen's another story. Chef Donato Deserio's deft touch with pastas like creamless rigatoni alla vodka reinvigorates old standards, and entrées like a subtle Parmigiano-Reggiano-crusted chicken breast in white wine taste almost new. As does the *amuse-bouche* of spicy tomato salsa, served with crispy fried- cheese wafers. • 1347 Second Ave., at 71st St. (212-585-2900). (M)

Village
After years of pushing steak-frites at places like Odeon and Quatorze, Stephen Lyle has more than mastered the bistro idiom. To prove it, he opened this instantly chic West Village watering hole, which draws a fabulous crowd tired of trying to remember the way to Pastis. Lyle weaves Asian and Mexican accents in dishes like tuna sashimi with grape leaves and oyster pan roast with chipotles; for more buttoned-down bistro tastes there's steak au poivre and potatoes sauteed in duck fat. • 62 W. 9th St. (212-505-3355). (M)

★ Wallsé
Who knew veal goulash could be elegant? Kurt Gutenbrunner's version is an artful mound of tender meat you almost regret toppling. And though dishes like tafelspitz and wiener schnitzel seem like a culinary memoir, the guiding principle here is less goulash than Greenmarket. Local farmers supply Guttenbrunner with lemon thyme for his pike, heirloom tomatoes for his lamb salad, and the sweet strawberries that garnish his elderflower sorbet. Don't miss the quark dumplings. • 344 W. 11th St. (212-352-2300). (M–E)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ Alfanoose
This spotless but otherwise nondescript falafel joint flanked by $10 discount emporiums, makes the best—and neatest—falafel sandwich in town. Co-owner Mouhamad Shami meticulously rolls his expertly seasoned falafel and fresh condiments in an unusually thin and pliant pita, like a burrito, so that all the harmonious components merge in every bite. It's also a great source for Middle Eastern appetizers, flatbreads as well as suberb lamb or vegetarian kibbeh. • 150 Fulton St. (212-349-3622). (I)

★ Aquagrill
Ever since we tasted chef-owner Jeremy Marshall's inspired falafel-crusted salmon, the notion of a naked pink fillet has been tough to swallow. But despite the high level of cooking, an offbeat and well-priced wine list, and unexpected grace notes like a welcoming *amuse-bouche* and complementary petits fours, it's still a rollicking neighborhood spot, where you can park yourself at the lively bar and watch the dexterous oyster shucker in action. • 210 Spring St. (212-274-0505) (M–E)

★ Balthazar
Keith McNally has countless pacesetting restaurant to his credit, but this is his masterpiece, an evocation o a Paris brasserie that outglows anything within Brie-tossing distance of the Seine. Yet for all its visual impact, Balthazar boasts equally compelling fare: tende braised lamb shoulder gets served over garganelli pasta, shepherd's pie is made with duck, grilled tuna float over tomato-and-saffron coulis. And its oyster bar short ribs, bread, and service make you not give damn whether you ever see the Eiffel Tower. • 80 Spring St. (212-965-1414). (M)

★ Bo Ky
There are 30 soups at Bo-Ky. The best way to orde them is by number. Don't read closely to see what's i them. And don't ask. You don't want to know Whether the meat is pork chop or beef belly o chicken leg, just savor the smells wafting up from those bowls of Chinese, Cambodian and Vietnames home cooking. It is tremendous soup, in size, flavo and content. And the prices are pocket change. • 8 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).

★ Bouley Bakery
Love him or hate him, there's no denying that the fa-mously obstreperous David Bouley—bouncing be-tween this kitchen and Danube—gets the job don And his loyal clientele gratefully lap it up in the ethe-real form of degustation menus revolving around su

Opening

Samurai Salad Bar

Like mommies who pretend that a spoon is an airplane and baby's mouth is an emergency landing strip, people in the salad trade know that cajoling the public into eating leafy greens requires a bit of drama. Thus the opening this week of **Chop't Creative Salad Company,** a 25-seat eat-in-or-take-out blondwood-and-stainless-steel salad salon. Chop't picks up where Tossed—the two-year-old choose-it-yourself salad station—left off, not only mixing greenery to order but also chopping it into fork-friendly bits. Customers select their own veggies, lettuces, and various diet-busting ingredients and watch a salad chef positioned in the front window go to work with a mezzaluna—an imposing double-handled gadget with a crescent-shaped blade. (24 East 17th Street; 646-336-5523.)

In the roughage: Chop't partners Colin McCabe, left, and Tony Shure.

Photograph by Carina Sal

erlative seasonal ingredients like skate steamed with resh chamomile, say, or organic baby lamb with ggplant moussaka. • 120 W. Broadway (212-964-2525). M-E)

★ Canteen

t's not that the food is bad; just that it can't compete vith the furniture (the orange-wool-upholstered hairs *in particular). Executive chef* Matthew Kenney has veered off his Mediterranean path to make eople-pleasing comfort food like macaroni and heese, rendered here with Wisconsin Asiago. An abreviated menu is available late at night, when those abulous chairs are most in demand. • 142 Mercer St. 212-431-7676). (M)

apsouto Frères

andmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. lemish-style building hosts local business folks at unch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood egulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes o try include the terrine Provençal and the roast luckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. • 451 Washngton St. (212-966-4900). (M-E)

★ Chanterelle

he Waltucks, Karen and David, have specific ideas bout how to make an evening unforgettable. The valls are without art. You will hear no music. Chairs re huge; plates are, too. The goal is to get you to oncentrate solely on who you are with and what ou are about to be presented—the stunning juxtaositions of David's quail and star anise, lamb with umin crust, crabs in ginger and strawberry milleeuille with elderflower sorbet. • 2 Harrison St. (212-66-6960). (E)

★ City Hall

hef-owner Henry Meer may be imagineering Old lew York, with back-lit photos of bygone street life, ut he can't help refining it, too. The triple-tier Chrysler" shellfish highrise is global gluttony via he jet stream. Chesapeake she-crab soup is creamy erfection. But go for the marvelous double steak on he bone, a behemoth served stunningly rare. • 131 uane St. (212-227-7777). (M-E)

★ Danube

avid Bouley's outrageous, highly lacquered, velvetwathed, Klimt-deckled little dining room is beautiul, fun, funny, and romantic. And, via his chef de uisine, Mario Lohninger, his bone-marrow lumplings, the Tyrolean wine soup, the braised beef heeks, and even the Wiener schnitzel manages to be ustro-Hungarian but not too. • 30 Hudson St. (212-91-3771). (E)

ivine Bar

he jewel-toned Financial District branch of the opular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same xtensive selection of wine, and a similar menu of ppetizer-size plates. Selections include a barbecueduffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and wild-mushroom quesadilla. • 55 Liberty St., second oor (212-791-WINE). (I-M)

cco

ld-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, nd classicly prepared pastas, veal chops, lobster fra iavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line e east wall, and tile floors take you back to the ilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturay night. • 124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M)

igino Trattoria

he rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa tratoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to lmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere d inventive peasant food attract a loyal neighborood following. • 323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M)

he Greatest Bar on Earth

his, the most casual component of the Windows on e World complex, has become a popular meeting ot for downtown office workers and, of course, urists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the acky menu includes bites like fried calamari, barcued ribs, and sushi. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th oor (212-524-7000). (M)

udson River Club

om this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in e World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of berty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very ell be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. • 4 World Financial Center (212-786-1500). (M-E)

Morton's of Chicago

The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge and the quality *is consistent.* And *in case you hadn't noticed,* beef is back. Again. • 90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E)

★ Next Door Nobu

Set in a stunningly clever David Rockwell–designed room as homespun as it is elegant, Nobu Matsuhisa's simpler version of his South American–flecked Asian cooking matches its décor by making Nobu's genius even more accessible. The only thing we'd change is the no-reservations policy. Come early, come late, come on Monday. Come Saturday, if you're nuts. • 105 Hudson St. (212-334-4445). (M-E)

98 Kenmare

A modern American bistro in the old Patrissy's space that features an eclectic international menu. The chef's specialties include barbecued duck in a ginger-scallion pancake; a shrimp-and-mussel chowder with sweet potatoes, coconut, and lime; and five-onion risotto. • 98 Kenmare St. (212-226-2888). (M-E)

★ Nobu

There is not another experience like it in town. Nobu Matsuhisa is a chef of such wondrous originality that nothing on his menu is merely as it reads. Each dish reinvents your definition of what it should taste like. Teensy oysters make your eyes pop. Bonito soothes the throat like sable. Seaweed sparkles. The fake trees aren't necessary. Two bites and you're *in* Eden. • 105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (M-E)

Omen

Step off this quiet SoHo side street, and you're suddenly transported to Kyoto—a feeling that's reinforced by the traditional menu and decorative calligraphy and ceramics. • 113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M-E) AE only.

★ Pearl Oyster Bar

Milos may have a fish display as big as this joint's entire counter, but nothing can match the preparatory skills of the women who work the kitchen. This ain't no Carnival Cruise. Keep your elbows in and your chin down, all the better to acknowledge a clam chowder revved up with smoky bacon, mussels in mustard cream, and a nutty grilled pompano in herbs. • 18 Cornelia St. (212-691-8211). (M)

★ Quilty's

There's something prim and ladylike about the understated room, a muted canvas for chef Katy Sparks's exotic, flavor-saturated cooking: Tamarind-barbecued squab on sweet corn curry. Panko-fried rabbit paillard with jicama-mango slaw. Macaroni with "many cheeses" in an herbed-chili crust. And a scene-stealing twice-baked potato worth ordering the steak for. • 177 Prince St. (212-254-1260). (M-E)

★ 71 Clinton Fresh Food

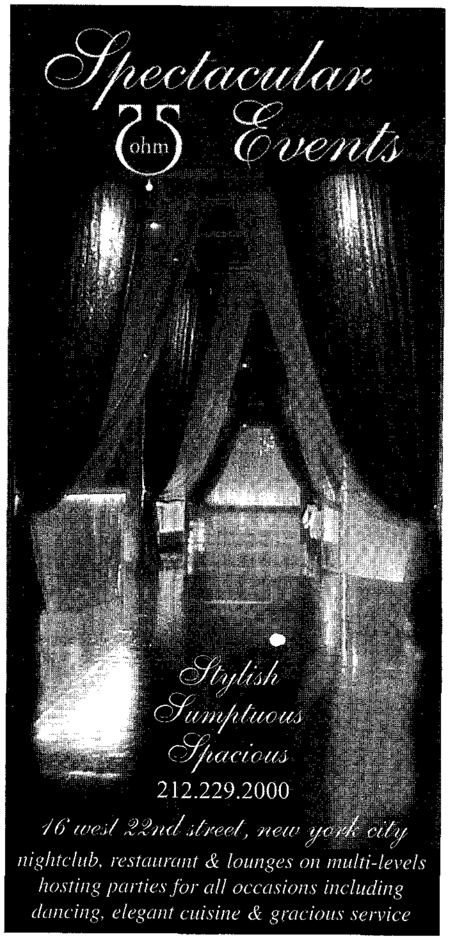
Is there much call for Scottish salmon wrapped in avocado at the intersection of Clinton and Rivington Streets? Well, yes, judging by the hungry crowd cooling its heels at the bar. Jean Georges alum Wylie Dufresne cooks seemingly complicated, easy-to-eat food like beer-braised short ribs geometrically sculpted into a perfect square; and parsley-root purée with a little parsley-root raft of lump crabmeat. (To eat, capsize and stir.) The chef's dad, a warm and punny presence on the floor, compiled the winning wine list. • 71 Clinton St. (212-614-6960). (M)

★ Wild Blue

It sounds like a bar right outside the NASA compound, but in fact, it's an intimate, upretentious room that doesn't try to compete with the famous view. Chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steak house in side dishes like creamed spinach and butternut-squash hash. Don't wait for a special occasion to take the 107-flight elevator ride. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E)

Windows on the World

Yes, tourists love it. But Michael Lomanaco's sophisticated American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs and lobster potpie with truffle cream manages to steal some attention away from



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the main attraction, that spectacular view of Manhattan Island. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E)

★ Zoë

The tables here are always jumping, cranked up with the buzz of post-orgasmic shoppers and SoHo tourists savvy enough to find their way to some of the best fussy American food in New York. Chef Kevin Reilly, whose mission is to keep the prize-winning all-American wine list in mind as he designs the menu, is properly obsessed with seasonal ingredients. And just-baked cookies, still warm from the oven, evoke memories of Mom. • 90 Prince St. (212-966-6722). (M-E)

Happening

Party Like It's A.D. 99

After a hiatus of five years, **Alfredo of Rome**, that onetime Citicorp Center source fo cream-drenched fettuccine, has reappeared in Manhattan, this time in Rockefeller Cente where the formerly sedate La Réserve space has been animated with an Italian tapas ba red leather banquettes, and a gallery's worth of Al Hirschfeld lithographs. And to ring i 2001, owner Russell Bellanca and chef Stefano Riccioletti have planned a bacchanalia New Year's Eve—not a drunken orgy per se but a feast inspired by ancient-Roman banquets, which uncannily resemble modern-da affairs. Poached quail eggs with black truffles Steamed goose foie gras with fig compote Seared duck breast with sweet and sou turnips. Honey custard, also known a tiropatinan. Plus a harpist, a D.J., and to se the imperial mood, busts and helmets fro the sets of *Gladiator* and *Titus*. (4 West 49t Street; 212-397-0100.)

Below 14th Street, East

★ Bond Street

The crowd is too cool, the rooms too cozy, the waiters way too pretty. No way is this anywhere you're going to get chirashi worth much more than a can of Bumble Bee. Boy, are you about to be surprised. With food this fresh, original, and vibrantly spiced, the kitchen can easily take on most traditional midtown sushi houses and wouldn't have to walk out of a room backwards if Nobu's troops were in attendance. • 6 Bond St. (212-777-2500). (M-E)

★ Five Points

Every neighborhood needs a place with a good bar, a serious kitchen, and zero pretensions. NoHo has one in this Med-American restaurant, where a split log running down the center of the dining room conveys a babbling brook. Zen though that may sound, chef Marc Meyer's hearty cooking is more boldly passionate than coolly contemplative. Duck-and-foie gras sausage and wood-oven roasted Magret duck show enough spikiness to make you look down and go "hmmmm" before you go back to the conversation. • 31 Great Jones St. (212-253-5700). (M)

★ Gotham Bar & Grill

Alfred Portale created a restaurant where anyone, dressed any way, is invited with affability to partake of his talent for making American cuisine exciting and as easy to fathom as a burger and fries. Even when faced with soft-shell crabs or squab, say, topped with potato purée and fava beans for the first time, Gotham customers attack their plates with a fearlessness suited to Great Adventure. Actually, this is a great adventure. • 12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (E)

★ Il Bagatto

Though so dark the menu can hardly be read and so deliriously energized you'd best be in the mood for a nonvintage bottle of red, Il Bagatto piles on super pastas, salads, and antipasti as full of sharp left hooks as that wine and as cheap as the hangover you'll have tomorrow. • 192 E. 2nd St. (212-228-0977). (I-M)

★ Il Buco

Clued-in regulars and the occasional celebrity chef convene at this funky, cluttered antique shop-cum-restaurant to graze on Mediterranean appetizers and entrées that change nightly. (Don't get too attached to that venison with farro and honey-roasted plums.) Seafood is the kitchen's strength: grilled baby calamari in green-chili-cilantro oil, octopus carpaccio and cod croquettes are standouts. • 47 Bond St. (212-533-1932). (M)

★ Leshko's

The design team behind Moomba and Veruka have given this former Ukrainian greasy spoon a new look (kind of Frank Lloyd Wright meets Greg Brady's attic-bachelor pad). That, and creatively prepared American comfort food attract a hip crowd that doesn't mind being squeezed together like straphangers. Almost nothing of the old Leshko's remains, except, maybe, the pierogi, though they've gotten a makeover too: They're potato-stuffed, sauteed and served on a bed of fennel, leeks, and mushrooms. • 111 Ave. A (212-777-2111). (I-M)

Osso Buco

Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

★ Prune

There's not a wrinkled plum in sight at this American bistro. But chef Gabrielle Hamilton's childhood nickname indicates the sort of unpretentious home cooking at which she excels, a grab bag of eccentric, multicultural influences that is, at heart, American—as any place whose quirky bar menu includes Triscuits alongside serrano ham with fresh figs must be. Minus the traditional categories for appetizers, main courses, and sides, the menu gives as prominent placement to vegetables like creamed corn and roasted beets as to the more entrée-ish capon on a savory garlic crouton, or the pastrami duck breast with a rye-flavored, fried-shallot omelet. • 54 E. 1st St. (212-677-6221). (M)

★ 2nd Avenue Deli

A recent facelift struck fear in the hearts of those who believe that a true pastrami sandwich must be authenticated by grimy formica and generations' worth of atmospheric shabbiness. But so far, so good. This East Village landmark continues to draw dedicated fressers with its great fries, chicken in the pot, the near-lethal hush puppy (a frank in a potato knish), and the hard-boiled service. • 156 Second Ave. (212-677-0606). (I-M)

Below 14th Street, West

★ Babbo

Ever try goat cheese tortellini dusted in dried orange and wild fennel pollen? Or spicy lamb sausage romanced by mint love letters and a paste of sweet peas Get ready to crave them. Ingredients you didn't expec or never heard of become unforgettable. Mario Batali original yet airy Italian cooking will stun, fool, be witch and ultimately obsess you. Just get it together t make another reservation before you leave. • 110 Wa verly Pl. (212-777-0303). (E)

★ Bar Pitti

Located on one of the few tracts of sidewalk actuall wide enough to accommodate an outdoor café, Pitti languid allure is something you normally get to enjo only while carrying a passport. The kitchen produce superlative Tuscan fare: grilled chicken with lemo and endive, cool panzanella (bread salad), super live veneziana, and the best veal meatballs you've ever ha • 268 Sixth Ave. (212-982-3300). (M) ($).

★ Blue Ribbon Bakery

Don't be hoodwinked by what looks like one mo brick-walled Village joint with first-come-first-serv seating and a brunch menu. Instead, focus on the i triguing all-over-the-place menu's superb stea tartare, perfectly smoked sable, a butcher's plate t shame most Italian antipasti, a BLT that really is meal. And can you pass up anywhere that can st make a root-beer float? • 33 Downing St. (212-337-0404 (M)

★ Da Silvano

Few of the fervent regulars, here—including the city media, fashion, and art-world elite—seem to recall a Italian restaurant whose menu wasn't sopping in re sauce before Da Silvano. The roasted standing duck crackling, the lamb tender and moist, the artichok salad as brash as the air around Montecatini. And n an eggplant-parmigiana hero in sight. • 260 Sixth Av (212-982-2343). (M-E)

★ 'ino

Named for panino, this cozy nook excels at craftin perfect Italian snacks to nibble with wine: crustl tramezzini, pressed panini, and bruschetta, all on gre bread and enlivened by zesty condiments. Suppleme your sandwich with a bowl of olives and a plate cheese, and keep the motif going with a Nutella pa no for dessert. Best of all, it's open for business fro early morning until after midnight. • 21 Bedford (212-989-5769). (I) ($)

Jekyll & Hyde

This boisterous Village restaurant bills itself as "haunted explorers' club," offering interactive ente tainment and—so that famished explorers may ke up their strength—a menu of American fare includi

Photograph by Patrik Rytikan

“voodoo-spiced” Cajun steak. • 91 Seventh Ave. So. (212-989-7701). (I-M)

★ Lupa
We love this down-home Roman trattoria and not ust for Mario Batali’s celebration of odd animal parts and Italian delicatessen, or for partner Joe Bastianich’s bid to bring depth and finesse to a casual Village joint’s wine service. We like the mood, the food, and the gentle prices, but so do legions of tuned-in New Yorkers. It’s almost as tough a sanctum to crack as its pricier sibling, Babbo. • 170 Thompson St. (212-982-5089). (M)

★ Meigas
The décor is a little goofy and the location, on Hudson Street, in the Siberia of West SoHo, is a bust. But chef Luis Bollos’s kitchen produces the best Spanish cuisine (Galician, actually) in town. In his hands, hefty dishes like braised oxtail croquettes and roast suckling pig appear light, almost candied. His gazpacho—a light confection, loaded with Maine lobster—makes the usual approximations of this dish look like crankcase oil. Trendy Iberian jellies and foams are mostly relegated to dessert, of which a wondrous chocolate layer ganache is best. • 350 Hudson St. (212-627-5800). (M-E)

Osteria Fiorentina
Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. • 281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M)

★ Pastis
Keith McNally’s Pastis looks more like a grander Lucky Strike than a repro of the visually faultless Balthazar, but not only does the slight downshifting make perfect sense; considering the tallow-rivulet-ribboned neighborhood, it also renders the new place instantly less imposing. Service is breezier, the crowd more genially noisy, and the only thing disappointing is that you don’t live closer. • 9 Ninth Ave. (212-929-4844). (M)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch
An ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. • 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (212-685-3828). (I)

★ Campagna
The far-too-cautious interior is woefully inappropriate preparation for the whoops of joy that routinely erupt when patrons sample Mark Strausman’s gleefully game sense of Italian cuisine. The lobster broth in his cacciucco is a blast. And his grandma’s asagna makes you sorry you never met the old girl. • 24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E)

★ City Bakery
No one comes close to Maury Rubin at satisfying our grown-up snacking impulse. Heavenly tarts, perfectly textured cookies and brownies, lusciously tart emonades, ultra-thick and creamy hot chocolate—ven homemade marshmallows—beckon irresistibly from the counter. Pre-dessert, there are inspired andwiches like roasted pear and ricotta salata and he only salad bar we obsess over. • 22 E. 17th St. (212-66-1414). (I-M)

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel
Commuters and business travelers can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal from the French-influenced American menu. • 2nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M-E)

★ Cosette
verything about this humble 30-seat restaurant is nswervingly Gallic, from the Côtes du Rhône table ed to the menu (a Gruyère-crusted brandade de morue, rich onion soup, flaky pissaladière, textbook uicy steak-frites). Everything, that is, except for the ost’s friendly manner and the West African chef. Cosette is exactly what every neighborhood should e lucky enough to have: an affordable French bistro ith consistently well-executed food and a comfortable, low-key atmosphere. • 163 E. 33rd St. (212-889-489). (M)

★ Gramercy Tavern
Tavern has become Danny Meyer’s most appealing restaurant, with a no reservations discount bar room to make one churlish for not living or working nearby. Chef Tom Colicchio pairs foods folks crave with elements they usually don’t. Roast sirloin of beef comes with braised beef cheeks. Crabmeat fondue contains sea urchin. Not only does each gamble pay off, but so tickled are diners by their nascent daring that on their next visit, damned if they don’t demand sweetbreads with Jerusalem artichokes and roasted cod with brussels sprouts. • 42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (M-E)

★ Gyroland
Is it a slice joint, a Greek coffee shop, a neon sign store, or all of the above? While this brightly lit restaurant may suffer from a mild identity crisis, torn between serving strictly Turkish fare and appeasing the neighborhood clientele of hospital workers and police cadets with pizza and cheese-steak sandwiches, it’s also an undersung source for fresh and delicious meze, doner kebab, kofte, lahmacun, and pide. The cops don’t know what they’re missing. • 351 Second Ave., nr. 20th St. (212-254-3200). (I)

Heartland Brewery
A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café. Accompany your choice of microbrew with crayfish-shrimp gumbo, a smoked-pork-loin Reuben, or steak au poivre. The beer-weary can sample from the city’s largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. • 35 Union Square W. (212-645-3400). Also, 1285 Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (582-8244). (I-M)

Madison Bistro
What every neighborhood needs: a casual spot for French classics like escargots, steak-frites, and bouillabaisse. Open-faced sandwiches called tartines are available at the bar, as are rustic French wines poured from imported oak barrels. • 238 Madison Ave., nr. 37th St. (212-447-1919). (M)

Meli Melo
This cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy and rack of lamb with couscous. • 110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M)

Metronome
This lofty Flatiron space is well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like “pinchos” of vegetables with goat cheese, and za’atar-crusted rack of lamb—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. • 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M)

Mi
A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. • 66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M-E)

★ Oyster Bar
Unperturbed by the arriviste competition in the food court next door, the jewel of the pre-renovation Terminal continues to serve superlative pan roasts and clam chowders, and an overwhelming assortment of East and West Coast oysters. The sprawling subterranean space has the hustle-bustle feel of a cafeteria, which its snaking counters resemble, but don’t be fooled—you pay for the privilege of eating under that vaulted tile ceiling. • Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M-E)

★ Patria
Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room is bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. And you won’t find a Cuban sandwich like this anywhere else in New York. Or Havana, for that matter. • 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (E)

★ Tabla
It’s diminishing to categorize Floyd Cardoz’s clean Goan-spiced Maine crab cake or his exquisite pairing of seared foie gras with a black-pepper-and-pear compote as nouvelle Delhi; he’s gone and forged a

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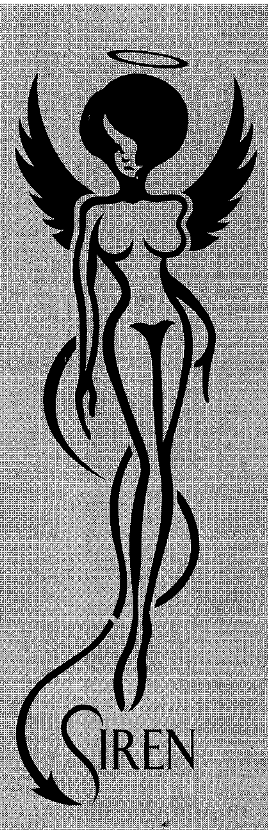

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deliriously satisfying union of this country's produce with the strong, heady spices and bewitchingly pungent condiments of his homeland. A less expensive menu at the Bread Bar downstairs aspires less to break new ground than to rekindle old taste memories—specifically Cardoz's, including his mom's recipe for beef assad, otherwise known as "Indian pot roast." • 11 Madison Ave. (212-889-0667). (M–E)

★ Union Pacific

Maybe if this were a less self-effacing restaurant, less content with its serenity and more intent on trumpeting its singularly inventive chef, Rocco DiSpirito, more people would know how successfully it rivals its real rivals. But that would miss the point. One has to admire the confidence to serve tuna with yuzu and fresh wasabi cool as a breezeway in Aruba, the brashness of sautéing skate in lime-pickled Swiss chard, and the chic to place a peck of pickled peppers round a rich and rousing pheasant without bellowing our "Ba da boom!!" nightly on the TV Food Network. • 111 E. 22nd St. (212-995-8500). (E)

★ Union Square Cafe

Nowhere else are uncommon combinations such as rhubarb-blood-orange chutney and wasabi mashed potatoes so seamlessly incorporated into dishes (so as to never frighten the buttoned-down natives). Surprisingly, vegetarians will eat better here than at any of their hallowed haunts. The bar is a great place to lunch solo. And the devil's food truffle with chocolate sauce can make you act the fool. • 21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M–E)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar

This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M)

Chelsea Bistro & Bar

This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. • 358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.

Hush

Part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. • 17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M)

★ Mesa Grill

It's a clumsy room. But just keep your head down and don't stop eating—Bobby Flay's mastery of the spicier things in life keeps getting more polished and exciting. Ribs, tomato-tortilla soup, shrimp-and-corn tamale, blue-corn-crusted snapper, and pan-roasted rabbit—eat here, and you'll ramble on too—are just sensational. Flay's gonna rope you in, and leave you hog-tied and smiling. • 102 Fifth Ave. (212-807-7400). (E)

Ohm

An all-in-one entertainment center offering dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an eclectic menu including sesame chicken tenders, Black Angus steak, and grilled salmon with lemon-caper beurre blanc. • 16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E)

★ The Red Cat

Not every artist is starving, and the ones with bank accounts and hearty appetites would do well to make this their home away from home among the West Chelsea galleries. Hanging lanterns, barn siding, and artwork contribute to the funky décor, and the bar is the roomy, welcoming sort that solo diners find appealing. It's hard to find a clunker on the Med-American menu. The quick saute of zucchini with toasted almonds is something your mother would never have imagined—a vegetable that could spoil your appetite. • 227 Tenth Ave., nr. 23rd St. (212-242-1122). (M)

World Yacht Dining Cruises

Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

★ Della Femina

It might be easier to score a table here than at the infamous ad man's East Hampton address, but don't read too much into that: chef Kevin Penner's souped-up seasonal American menu tastes just as good in the 212 area code. There's a little country and a little city in his cold corn soup with black truffle coulis, and Dover sole "fish sticks" with a caviar remoulade. And you can almost smell Georgica beach in the lobster roll. • 131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (E)

Divine Bar

This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found unwinding. • 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I–M)

★ Fresco

A family restaurant thriving on Arthur Avenue in the Bronx one can understand. But in midtown? Yet, the Scotto clan strolls around the bustling dining room, cajoling, nudging, hugging, ordering on top of your ordering, as if you'd shown up at their house for leftovers the day after Thanksgiving. For them, Fresco is one big welcome mat. Doesn't matter that the pizza is to die for, the lasagna superb; and if you like liver, you may never want to leave. • 34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M–E)

Giambelli 50th Ristorante

Upscale Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. • 46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M)

Hatsuhana

One of Manhattan's pioneering sushi sources, and still an enduring option for a reliable midtown business lunch. All the raw-fish bases are covered. Plus there's house specialties, like cucumber-wrapped broiled eel and ostrich carpaccio. • 17 E. 48th St. (212-355-3345). (M–E)

★ Kuruma Zushi

Nobu and Bondst might draw celebrity sushi fans, but this is where you'll find the true fanatics, willing to squander their savings on superlatively fresh sushi and sashimi in nondescript surroundings one flight above a midtown side street. Cognoscenti put themselves and their taste buds in the nimble hands of the sushi chef, who amazes with imported treasures like Japanese aji, sea eel, and prawn-Kuruma ebi. • 7 E. 47th St. (212-317-2802). (E)

La Mangeoire

A bit of Provence in midtown. This rustic French country restaurant featuring hearty fare like Mediterranean fish soup with rouille and rabbit fricassé in a mustard tarragon sauce is a boon for a neighborhood otherwise lacking in savoir fare. • 1008 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (212-759-7086). (M)

L'Actuel

Mosaic tiles, sand-blasted mirrors, beechwood accents, and mohair and suede upholstery lift this French restaurant located at the Kimberly out of hotel-restaurant anonymity. Equally enticing are Michelin-starred chef Jean-Yves Schillinger's grazing menu: foie gras with black cherries, marinated shrimp skewers, excellent tartes flambées, plus a full raw bar. • 145 E. 50th St. (212-583-0001). (M–E)

★ Le Cirque 2000

It took him almost a year to get the Byzantine elements of his gastronomic big top to snap into place, but Sirio Maccioni's Le Cirque 2000 is finally a startling production of urbane dexterity. But with chef Sotha Khunn and pastry chef Jacques Torres soon to take their simultaneous leaves, we'll have to wait and see whether ringmaster Maccioni can continue to dazzle us with this high-wire act. We're betting he can. • 455 Madison Ave. (212-303-7788). (E)

★ Le Périgord

A recent renovation did nothing to disguise the comforting, cosseting old-world feel of this Sutton Place landmark, where tuxedo'd captains oversee tablesid service and remind you to order your Grand Marnie soufflé at the same time as your dinner. So it's surprising amidst all this tradition to find such moder food—fresh herbs, seasonal produce, and a flair fo global flavors in dishes like herbal arctic char terrin with coconut emulsion and ginger oil. • 405 E. 52nd S (212-755-6244). (E)

The Leopard

This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course pri fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclose garden and the French-Continental menu—roas duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loy following. • 253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M–E)

★ Lespinasse

Old-fashioned, luxurious hotel dining is not everyone idea of fun these days—even with the possibility of noontime flirtation and posh hotel rooms so hand But chef Christian Delouvrier's cooking is anythin but a bore. His butternut squash soup is revved up wit chunks of duck breast and crusty foie gras, lamb rac and loin is touched with Chartreuse and coffee, an baby pig with cassoulet is carefully sauced to keep from getting too rustically porky. With inventive cooking like this, even the recently redone room—s French and namby-pamby when it ought to be robber-baron American—seems pleasantly mellowed. • E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E)

★ Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.

If you're looking for him, he ain't there. But if you'v come for great beef, that's another story. A better sla of New York strip sirloin would be hard to find, n matter which train you board downstairs and no matter how far you travel. And you're surrounded by th most spectacular restoration this city has seen in year It's almost as exciting as sitting courtside. • 23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (E)

Monkey Bar

A swanky renovation by David Rockwell and che Andrew Chase's inspired New American menu hav infused this midtown landmark with a new spirit. Pl there's nightly piano music and a special cocktail-hou canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the adjacent monkey mural bar. • 60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E)

Morton's of Chicago

This midwestern import has taken Manhattan b storm, winning converts with its tender doubl porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it a chain. • 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E)

Nino's Positano

An upscale Italian restaurant specializing in food fro the southern regions, Positano in particular. Past range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauc to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 89 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

★ Oceana

You might call Rick Moonen a conservationist. W call him a tease. He'll serve up dynamite renditions swordfish and Chilean sea bass, then whisk them o the menu the moment the species nears extinctio But luckily, it's not so much about the raw materials it is about his unique seasonings and flavor compos tions: lobster ravioli in a tomato-basil broth, for ir stance, with real acid oomph. Or "everything" cruste tuna steak, inspired by the bagel. • 55 E. 54th St. (21 759-5941). (E)

Oscar's

A contemporary American brasserie named for t Waldorf-Astoria's longtime maître d', Oscar Tschirk creator of the Waldorf salad and veal Oscar. The me leans toward updated classics like yellowfin-tu tartare and smoked Hudson Valley foie gras with tru fled red-wine marmalade. • Lexington Ave. at 50th (212-872-4920). (M)

★ Peacock Alley

In this cushioned cocoon of a dining room off t lobby of the Waldorf Astoria, chef Laurent Gras—disciple of Alain Ducasse—offers diners a chance mix and match bite-size "courses" chosen from cat gories like Ocean and River, Field and Forest, a Farm. Or put yourself entirely in his hands with t seven-course "tête à tête" menu, each streamlined di omposed of just two ingredients achieving, in Gras's vords, a "single clean note." • 301 Park Ave., in the Walorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E)

'ig 'n' Whistle on Third
'here's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in his East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The asic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, arbecued ribs, and onion loaf. Live music Saturday ight, and "Irish breakfast" brunch on weekends. • 922 hird Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M)

3rd–56th Streets, West Side

drienne
Aaybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending oree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel estaurant overlooking a particularly swank stretch of ifth Avenue. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French nenu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a trio of oups), foie gras (with red-onion compote), and oached Dover sole. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (reltive) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula 212-903-3918). (M–E)

Opening

Iberian, Straight

After working in the New American idiom for the past six years at places like JUdson Grill and the Boathouse Cafe, chef John Villa (pictured) takes a radically new old-world approach at **Pico**, the Portuguese restaurant that he and partner Mark Rakauskas are opening in an old Bazzini nut plant in TriBeCa. The proximity to the Hudson befits mostly seafood starters like steamed cockles with fava beans and vinho verde, crisp codfish cakes, and mackerel ala plancha. Heartier second courses—duck braised in terra cotta with golden rice and raisins, spit-roasted suckling pig, pork loin with clams and garlic froth—marry the rustic with the refined, and run $24 to $28. (349 Greenwich Street; 212-343-0700.)

Aquavit
wedish chef Marcus Samuelsson puts his own uninibited spin on Scandinavian food, which isn't to say ou won't find herring, gravlax, and Swedish meatballs n his menu. But for every expected Northern deght there's an innovation like tandoori-smoked char ith goat-cheese parfait and Osetra caviar. Those who nd the quasi-corporate dining room frosty can warm p with an aquavit or dine upstairs in the cozier, less xpensive café. • 13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (M–E)

. Smith's
arbara Smith, who launched her culinary empire ound the corner, is now ensconced on Restaurant ow, where she feeds a theatergoing clientele her wn version of global cuisine, from Thai-spiced wings id Saigon shrimp rolls to the evocatively named "so ow roast dry rub buttah ribs." Live jazz Friday and turday night. • 320 W. 46th St. (212-315-1100). (M)

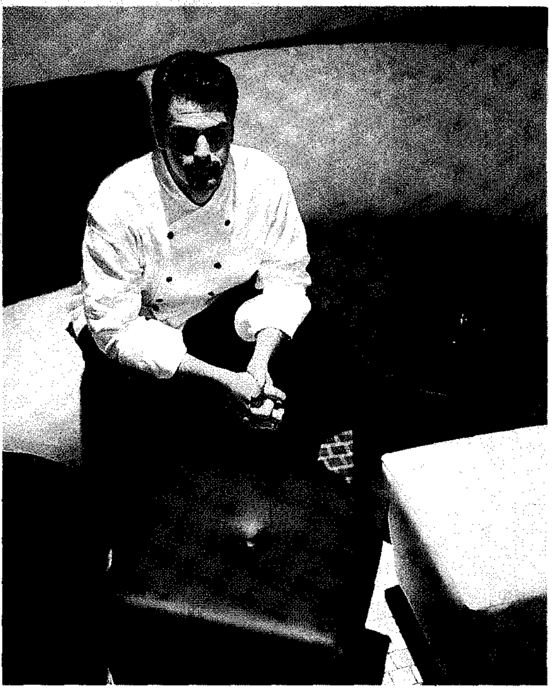
Beacon
he gimmick here is cooking everything over an oen fire: wood-roasted trout, spit-roasted duck with illed scallions, roast suckling pig with grilled apples d bitter chocolate rub, even oysters. The houseked breads are exceptional. And in an age of degner martinis and so-so cosmos, the classic cocktail t is precision science. • 25 W. 56th St. (212-332-0500).
)

ello
cals flock here for generous portions of well-priced orthern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. • 863 Ninth e., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M)

Ben Benson's Steak House
This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of steakhouse standards. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

Bombay Palace
This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent Indian breads. • 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M)

★ Estiatorio Milos
Eating in this lofty Greek seafood restaurant isn't exactly fishing for supper, but it's the closest you'll come in midtown Manhattan. Beautiful whole fish from around the world are arranged over ice in the back of the austere, dramatically lit room, where preoccupied waiters invite customers to claim their entrée before it's reeled in to the kitchen to be simply grilled with lemon, olive oil, and herbs. Which leads to a minor quibble: The menu lists prices by the pound—$25 for the Florida pompano, $32 for the Mediterranean loup de mer—so unless you've worked at a carnival guessing weights, the bill is always something of a surprise. • 125 West 55th Street (212-245-7400). (E)



Halcyon
An elegant setting and carefully presented food. A creative American menu with global accents includes lemon-lime salmon steak, rack of lamb with pumpkin spaetzle, and lobster three ways. A $45 pretheater dinner prix fixe is a good deal. • 151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (212-468-8722). (E)

★ Island Burgers and Shakes
This Hell's Kitchen storefront with a Southern California-vibe specializes in burgers and chicken sandwiches, or churascos, in countless combinations and served on great bread and with superior condiments. A blackened churasco is almost painfully spicy and needs only minor embellishment (some blue cheese, or avocado and Monterey jack) to gain admission into our sandwich hall of fame. Great malteds douse the flames. • 766 Ninth Ave., nr. 51st St. (212-307-7394). (I) ($)

Johnnie's
This old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. • 135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I–M)

★ JUdson Grill
It's a room so vast and vaulted you expect them to be announcing Trailways departures. But chef Bill Telepan's cooking, propelled by a rousing level of confidence in bold flavors and pairings, matches the bravura of the room. With blithe deftness, he makes the familiar seem fresh. Crab cakes get dashed with lemon verbena, chickpea soup tickles insidiously, and loin of pork with apple compote will leave you happy. • 152 W. 52nd St. (212-582-5252). (E)

Langan's
American cuisine in a theater-district shrine to the stars of stage and screen. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks and herb-crusted rack of lamb to crab cakes and marinated duck breast. Theatergoers will want to know about the $23.50 prix fixe dinner, and music lovers about the live jazz and blues on Saturday night and the Sunday jazz brunch. • 150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M)

★ Le Bernardin
Criticizing Le Bernardin is like analyzing rainbows. Just try to describe the snapper in coconut milk or the black bass with truffles and celery root. No matter what you say, you sound like a fool. Submit to the sorcery of chef Eric Ripert, the bewitchery of owner and co-creator Maguy Le Coze, and experience the thrilling sensation of having everything that surrounds you perfect. • 155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E)

Les Pyrénées
French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse is recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. • 251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M)

★ Local
If your idea of Theater District dining is a lackluster prix fixe, this stylish newcomer and its focused, flavorful cooking will open your eyes—and with entrées venturing into the mid-thirty-dollar range—your wallet. Previously seen stirring the pots for Ron Perelman, chef Franklin Becker has the knack. We're particularly fond of his Vidalia onion and black olive tart, and knockout sea scallops riding a crab cake. • 224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E)

Martini's
Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing sidewalk café and rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. • 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M)

Nakagawa
This casual Japanese restaurant about two avenues east of the heart of the theater district is a good spot for supper before the curtain. Sushi, shabu-shabu, salmon steak, and beef Negimaki are some of the pretheater offerings. • 7 W. 44th St. (212-869-8077). (I–M)

Pierre au Tunnel
Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. • 250 W. 47th St. (212-575-1220). (M)

Pig and Whistle
A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. • 165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M)

tograph by Patrik Rytikangas.

☆ Redeye Grill
This place jumps late at night with live jazz, a cacophony of paintings by artists those latter-day Duveens Saatchi and Giuliani have yet to discover, and a fine smoked-fish platter, plus the town's quintessential cobb salad. • 888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (212-541-9000). (M–E)

Sitar Indian Cuisine
This casual restaurant attracts office workers and tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. • 58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M)

St. Andrews
In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M)

Utsav Festive India
The bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level while the contemporary dining room is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers. The lunch buffet costs only $11.95, and à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. • 1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M)

Wu Kong
Shanghai soup dumplings continue to emigrate out of Chinatown—and Flushing—and into neighborhoods formerly deprived of the intense pork-and-crab-infused mouthfuls. In addition, there's Grand Marnier jumbo shrimp, smoked vegetable duck, plus a full sushi menu. • 30 W. 46th St. (212-997-4757). (I–M)

Zanzibar
The crowd at this loungy Hell's Kitchen restaurant is as eclectic as the menu. African, Arabic, Asian, and Mediterranean touches appear in dishes like tuna and ginger ravioli; mussel soup with garlic, chickpeas, and cilantro; and a root vegetable and peanut stew served over rice. • 645 Ninth Ave, nr. 45th St. (212-957-9197). (M)

57th–60th Streets

★ Atlas
Each dish has a litany of preparations, and every single impressive yet complicated one of them gets explained to the diner. Chef Paul Liebrandt's food—marinated eels with watermelon, tagliatelle with cepes, and tuna with mini green-apple strudels—exhibits remarkable invention, though some dishes could use more restraint. All the house is missing is the confidence to let its guests sit back and observe Atlas's enjoyable qualities for themselves. • 40 Central Park So. (212-759-9191). (M–E)

★ Felidia
In between writing cookbooks and taping segments of "Lidia's Italian Table" for PBS, Lidia Bastianich, the matriarch of the clan responsible in part for Lupa, Esca, and Becco, oversees this elegant bastion of Italian cooking. But chef Fortunato Nicotra deserves credit for a new breath of energy at the range. Sauces are lighter, pastas still wonderful, and entrees get deftly tweaked. The wine list always impresses, and olive oil connoisseurs can spring for a $7 comparative tasting. • 243 E. 58th St. (212-758-1479). (E)

Jennifer's Restaurant
This casual Italian restaurant, a welcome refuge for tourists and local businesspeople, serves well-prepared classic Italian-American dishes, including shrimp stuffed with crabmeat, and linguini with whole lobster in a garlicky tomato sauce. • 117 W. 58th St. (212-397-4256). (M)

Nirvana
The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, kababs, and vegetarian dishes. • 30 Central Park So. (212-486-5700). (M)

★ The Russian Tea Room
If he hasn't been lionized as a landmark himself, Warner LeRoy certainly deserves a Landmarks Preservation Commission crown for polishing up the fanciful red and green frippery of the Russian Tea Room with so little trauma. Whether you love or hate the trout swimming inside the acrylic bear, you can't fault dishes like borscht and Georgian-spiced seared halibut. • 150 W. 57th St. (212-974-2111). (E)

★ San Domenico
You won't find a more elegant big-deal Italian restaurant in New York. We treasure it for the luxurious space at and between tables, the cool coach-leather chairs, the clockwork service, and the refinement of the risottos, pastas, fish, and game. Owner Tony May has an uncompromising passion for the highest quality Italian ingredients and devotedness to classical technique that rivals any Michelin-starred chef, and it shows. • 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E)

Above 60th Street, East Side

★ Cafe Boulud
Most chefs have one menu to worry about. At Daniel Boulud's beige-on-beige bistro, Andrew Carmellini has four. For "Le Voyage," he globe-trots wherever his taste buds take him, from Vietnam to New Orleans. Mixing and matching is encouraged, so there's no reason why you can't begin with fresh- and smoked-salmon latkes from "La Saison," segue into potato-crusted sea bass from "La Tradition," and conclude with a warm fig tart from the menu called "Le Potager," nirvana for the vegetarian gourmet. • 20 East 76th Street (212-772-2600). (E)

Cafe Crocodile
A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan in an intimate, romantic townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Attracts serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. • 354 E. 74th St. (212-249-6619). (M)

★ Cello
Every appointment (Bernaudaud dishes, monochromatic flowers, and almost reflective mahogany walls) serves as an elegant yet unobtrusive backdrop for the whisper-light delicacies that emerge from chef Laurent Tourondel's kitchen. Rougets glistening like bloodstones in a raw tomato sauce. Turbot that melts like cotton candy. Lamb as velvety as foie gras. And frozen crême bruleé that must have the Häagen-Dazs people turning like dervishes. Cello also has the most beautiful new private dining room in town. • 53 E. 77th St. (212-517-1200). (E)

★ Daniel
Daniel Boulud is blessed with the gift of being able to add familiar flavors into the most stunning of summations, like walnuts and foie gras that intensify the lush gaminess of quail. He routinely triumphs in why-didn't-anyone-else-think-of-it feats like finding what envelopes sweetbreads to leave you without that heady aftertaste—suspending them between a rhubarb glaze and spinach purée. And his chocolate bombe soars like no other. • 60 E. 65th St. (212-288-0033). (E)

★ Eli's Restaurant
It's downright soothing to wander into Eli's Restaurant, spruced up and downlit for dinner, and relax over Scott Bieber's straightaway cooking. His Nantucket bay scallops in butter come from an era before we ever dreamed of eating seaweed. We're not sure why several slices of Molino tomatoes, even glistening with Laudemio olive oil and fleur de sel, should cost $8 but hey, this is Eli Zabar, the man who taught us no price is too much for the perfect raspberry. • 1411 Third Ave., at 80th St. (212-717-8100). (E)

★ Fireman's of Brooklyn
Shelly Fireman, the man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner, expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and something called the "lobster shanty" (an outsize beauty buried under a hill of fried onion ribbons). Landlubbers go for "Bubba Fireman's chicken." • 1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M)

★ Fred's at Barneys New York
Normally, the stuff served in department-store eateries is the gastronomic equivalent of the final clearance bin. Not so at Fred's. Its menu is an amalgam of au courant Italian (lovely pasta), guilt-ridden dietet (chicken soup rendered fatless), and size-6-be-damne deli (chicken livers and pot roast to plotz from). A most as satisfying as snatching up an irregular with r pulled threads. • 10 E. 61st St. (212-833-2200). (M–E)

Isle of Capri
Three steps away from the hustle and bustle Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's bee around for 45 years, serving specialties like pappardel con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. • 1028 Third Av at 61st St. (212-223-9430). (M)

Nino's
Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden ar nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tu na on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut ve chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

★ Payard Patisserie & Bistro
You'll never shiver and blush the way Francois P yard's Nôtre Dame, Fontainbleau, St.-Honoré, or de ilish chocolate tart make you when they hijack yo taste buds to a place they've never been and will fo ever yearn to return. If all this sweetness weren enough, Payard's chef Philippe Bertineau concoc first and second courses that match François's toute thirds. • 1032 Lexington Ave. (212-717-5252). (M–E)

Trata
With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and sa ads, and its simply grilled seafood, this bustling Upp East Side sideline of the Patsy's pizza chain offers affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milo where the chef used to work. • 1331 Second Ave., 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

★ Avenue Bistro
Linger over a scrambled-eggs-and-apple-pancal breakfast until three in the afternoon, or come for di ner, when the pastry counter becomes a wine bar, vo tive candles flicker on tiny tabletops, and the mer shifts to sophisticated French-American fare lil sweetbreads, foie gras terrine, and crisp roast ducklin Chef-owner Scott Campbell is justly proud of h creamy Valrhona hot chocolate, which he freezes in ice cream in the summer, and he's shrewdly responde to the neighborhood's demographics by concocting h own line of baby food, made from all-natural ingred ents. • 520 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (212-579-3194). (

★ Jean Georges
Nothing and no one at Jean Georges steals cent stage from the wondrous creations of its extraordina chef, Jean-Georges Vongerichten. If you're okay wi such divine supplication, prepare to be open-mouth whenever you're not chewing. Nothing you e counter will fail to dazzle, from the simplest dish of a paragus and morels au jus to the unexpected com of sweetbreads en cocotte with ginger and licorice. Central Park West (212-299-3900). (E)

Sapphire Indian Cuisine
A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bomb have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columb Circle. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and the trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-repr sented. • 1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (

Brooklyn

★ Peter Luger
Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, a creamed spinach. Apply for your own Peter Lug credit card, or bring cash. • 178 Broadway, at Bedf Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($)

Queens

Water's Edge
Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and e gant space to partake of fancy American fare like roa ed-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in oran saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jac required. • 44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (

ue

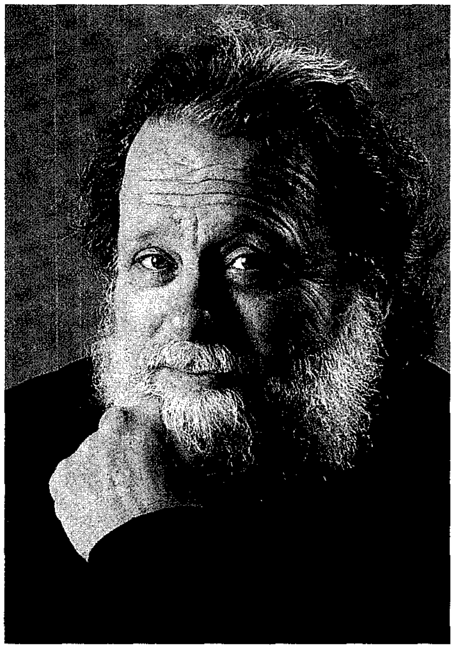
InConcert

Edited by Tara Pepper

Preview

Classical Gas

"I majored in Cafeteria," says Professor **Peter Schickele**, describing the days he spent studying composition at Juilliard. "I used to sit around with other composers, and we'd talk about funny things we'd seen happen at concerts. Or that we'd like to see happen." Filling in half a concert for a student who'd been too ill to work up a full repertoire, the boy from Fargo with a Spike Jones obsession made the discovery that was to form a substantial part of his life's work: a previously unknown and uniquely untalented son of Johann Sebastian Bach. P.D.Q. Bach, as he came to be known, broke into the big time with a sold-out concert at Town Hall in 1965, and Schickele thought then that the phenomenon might last five years. Four Grammys later, he realizes that the secret ingredient is to "make sure the music is good enough on its own terms so you want to hear it even after you know the gags." (That, and an awful lot of repugnant puns.) His annual Christmas-week series at Carnegie Hall includes the *Safe Sextet,* for forgotten members of the orchestra (harp, celeste, English horn), and his "1712" Overture, "showing that as incompetent and rarely sober as P.D.Q. Bach was, he was in fact the composer from whom Tchaikovsky stole the '1812' Overture." Having "discovered" around 100 P.D.Q. pieces, Schickele is turning his attention back to work under his own name (which includes the score he composed for the film of Maurice Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are),* such as his second symphony. He's restricting his concert schedule to six months of the year besides his Sunday-evening WNYC broadcast: "I got my first Social Security check this month—I've got to face the fact that I need to take a nap before the show." (See "Classical Music.") T.P.



:lassical Music

Bach Cantata Project"
ir John Eliot Gardner directs the Monteverdi Choir ıd English Baroque Soloists a performance of the :hristmas and New Year's Eve Cantatas, the culmiation of a yearlong pilgrimage around the cathecals of Europe. 12/25 at 5, 12/27 and 12/31 at 7. • :. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. (212-378-244); free.

ittle Orchestra Society
Iother Goose leads the shenanigans in Victor Herert's one-act operetta *Babes in Toyland*. 12/26 and 2/27 at noon and 2:30. • Sylvia and Danny Kaye ayhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St., (212-772-4448); 25–$50.

D.Q. Bach With Professor Peter Schickele
iore "recently discovered" works by P.D.Q. Bach 807–1742?), "the oddest of Bach's twenty-odd ıildren," are presented in *The 1712 Overture and ther Outbreaks of Musical Violence*. 12/26 and 12/27 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-00); $18–$68.

The New York Philharmonic
Kurt Masur conducts an all-Brahms program with soloist Elisabeth Leonskaja in the Piano Concerto No. 2, followed by the Fourth Symphony. 12/28 and 12/29 at 8, 1/2/01 at 7:30. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $19–$80.

The New York String Orchestra
Leila Josefowicz performs Bruch's sultry Violin Concerto No. 1 in a program of romantic music led by Jaime Laredo that also includes the Overture to Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. 12/28 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $12–$46.

The New York Philharmonic
For the annual benefit performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, in aid of its pension fund, the orchestra is joined by the New York Choral Artists, Boys Choir of Harlem, and soloists including soprano Donna Brown and bass-baritone Thomas Quasthoff. 12/30 at 8. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $50–$125.

Bargemusic
The floating concert hall presents all six of Bach's sparkling *Brandenburg Concertos* in a concert that rings in the New Year. A full buffet dinner will be served during the interval. 12/31 at 7:30. • Bargemusic, Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn (718-624-2083); $250.

"Salute to Vienna"
The Strauss Symphony of America and members of the Hungarian State Opera Ballet celebrate the New Year Viennese-style, with excerpts from operettas by Strauss and his contemporaries. 1/1/01 at 2:30. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $19–$80.

Opera

The Metropolitan Opera
The Merry Widow is this year's New Year's Eve gala performance, with Frederica von Stade as Hanna Glawari and surprise guest artists, 12/31 at 7; performances continue through 1/18/01. *La Traviata* closes 1/4/01; *Fidelio* will run until 1/11/01, *Il Trovatore* until 1/13/01. Call for program details and times, or visit www.metopera.org. • The Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); *The Merry Widow* New Year's Eve performance, $50–$250 concert only, $850–$1,250 including champagne supper dance with the cast. All other performances, $18–$180.

Amato Opera
Performances of *La Bohème* continue till 1/7/01, a gala performance on New Year's Eve including a champagne buffet dinner. There will be a children's performance of *Hansel and Gretel* 12/28 at 11:30. • Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (212-228-8200); $100 New Year's Eve. Other performances, $25, $20 students and seniors; children's performance, $15.

Dance

New York City Ballet
The winter season begins with Balanchine's *Scotch Symphony,* set to Mendelssohn's Third; his *Square Dance,* in which American folk tradition is joined with classical ballet and choreographed to Vivaldi; and Jerome Robbins's *The Four Seasons,* with music from Verdi. 1/2/01 at 8. Balanchine's *Nutcracker* continues until 12/31. Please call for times or log on to www.nycballet.com. • New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-307-4100); *Nutcracker,* $16–$85, other performances, $26–$74.

Alvin Ailey
The New Year's Eve program includes *Double Exposure, Following the Subtle Current Upstream,* a premiere by Alonzo King, and *Revelations.* Performances continue through 12/31 and include two other new works, Dwight Roden's *Chocolate Sessions,* and *Sweet Bitter Love,* by Carmen de Lavallade. Please call for times. • City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $20–$75.

Ballet Tech
Eliot Feld's company presents "Notcracker," two family programs including *Papillion*, a dance of caterpillars and butterflies, and *Coup de Couperin,* a recent premiere. Through 12/31 at 7, matinees at 2. • The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.

Ground Rules

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

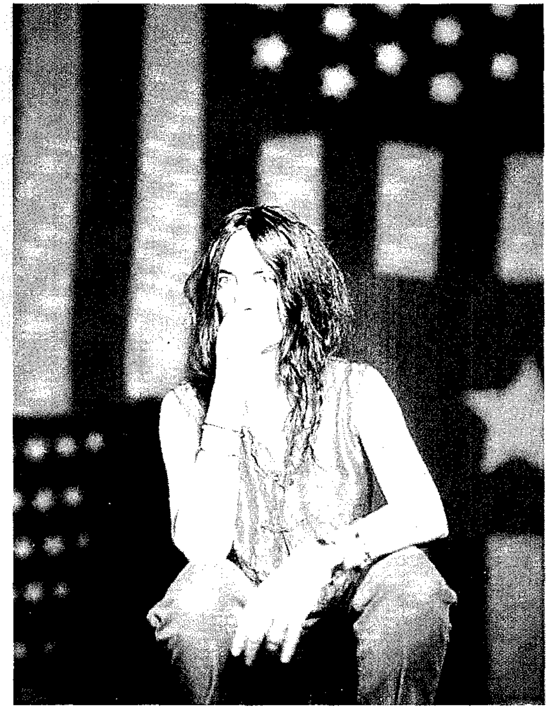
ɔtograph by Peter Schaaf.

Edited by Ethan Brow

Celebration

New Year's Rockin' Eve

Cheap champagne and $100 cover charges define New Year's Eve, but every year there's at least one show that's worth leaving the comforts of home and Dick Clark. This December 31 is no exception: **Patti Smith** (pictured) will take the stage at the Bowery Ballroom. It's Smith's second New Year's gig at the Bowery, and while hearing the singer rip through punky songs like "Birdland" and "Rock N Roll Nigger" isn't exactly everyone's idea of holiday cheer, it's nonetheless a pretty exciting way to spend the last night of 2000. Smith released a tough new album this year (*Gung Ho*), and her influence remains as strong as ever: PJ Harvey's great new album *Stories From the City, Stories From the Sea* harnessed the joyous energy of *Horses*. Smith can be an unpredictable live performer—she can veer from searing rock to spoken-word poetry—but defied expectations are better than a drunken idiot shouting along to "1999," any day of the year. (See "Clubs" and "Small Stages.") E.B.



Concerts

Ibrahim Ferrer; Ruben Gonzalez; *Omara Portuondo*
12/31 at 8. • Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 72nd St. (212-307-7171); $45.

"It Ain't Nothin' But the Blues"
12/26–12/31 at 8. • New Jersey Performing Arts Center, Newark, N.J. (888-GO-NJPAC); $55.

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery
12/26: Erik Lieblein; Lick. 12/27: Miss Universe; Swati. 12/28: Sham Sundra; Perforated Head. 12/29: Red Betty; The Jack Grace. • 95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.

B. B. King Blues Club & Grill
12/28–12/30: The Beach Boys. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
12/29: Betty Buckley. 12/30–12/31: Billy Bragg. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

Bowery Ballroom
12/27–12/29: Karl Denson. 12/30–12/31: Patti Smith. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Fez
Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Through January: Kiki & Herb, "Jesus Wept." • Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Irving Plaza
12/26: E. Yazawa. 12/29: Pat McGee; Dispatch. 12/30–12/31: Maceo Parker. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub
An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Benefit," a downtown music revue. Tuesdays: "Original Roses" with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: Reggae music with "Fever." Thursdays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Sundays: The deep-house-oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. MKL. • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory
12/23–12/28: Jewish Music Festival. 12/27: IHOT with Jay Rodriguez from Groove Collective. 12/29–12/30: Matt Darriau & Yuri Lemeshev Recycled Klezmer Orchestra. 12/31: Suicide. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055).

Makor
12/26: Makor Open Mike. 12/28: Avyatar Banai; Eran Zur; Amir Lev. 12/30: Andy Farber. 12/31: Groove Collective; RhythmLove D.J.'s. • 35 W. 67 St. (212-601-1000).

Manitoba's
Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Fridays: Adam Roth. 12/27: The Lone Sharks. 12/28: Buddy Woodward and Nitro Express; The Demolition String Band. 12/29: The Dark Horses. 12/30: Punk and Metal Karaoke. • 99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).

Maxwell's
12/27: Elio Schiavo & The Uptown. 12/28: Good Charlotte. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge
12/27: The Strokes. 12/29: Swingin' Neckbreakers. 12/30: Mary Lou Lord. 12/31: Fleshtones; Knoxvill Girls. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

S.O.B.'s
12/25: Grupo Caribe. 12/28: "Bitches Brew. 12/29: DW and Kemba. 12/31: "SalsaSambaExtravaganza." • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

The Supper Club
A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday evenin at 8: "Tropicana Fever." • 240 W. 47th St. (212-921-1940

The Village Underground
Former Tramps booker Steve Weitzmann brings h eclectic sensibility to a new smoke-free club in th West Village. 12/31: Two shows with Joan Osborn • 130 W. 3rd St. (212-777-7745).

Wetlands
Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collectiv 12/26: Lake Trout. 12/27: Ants Marching. 12/28: Bernie Worrell. 12/30: Perc Hill. 12/31: New Deal. • 161 Hudson S (212-386-3600). $.

Clubs

"One Night Love Affair"
"Body & Soul" promoter John Davis presents a night of deep house with D.J. Jerome Syndenham and MKL. Th theme is "Sexy or Sleazy" and thos dressed in a sexy or sleazy outfit a promised free admission. 12/28 at 10. Club MK, 431 W. 16th St., bet. Ninth an Tenth Aves. (212-330-9169).

Centro-Fly
Once uncomfortably dominated by th bottle-service set, Centro-Fly has no achieved a near-perfect mix of Wa Streeters with loosened ties, D.J.-bag-ca rying dance-music fanatics, and track suited deep-house heads. Tuesdays: Pro moter Noah Tepperberg's fabulous "TuesdayBabyTuesday" goes head-to-hea with Spa's model-centric Tuesday part Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" wit D.J. Erick Morillo and big-name speci guests. *The second Friday of ever month*: House party "N'Ice." Third Fr day of every month: House party "Confu-sion" with talented out-of-town D.J.'s like Chicago's Pierre. *Saturdays: Energetic house and big be* with "Plant." The last Saturday of every month, Pla presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Roger Sanchez (n relation). 12/31: D.J. to be announced; $175 prix fi *dinner in the Tapioca Room.* • 45 W. 21st St. (212-80 7859).

Cheetah
A jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor a a small yet powerful sound system. Thursday "Clique," where the socialite set grooves to hip-h beats. Fridays: "GBH" ("Great British House"), a pa ty that, thanks to great guests like Tony Humphri Ashley Beedle, and the D.J.'s of "Miss Moneypenny' has quietly become one of the best nights out in t city. Saturdays: Thumping tribal house and live percu sionists at "Cherchez La Femme." Sundays: Nic Siano of "Twelve West" joins "Boys Nite" D.J. Mer for "Mardi Gras." The emphasis will be on deep hou and garage classics. 12/31: "2001: A Space Odysse

Ground Rules

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godline expect shows to start much later than promis

$ = cash only.

Photograph by Steven Sebri

ith D.J. Rich Rydell. • 12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).

rank's Lounge

bare-bones bar and dance spot that hosts Lorie nd E-Man's frenzied but low-key house-music arty "Bang the Party" every Friday. The party, hich has been at venues all over town from the 05 Club to Baktun, is just now settling into its wn groove. 12/31: New Year's Eve Celebration ith "Bang the Party" and D.J. E-Man. • 660 Fulton t., at S. Elliott St., Brooklyn (212-726-1322).

un

his sprawling, bi-level, warehouselike space doesn't ook big-name D.J. talent, but it's got one of the olest interiors in clubland, with huge projections of panese *anime*, a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, d a seemingly gravity-defying D.J. booth. Best of l, Fun recently snagged the cyberfetish party Click+Drag" from the now-defunct Mother. 12/28: Flyer's Mile-High Club" presents Kurtis Mantronik; J. P. 12/31: Fun and "Tru Skul" present the Tru Skul ew Year's Celebration. • 130 Madison St., under the anhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). $5.

imelight

he Limelight is officially back from the dead, thanks its powerhouse weekend nights, which see the likes f Detroit techno icon Jeff Mills, D.J.'s from the techo club "Tresor," and the trance heavies of the "Gaterasher" crew grace the turntables. The mazelike club's naissance comes just in time, as other megaclubs like wilo have become uncomfortably packed, verging n the claustrophobic. 12/31: D.J. Jeremy Healy; D.J. olours; Special Surprise Guest. • 660 ixth Ave., at 20th St. (212-807-7780).

hine

his downtown spot is now host to excelnt, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented ights as well as up-and-coming rock and ance acts. Mondays: "Giant Step Monays" with the gloriously great D.J. Ron rent. Tuesdays: "Prohibited Beatz," eleconica in all its many and varied subgenres ith D.J.'s Swingsett and Yoshi. Thursdays: eggae and soul with "Mash Potatoes." ridays: Hip-hop with D.J.'s Stretch Armrong and Mateo. Saturdays: D.J. Greg oole's dance-centric "Tremendous." 2/31: "Shine Ol'Skool Family Renion" with D.J.'s Riz and Mateo. • 285 W. roadway (212-941-0900).

pa

he health-and-wellness theme (white alls, bathrooms designed to look like unas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive, d the crowd is thankfully not excessivechic. Spa promoter Steven Lewis mainins the kind of balance between office *lubs,* club kids, and A-listers he pulled off nicely in the early days of the now-denct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodgy isco," with New Wave and rock spun by J. Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: Superprooter Erich Conrad's "Glam," with D.J. ckie Christie. Fridays: Marc Ronson and randmaster Flash spin hip-hop and R&B r the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." • 76 13th St. (212-388-1060).

vilo

vilo is the superclub of the moment, anks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest arquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge sts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays," a w-key alternative to the frenzied Friday nights. Frilys: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Diged, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag dis and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club ng D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested elsea-boy following. 12/31: Junior Vasquez. • 530 27th St. (212-268-1600).

stairs at Studio 54

ursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays from 10 P.M. to 4 ., Veruka's Noel Ashman and the ubiquitous Rons (Charlotte and Samantha, to be exact) take over loungey upstairs space of Studio 54. Expect nods the disco era, but the overall vibe will be upscale hip-hop and house. • W. 54th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (212-517-4065); $20.

Vinyl

The recent quality-of-life crackdowns have taken a toll on the club's once extraordinarily open vibe, but the parties—"Shelter" and "Body & Soul" in particular—continue to be strong. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, dance-friendly house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: Hard, trippy house from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early (before seven) or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. 12/31: Danny Tenaglia. 1/1: New Year's Day celebration with "Body & Soul." • 6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).

Jazz

BAMcafé

12/28: Keba "Bobo" Cissoko and Tamalou. 12/29: Michael Blake. 12/30: The Camaros. • 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4111).

Birdland

Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boite serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: from 5:30 to 7:30, David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 12/28: Guy Morgan Big Band. 12/29–12/30: Dave Liebman. 12/31: Jimmy Scott. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note

With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 12/31: David Sanborn; Arturo Sandoval. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Cajun

A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. • 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).

City Hall

Fridays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. • 131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).

Detour

With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. • 349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).

Iridium

In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 12/26–12/31: Steps Ahead. • 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).

The Jazz Standard

A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 12/26–12/30: The Tommy Flanagan Trio. 12/31: The Andy Bey Quartet. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).

Museum of Modern Art

Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6 to 10. 12/28–12/31: Sarah Jane Cion Trio. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).

Red Blazer

Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz

A Walk Down 'Memory' Lane

Her gorgeous voice was always big enough to fill Broadway theaters when she starred in *Cats* and *Sunset Boulevard,* but **Betty Buckley** is equally gifted in smaller venues, where she seems to be performing only for you. The prima diva makes a rare club appearance at the Bottom Line on December 29 to celebrate the fifteenth-anniversary rerelease of her self-titled album. She'll most likely sing standards like "Just the Way You Look Tonight" and "How Deep Is the Ocean," but Broadway babies needn't worry: Betty will no doubt plunge deep into the songbooks from shows like *1776, Pippin,* and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.* (See "Small Stages.")

tograph by Ken Zane.

Performance

Righteous Babe

Her last album landed smack in the middle of the women-in-rock media obsession and contained a single ("One of Us") so catchy that it even inspired a cover by Prince. But **Joan Osborne** (pictured) hasn't been as lucky with her third, most recent project *Righteous Love,* a tougher, more complex and bluesy affair at a time when hip-hop and boy bands have rendered female singer-songwriters (even the once-mighty Alanis Morissette) a hard sell. No matter: Osborne will no doubt energetically pump out all the grit and rock of *Righteous Love* for two shows on New Year's Eve at the Village Underground. And hope that the music business treats her considerable talents better in 2001. (See "Small Concerts.")

Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. • 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Rose Center
12/29: Jimmy Greene Quartet. The Rose Center is open until 8:45 Fridays; suggested admission price is $10 for adults, $7.50 for students and seniors, $6 for children. • American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (212-874-3929).

Showman's Café
Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked soul-jazz and funkified hard bop every night. No cover; two-drink minimum. • 375 E. 125th St. (212-864-8941). $.

Small's
Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St (212-929-7565).

Sweet Basil
An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. • 88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).

Village Vanguard
Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club
Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. • 82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).

Carolines On Broadway
In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. 12/26–12/31: Colin Quinn. 12/26–12/29: David Alan Grier. 12/27–12/30: Mike Epps. • 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).

Comedy Cellar
A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 12/25–12/30: Colin Quinn; Nick DiPaolo; T. Sean Shannon; Sherrod Small; Godfrey. 12/31: Two New Year's Eve shows at 8 and 11. 8: Tim Young; Nick DiPaolo; Gregg Rogell; Greer Barnes; Greg Giraldo. 11: Greg Giraldo; Greer Barnes; Nick DiPaolo; Jim David; Gregg Rogell; Kevin Brennan; Billy Burr; Tom Papa; Modi; Sherrod Small. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Comic Strip
Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. • 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).

Dangerfield's
Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 12/25–12/31: Gregory Carey; Gregg Rogell; The Most Brothers; Nancy Redman; Billy Burr. • 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

Gotham
A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun.: New Talent Showcase; Wednesdays with Robert Klein. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $15 cover; two-drink minimum. 12/27: Robert Klein. 12/2 Gotham All-Stars. 12/29–12/30: Greg Giraldo; Wa Collins; Rob Magnotti. • 34 W. 22nd St. (212-36 9000).

Stand-up New York
Robin Williams is known to drop by here unar nounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearance Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, ar 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. • 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-085

Upright Citizens Brigade Theater
All shows $5, unless otherwise noted. 12/26: So, Killed a Few People; The Third Degree. 12/27: UC 12/28: Harold Night; Cagematch. 12/29: Andrew S cunda; The Swarm; Respecto Montalban. 12/30: R specto Montalban; Feature Feature; Kathie Lee Gi ford and the Legion of Good V Ricky Martin and the Loca Pow Team. • 161 W. 22nd St. (212-36 9176).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel
The Oak Room hosts some form dable names in its cozy environ (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late sho Fri. and Sat.) • 59 W. 44th St. (21 840-6800).

Arci's Place
A Murray Hill–area Italian resta rant with an intimate cabaret spac Mondays at 8 through Throu 12/31: Lillias White. • 450 Park Av So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).

Cafe Carlyle
Every Monday, Woody Allen swin through the early set with Ed Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Ba at 8:45. $60. • Carlyle Hotel, Madis Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).

Cafe Pierre
Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathle Landis celebrates her fourteenth ye at the Cafe Pierre with a special pr gram called "Fascinating Rhythm 50 Years of American Popular So and Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Wi ston sings and plays piano. $19 mi imum; jacket and tie required. • Fif Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books
Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11:00: Sinatra in personator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubi *eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink mi* mum. • 156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).

Don't Tell Mama
What better way to wind down after an evening overwrought Broadway fare than some understat cabaret? Fridays in December: "The Next Big Broa way Musical." Saturdays in December and New Yea Eve: Ron Poole. • 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.

Feinstein's at the Regency
Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency H tel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tic ets are $50 Tues.–Fri.; $75 for the early show on F day and all shows on Saturday; $50 food-and-dri minimum. Through 12/30: Michael Feinstein. • 5 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

FireBird Café
The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, ri next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen a you'll be fine. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 a 11. $30 cover; $15 minimum. Through 12/30: Ba Jane Dexter in "Making Every Moment Count." • W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).

Judy's
This cozy and friendly piano bar features two perf mance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Ju herself. 12/29: Judy Niemack. 12/30: Naomi Mille "Love, Marriage, Children and Liposuction." 12/ An Evening with Judy Kreston and David Lahm. • Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).

Photograph by Elfie Sem

TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

Radio Highlights

ity Folk Best of 2000
olkie station WFUV celebrates year's end with an ntire day of the year's best. The top ten albums acording to the station's listener poll will be played hroughout the day but won't interrupt most of the egularly scheduled programming. • 12/29, 6 A.M. to 9 M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

'The Campbell Playhouse Presents 'Our Town' "
riginally aired in May of 1939, this radio rendition f Thornton Wilder's seminal play stars Orson Velles, Agnes Moorehead, and many other fine radio ctors. • 12/30, 11 P.M. to midnight. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

elected Shorts
tories read by actors, recorded live from Symphony pace. This week, Anne Meara reads John Cheever's 'The Worm in the Apple" and Marian Seldes reads 'The Schartz-Metterklume Method," by Saki. • 2/31, noon to 1 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM.

'WNYC Live Concert Special"
roadcast live from St. Bartholomew's Church, this is he final performance in the yearlong interational Bach Pilgrimage made by Sir John liot Gardiner, the Monteverdi Choir, and he English Baroque Soloists. John Schaefer osts this finale of Gardiner's quest to perform ll of Bach's 198 church cantatas—each one n the exact holy day for which it was comosed. • 12/31, 7-8:30 P.M. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

'Prison Diaries"
he NPR program "All Things Considered" uns this new documentary every Tuesday in anuary. Five inmates, four correctional offiers, and a judge were given tape recorders nd kept journals on their experiences in the ystem for six months. The resulting 200 ours of tape were edited down to five half-our episodes. • 1/2/01, 4:30-5 P.M. WNYC, imulcast on 93.9 FM and 820 AM.

The Written Word

ew Year's Day 2001 Marathon Poetry eading
he legends (Burroughs, Ginsberg) may no onger be ringing in the new year over here— r anywhere—but more than 100 poets, mucians, dancers, and artists still plan on perorming and reading new works at one of the ongest performance sessions in the city. John ale, Jim Carroll, Reg E. Gaines, John Giorno, ael Orlandersmith, Eileen Myles, Patti mith, King Missile's John S. Hall, and—of ourse—many, many more will perform one ter the other for upwards of ten hours. This erformance celebrates the thirty-fifth year of e Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church—still hotbed of sixties art and sentiment, just as is event is still the project's major fund-raiser. • 1/01, 2 P.M. until after midnight. The Poetry Project, St. ark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-0910); $15 at the or.

pecial Events

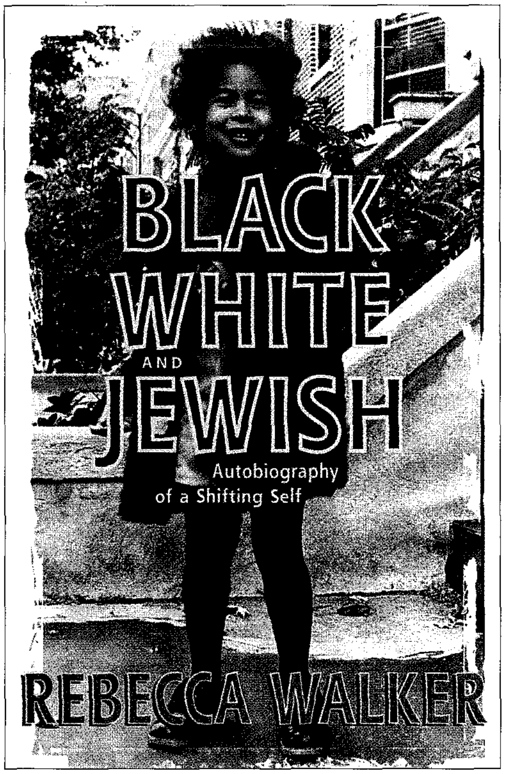
ours

rand Central Terminal
free tour enlightens one and all about the designs d features of the public masterpiece, as well as the instakingly (and finally) completed renovations. • /27 at 12:30 P.M. Information booth, main concourse, Park e. at 42nd St. (212-935-3960); free, donations accepted.

In Print

Primary Colors

Rebecca Walker knows the racial geography of the Bronx as well as she knows the difference between the slaves' descendants on one side of her family and the pogrom survivors on the other. As a teenager living with her father in Riverdale, she spent most of her time in the housing projects down the hill, with Latinos from school who assumed she was Puerto Rican. "It was always about which community would unequivocally just say, *Okay, you're one of us,* and that felt pretty good," Walker says. As she tells it in her new memoir, *Black White and Jewish,* stability and cultural roots were always elusive. Her parents—a Jewish civil-rights lawyer and the black author Alice Walker—married illegally in sixties Mississippi. After a few years, they divorced, and Walker watched her mother blend into hippie San Francisco as her father married into the Jewish upper middle class. She shuttled back and forth every two years, forced to assimilate again and again. In high school, Walker (née Leventhal) chose one culture over the other, taking her mother's last name. "When you're treated in so many ways that are racist and problematic, you share that with the of-color parent," she says. "I had a lot of animosity toward my father at the time." They became closer after she moved east to attend Yale and, later, founded Third Wave Direct Action, a feminist grass-roots organization (for which *Time* named her one of 50 future leaders of America). She's since settled into a quiet, stable life in Berkeley, where she lives with singer Me'shell Ndegeocello and their cat, Frida ("as in Frida Kahlo—neurotic and self-obsessed, but beautiful"). Walker, who arranged a breakthrough joint therapy session with her parents five years ago, couldn't be happier that her mother has just published a memoir of her long-ago marriage. "I wish my father would write a book," she says. "I think it's great. We're all trying to heal that time in our lives." B.K.



Historic & Contemporary Chinatown
Here's one of the few tours of Chinatown that actually focuses on the diverse Asian community currently living there rather than all of the groups that once did. Stops will include the Lin Tse-Hsu Memorial as well as sites associated with Dr. Sun Yat-Sen and Yung Wing. • 12/30 at 1 P.M. Meet at the southwest corner of Canal and Lafayette Sts. (212-439-1090); $12, $10 students and seniors.

"New Year's New World"
A New Year's Eve tour of the Ellis Island museum and grounds celebrates "new beginnings in the New Land." Don't worry about the biting winds; this is a mostly indoor tour, with a covered and heated ferry. • 12/31 at noon. Meet at the Immigrant Statue directly in front of Castle Clinton National Monument in Battery Park (212-439-1090; reservations strongly recommended); $18, $16 students and seniors.

"Midtown Reconfigured: The Grand Central Area and Tudor City"
This Municipal Art Society tour is being led in conjunction with MOMA's exhibit "American Modern, 1925-1940: Design for a New Age." It covers the period during which midtown became the city's second downtown. Meanwhile, waterfront slums were converted into Tudor City, a residential community intended to keep families from fleeing for the 'burbs. It didn't work, of course, but some have since moved back. • 12/31 at 1 P.M. Meet at the Philip Morris Building, southwest corner of 42nd St. and Park Ave. (212-935-3960); $15.

Exhibits

"Fading Ad Campaign: The Brooklyn Signs"
Frank Jump's photographs of fading advertisements on

Game Week

HOME AWAY

	Mon: 12/25	Tue: 12/26	Wed: 12/27	Thurs: 12/28	Fri: 12/29	Sat: 12/30	Sun: 12/31
GIANTS							*PLAYOFFS* TBA
JETS							PLAYOFFS TBA
KNICKS			WAS METRO 7:30 P.M.		CHI MSG 7:30 P.M.	MIN NBC 7 P.M.	
NETS		ATL FSNY 7:30 P.M.		ATL FSNY 7:30 P.M.			CHI FSNY 2 P.M.
RANGERS		CAR MSG 7 P.M.		ATL MSG 7 P.M.			DAL MSG 8 P.M.
ISLANDERS			BOS NY55 7:30 P.M.		ATL METRO 7:30 P.M.	BUF FSNY 7 P.M.	
DEVILS			COL FSNY 7:30 P.M.		WAS FSNY 7:30 P.M.		COL METRO 7 P.M.

buildings are all on the Internet, but a few are on display at a new Williamsburg art show. • Through 12/31, Sat.-Sun. noon to 6 P.M., Mon. by appt. The Williamsburg Art & Historical Center, 136 Broadway, at Bedford Ave., Brooklyn (718-486-7372); free.

"Blooming Lights" Celebration

The Brooklyn Botanic Garden celebrates the holiday season with its own answer to Rock Center's oversubscribed tree: 250,000 lights strung across 48 botanical and winter scenes, including a 24-foot-tall animated juggling snowman and a castle festooned with lit roses. The second annual display—which, after a monthlong weekend run, is now open nightly—might be the beginning of a new local tradition. • Through 12/31. The Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave. (718-623-7241); $6, $3 children.

"*Toccata for Toy Trains:* A Holiday Installation"

Designers Charles and Ray Eames created dozens of experimental short films, of which this exhibit presents ten—including *Parade,* a six-minute pageant of mechanical toys, and the title film, a fourteen-minute short about a toy train's journey through a miniature landscape. • Through 1/10/01. The Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (212-935-3960); free.

"Light x Eight: The Hanukkah Project 2000"

The Jewish Museum's Hanukkah exhibit again examines art through a religious scheme. Eight internationally recognized artists, including Angela Bulloch, Rico Gatson, Anish Kapoor, and Michah Lexier, celebrate the festival of light with illuminating conceptual installations. Don't expect some Art Deco menorahs or anything; these are serious artworks, not decorative frills. • Through 1/28/01. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3271); $8 museum admission.

The Work of Hermann Zapf

Like fonts? The creator of Zapf Chancery, Zapf dingbats, and the popular favorite, Palatino, spent his life creating more than 200 typefaces and may also have been the best-known calligrapher of the past 50 years. He also happened to design the world's first digital typeface. This exhibit displays highlights from his career, as well as some examples of his *oeuvre* that have never been displayed before. • Through 2/10/01. The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (212-838-6690); free.

"The Television Comedy of George Carlin"

A 90-minute screening package at the museum through early March includes original footage Carlin recorded for the show, in which he discusses his career and comments on famous clips like "Wonderful WINO Radio," "Seven Words You Can Never Use on Television," his HBO specials, and four decades' worth of TV guest appearances. Naturally, parental discretion is advised. • Through 3/4/01. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); free with $6 admission.

"A Portfolio of New York"

Edwin Davis French, the famed bookplate engraver, was commissioned to create twelve copperplate engravings of contemporaneous New York views, such as City Hall. All of them are on view here. • Through 3/18/01. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); $7.

The City Shops

This new exhibit of 50 photographs taken by Martha Cooper and Fred W. McDarrah documents commercial life in the city via its storefronts and their effect o New York's neighborhoods. • Through 4/15/01. Museu of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (21 534-1672); free with $7 suggested museum admission.

Other Events

The Language of Music

In the wake of Christmas and the midst of Hanukka the Central Park Conservancy presents an afternoon c music and singing in celebration of Kwanzaa. • 12/2 3:30–5 P.M. The Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, Centr Park near 110th St. and Fifth Ave. (212-860-1370); free.

Glam Rock on New Year's Eve

A five-course dinner prepared by this hip bar-restaurant's chef, Carlos Ruela, accentuates an evening c total glam. Marion's décor will be prepared accordingly, as will the music (think the Bay City Roller Ziggy Stardust, and Kiss). Those too lazy to dress th part can at least make use of the complimentary cosmetic cases, and as extra incentive the restaura awards dinner for two to the wearer of the evening best glam outfit. • 12/31, two sittings: 7:15–9 P.M. ($3 and 10 P.M. ($65). Marion's, 354 Bowery (212-475-7621).

New Year's Eve at Gotham

A special evening at this trendy Flatiron club featur Jim Gaffigan, Tom Papa, William Stephenson, Pet Correale, Sue Costello, and Gary Greenberg. The early show includes an open bar and snacks; the late sho also throws in hors d'oeuvres, party favors, and a champagne toast. • 12/31, 8 P.M. ($50) and 10:30 P.M. ($90 Gotham Comedy Club, 34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).

First Night New York

Though the city's boom has made boozing an cruising a lot safer than it used to be, this enormou alcohol-free city-run party has actually become a all-day bargain. One $10 button ($5 for kids) ge you into a slew of day- and nighttime activities i any one borough—in addition to that borough central midnight party. In Brooklyn, the countdow and fireworks take place at Grand Army Plaza (but a day you can get into the Prospect Park Zoo and th Botanical Garden free). In Manhattan, you'll end u at the *Intrepid,* but before that roam freely throug the Museum of Natural History, the Central Par Zoo, the Met, or various family projects at the MetLife Buildin Queens festivities are largely confined to Flushing Meadows–Coron Park (whose acres are hardly confining), where fireworks go off at midnight. In the Bronx, the big show at Crotona Park, but again the button includes admission to the borough's famous zoo and botanic garden, as well as Wave Hill's attractions. Alas, Staten Island has onl one party, but it's a big one—startin at 6 P.M. and running through th ball drop and fireworks—at Snu Harbor Cultural Center. • 12/3 many times and locations (First Nig Hotline: 212-676-2000); $10, $5 f children per borough.

Sports

MAC Youth Development Indoor Track Meet

The Metropolitan Athletic Congress hosts Frida night meets for youths of several age groups. Visit t MAC's Website, www.mactrack.org, for schedul events, fees, and youth categories. • 12/29 at 6 P.M., A mory Track and Field Center, 216 Fort Washington Ave., 186th St. (212-227-0071).

Critical Mass/New Year's Eve Party Ride

Time's Up! hosts these free hourlong events for c clists and skaters. Critical Mass meets on 12/29 at P.M.; the New Year's Eve Party Ride meets on 12/ at 10:30 P.M., finishing at the Castle in Central Pa for fireworks and dancing. • Union Square Park at 14 St. (212-802-8222).

Midnight Run

The New York Road Runners Club hosts this ann

Happening

Hangover Helper

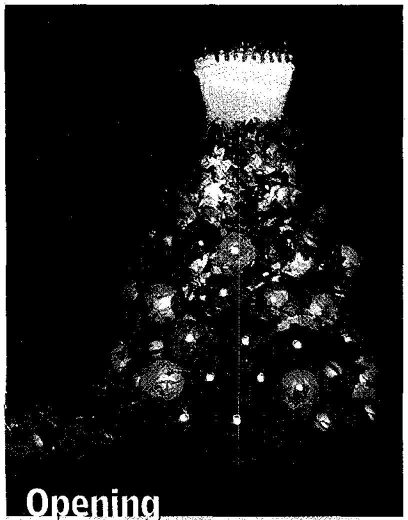
It takes a different kind of stamina to attend or participate in the city's *other* marathon—particularly the morning after the big party. Back in the sixties, the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church was just one of the city's countercultural venues, and eventually, the annual **New Year's Marathon Reading** became its main event. A few of the biggest readers (Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs) have rung in their last New Year, but others (Jim Carroll, Patti Smith) are still writing and reading, along with newer generations of musicians, dancers, writers, slam poets, performance artists—more than 100 of them, from John Cale to Eileen Myles to the pensive John S. Hall (pictured), the front man of King Missile (remember "Detachable Penis"?). Beginning at two in the afternoon out of respect for lingering headaches, the $15 happening likely won't end before midnight—meaning that, by the hour, at least, the Poetry Project's biggest fund-raising night may be the cheapest benefit of the year. (See "The Written Word" for details.)

Photograph by Greg Fuc

l four-mile fun run through Central Park to
reak in the New Year. A masquerade parade be-
ins the festivities at 11 P.M. at the 72nd St. band
ıell, so bring suitably festive attire. Race starts
nd finishes at the 72nd St. Transverse at Bethesda
'errace. Numbers and long-sleeve T-shirts may be
icked up at the NYRRC, 9 E. 89th St., 12/28
'om 4 to 7 P.M., 12/29–12/30 from noon to 7
M., or on race day from noon to 10:30 P.M. Top
ıale and female each win a round-trip airline
cket from Continental Airlines. Top three overall
ıen and women win a one-year membership to
ıe NYRRC. Nonmembers $25; limited race-
ay entries $35. Visit the club's Website, www.-
yrrc.org, to register or for more information. •
2/31 at midnight (212-860-4455).

**oot Locker Women's College Basketball
howcase**

'wo of the nation's top NCAA Division I teams,
ıe University of Tennessee and Rutgers Univer-
ty, tip off in Madison Square Garden in a re-
ıatch of one of last year's NCAA semifinal
ames. Tickets $10–$45. • 1/2 at 7:30 P.M., Madison
quare Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (212-465-
ISG1 or 212-307-7171).



Opening

ights Fantastic

The artists contributing to the Jewish Museum's holiday display, **Light x Eight: The Hanukkah Project 2000**, may not seem religiously motivated, but each of their illuminating installations celebrates Judaism's holy festival of lights through the prism of contemporary art. Rico Gatson veers toward social themes in *Shelves With Klandles*, an array of 70 wax candles molded in the image of Ku Klux Klansmen. Lyn Godley's *A Dress for Mom* (pictured) is an equally innovative work made of heated, shaped, and crinkled sheets of vinyl; Matthew McCaslin's *Being the Light* is the only actual menorah among the works—consisting of nine porcelain lights switched on in sequence throughout the holiday. At the Jewish Museum through January 28. (See "Special Events" for details.)

tograph: courtesy of the artist.

join
Mary J.
join
thirteen
WNET NEW YORK
pledge any amount
1.800.272.1313

Solutions to last week's puzzles

■	A	R	T	I	C	L	E	D	C	L	E	R	K	■
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■	■	■	E	T	N	A	■	■	O	U	N	C	E	■	■	L	A	T	E	R
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cue

Kids

Edited by Susan Aver

Children's Events

3, 2, 1 . . . Blast Off
This is the final week to catch the bold artwork of Dan Yaccarino at the Children's Museum of the Arts. His latest book, *First Day on a Strange New Planet,* which he wrote as well, is on exhibit along with drawings from his other works. • Through 12/31; 182 Lafayette St. (212-274-0986); $5.

Theater Judaica
Join the cast members from the Poppyseed Players for an improvisational theater workshop on 12/27 at the Jewish Museum. The following day there will be two theatrical performances: *Judy and the Maccabees,* and *Hannah the Joyful,* about a poor woman who teaches a king the meaning of Hanukkah. • 12/27 Theater Workshop, 1-3 P.M., $5; 12/28 performances, 1-3 P.M., $10; 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200).

Don't Spare the Rod
Papageno Puppet Theater is finishing up a run of *Cinderella* and *Peter and the Wolf.* Both shows feature music by Prokofiev alongside wonderful hand and rod puppets. • Through 12/31; 462 Columbus Ave., bet. 82nd and 83rd Sts.; *Cinderella,* 11:30 A.M.; *Peter and the Wolf,* 2:30 and 7 P.M. (212-874-3297); $6.

On a String
With scenery designed to resemble Central Park's Belvedere Castle, the Swedish Cottage Marionette Theatre is showing an updated version of *Sleeping Beauty.* Unicorns, multicultural fairy godparents, good and evil royalty, and a giant snapping turtle join Princess Aurora for this production. • Through June 2001; Central Park at West 81st St. (212-988-9093); $5, $4 for kids. Reservations required.

Stevenson's Garden of Verses
Based on the autobiographical writings of Robert Louis Stevenson, *A Child's Garden* depicts a broke and sickly man suffering from writer's block. His healing comes in the form of reminiscing about his childhood, which inspires him to create a series of children's poems. • Through 1/14/01; Melting Pot Theatre, Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200); $35.

Do Drop In, Morris
The December break means that New Jersey's Morris Museum ups the ante with lots of fun drop-in workshops. On 12/27 at 1 P.M., there's a Kwanzaa celebration with a West African dance troupe and a class on how to make a mkeka, the holiday's colorful place mat. Painting day is 12/28 and includes a performance of *Avner the Eccentric.* Mask-making happens on 12/29. As a finale on 12/30, the kids can create "resolution murals" to reflect back and look ahead. • All programs are from noon to 3 P.M.; 6 Normandy Heights Rd., Morristown (973-538-0454); $4 per program plus $4 museum admission; the Kwanzaa celebration is $7 and includes admission.

Hanukkah at your Fingertips
Do you know what role an elephant had in the Hanukkah story? That's okay, neither do we. But you and your *kinder* can find out (and let us know) at a storytelling and felt-finger-puppet workshop at Yeshiva University Museum. On 12/27, kids can learn how to make rubber stamps. • Hanukkah workshop 12/26 and 12/28 at 2 and 3:30 P.M.; 15 W. 16th St. (212-294-8330); $2, plus $7 museum admission.

December Day Camp
Forget the sunscreen and fear of ticks. This camp, which runs on 12/27 and 12/28, will lead youngsters ages 7–11 through the winter woodlands, wetlands, and beaches of Wolfes Pond Park on Staten Island. Kids will participate in analyzing habitats, plants, rocks, and shells to identify different specimens. • 12/27-28 (snowdate 12/29); Staten Island Institute of Arts & Sciences, 75 Stuyvesant Pl. (718-727-1135); $8 per day.

Run to Runyon
Two 1934 Hollywood films are showing at the Museum of the City of New York that your kids have to see. Why? Because it'll make them cool later in life. On 12/27, catch *Pocketful of Miracles,* with Bet Davis and Glenn Ford as Apple Annie and Dave t Dude. Baby Ann-Margret, in her first film, pla Bette's naïve daughter. On 12/28, in *Little Mi Marker,* Shirley Temple is the adorable child wh left as an I.O.U. with bookie Sorrowful Jones. So rowful's miraculous transformation is the result Shirley's influence. • 2 P.M., 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd (212-534-1672); free with museum admission, $7, $4 ki and seniors.

Cinderella's Christmas
Spend the holidays in Long Island with Cinderell the handsome prince, and the Fairy Godmother this audience-participation version of *Cinderell Christmas.* • Through 1/6 at 2 P.M.; Suffolk County Va derbilt Museum, Carriage House Theatre, 180 Little Ne Rd., Centerport (631-854-5550); $8.

We Have Nothing to Say
Kitschy? Yeah. Interesting, entertaining, and memo rable? Definitely. *Mummenschanz Next,* the latest re dition from the mime troupe that played with toil paper in the seventies, comes to New York after four-year hiatus. At Alice Tully Hall. • Throu 12/31; 1941 Broadway, at 65th St. (212-721-650 $45 and $27.50.

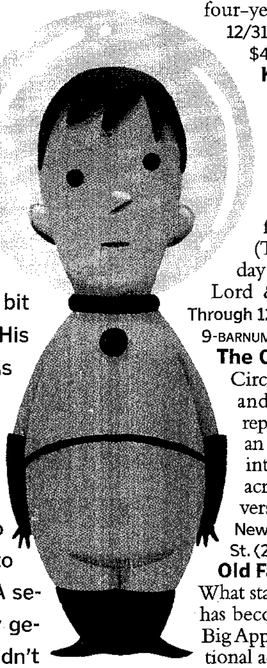
Kaleidoscape
Blending contemporary theater with cla sic circus antics, Kaleidoscape featur award-winning clowns, envy-produci acrobats, a spitball juggler, and a set human golden statues that perform He culean feats. A reception with the pe formers begins an hour before showtim (To up the circus ante, check out the hol day window display around the corner Lord & Taylor on 39th St. and Fifth Ave.) Through 12/31; Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (87 9-BARNUM); $20–$75. Couch seating is also available

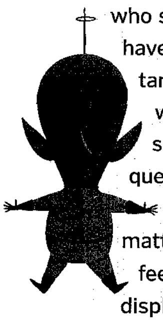
The Competition's a Circus
Circus Oz, the Australian troupe with a roc and-roll edge, is also in town. True to the reputation as edgy daredevils, these rogues sho an entire orchestra into outer space, hula-ho into a swirl of flames, and do a 100-yard da across the ceiling. When not flying around, t versatile group joins the band and plays along New Victory Theater, through 1/14/01; 209 W. 42 St. (212-239-6200); $10–$35.

Old Faithful Circus
What started out back in 1977 in Battery Park Ci has become a veritable New York institution. T Big Apple Circus at Lincoln Center includes tra tional acts: an equestrian display, trapeze swingi speed-juggling, hand-balancing, clowns, a dog a and a magic show. More important, it's the one ki friendly thing to do on New Year's Eve. (The 12/ show starts at 9:30 P.M. and goes past midnight.) It' not-for-profit venture, so proceeds go to perf mances of the Big Apple Circus Clown Care Uni group of professional circus people who perform pediatric hospitals and other places around the cou try. • Through 1/7/01; at Damrosch Park at Lincoln Cen 62nd St. bet. Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. (800-9 3772); $12–$62, New Year's Eve $40–$125, kids 11 younger half-price.

Happening

What a Long, Strange Trip

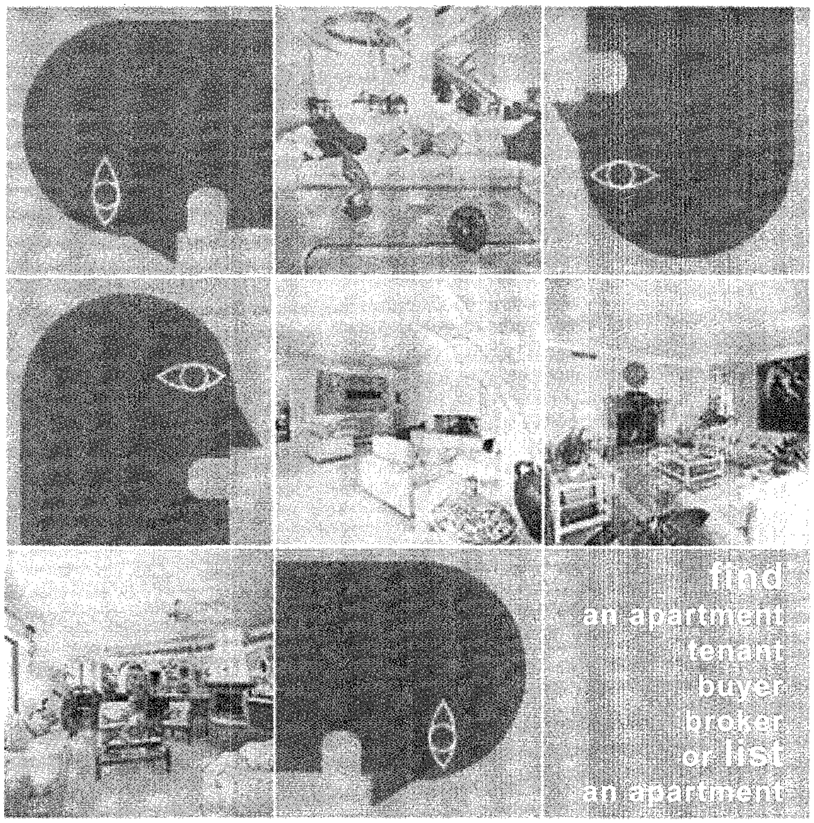




Here's a guy who never took a writing class in his life. Who wrote an entire book in a week, just to see if he could, and then illustrated the darn thing. Who's become so popular with kids that the curator types at the Children's Museum of the Arts were falling all over themselves to exhibit his latest work, *First Day on a Strange New Planet.* Are we a mite bit jealous? Perhaps. But **Dan Yaccarino** is pretty great at what he does. His drawings are off-kilter cartoons that seem to jump into your eyes, and his words are funny and a gas to read aloud. I was driven to emote during a bedtime telling of the tale of Blast Off Boy and Blorp Glorp (pictured), who swap planets in a galactic student-exchange program. "You don't have to go to school for this," the artist-author said from his Manhattan studio. "It was created to amuse me—that's it, really." Yaccarino wrote *First Day* for early readers, which for him meant not sticking to simple vocabulary but rather creating a bridge to chapter books. (A sequel, in which each character will get a pet, is in the works.) And my genius's indifference to quantum chemistry and titanium tetrazzini didn't matter. She, along with every other kid, is fully familiar with the not-in-Kansas-anymore feeling: Just entering kindergarten will do that to you. Yaccarino's artwork will be on display through the end of the year. (See "Children's Events.") S.A.

JANUARY 1, 2001—VOL. 33, NO. 50. Periodic postage paid at New York, New York, and additic al mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 21 508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes New York, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 803 4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessio 50 issues, $42. For subscription assistance, w Joseph Oliver, New York Magazine, Subscript Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 803 4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-47 Printed in the U.S.A.

Illustrations by Dan Yacca



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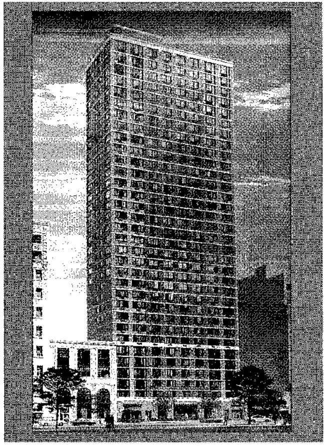

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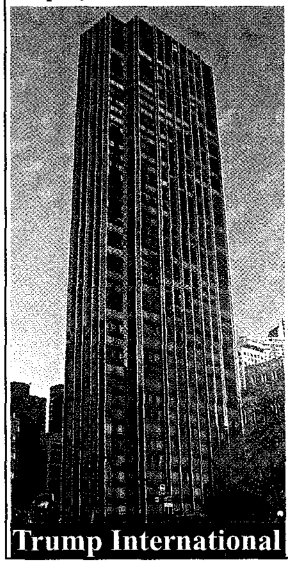

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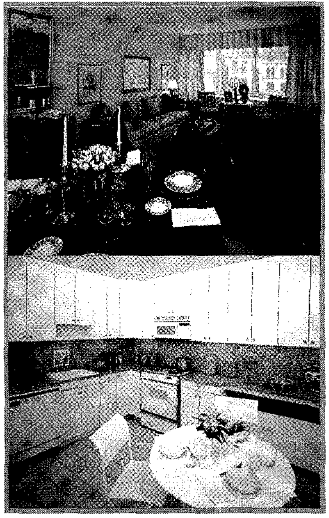

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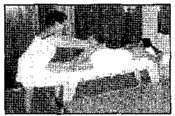

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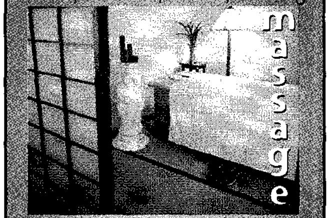

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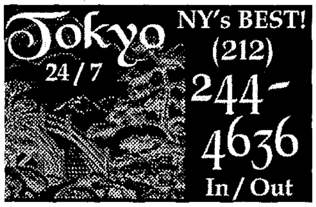

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I Love Nothing—Jewish male, 50, no morals, class, character or ambitions. Ugly, smelly and cold. Hates traveling, oceans, people and the arts. I can't read and I don't care. Forget gardening, painting or fixing things. Seek someone, 30s-40s, to do nothing with. Whatever. Photo. 6172 ✉☎

Attractive Blond—Professional, Jewish, Russian-born woman looking for intelligent, successful, kind, caring Jewish man, 50-60. Photo/note. 6165 ✉

Handsome International Businessman—Seeking very pretty, sexy, thin, fit, stylish young lady, 22-32, college-educated... Long walks on the beach, candlelight dinners, travel and great times. Photo/phone. 6145 ✉☎

Unusual Lady—70 plus, Jewish, attractive, slim, well-educated, multilingual - Hebrew, well-traveled. Seeks professional gentleman: doctor, attorney, 5'10" plus, slim. Goal: friendship. 6144 ✉

Scientist Seeks Binding Sight—High-energy, romantic, athletic, secure, good-looking, divorced, 50, 6', 175-lb guy, seeks pretty, happy, athletic, buxom brunette, 30s-mid 40s, to share laughter and dreams, music and food, cuddling and kissing, ski house and Cherokee. Note and photo, please. 6176 ✉

Jazzy London Lady Songstress—Youthful 40s, Jewish, good looks, warm vibes, vibrant personality, and daughter (7), seeks humorous, responsible partner for life. Ukladee@aol.com or 6166 ✉☎

Company President—Very handsome, athletic build, excellent health, single white male, 45, looks 35 (really), with developed sense of humor, seeks northern NJ, very attractive, single white female (no children, please), slim, fit, vegetarian preferred, who wants to explore everything life has to offer. Recent photo/note/phone. You won't be disappointed. 6161 ✉☎

Gracious, Petite Designer, 40s—Inclined to tempt fate. Born in Europe, journeyed the world in pursuit of adventure and wisdom - found some. Would like to travel farther in good company. Greatly inspired by compassion, tenacity, mindfulness, humor. Captivated by storytelling, anything symphonic fortissimo, and, yes, hoary chestnuts. Photo, please. 6146 ✉☎

Time Of Year For New Beginnings—Pretty, fit, bright blond, 50, fun-loving health professional - seeks warm, sexy, playful, bright male, 45-60, to celebrate life with fireworks and sparks. 6156 ✉☎

Gay, Good-Looking, In-Shape—60, gentleman, accomplished, stylish, affluent, 5'11", 175 lbs - interested in arts, travel, gardens, country/city life style. Seeks sensitive, bright, creative younger counterpart for serious exclusive relationship. Photo essential. 6162 ✉

Adorable, Adorable!—Across the Hudson - NJ sweetheart, blond, blue eyes, slim paralegal would like to meet you. Only those men who drive a Porsche need apply. Note/photo. 6143 ✉

Italian-Born - Rome, 1959—Fashion professional. Handsome, romantic, sophisticated and emotionally secure. Seeks genuine and attractive woman to be best friend and lover...forever. Photo/note, please. 6168 ✉

Seeking Cultured, Quick-Witted Man—Fine arts, dining, travel. Beautiful blond, model slim, NYC, 5'9", 40, smart, quick wit, warm heart, easy laugh. Single/marriage-minded only, please. 6174 ✉☎

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Warm, Kind, Cultured—Attractive, 50s Russian lady seeks loving, smart, specia male companion. 6163 ✉

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Join Me!—Happy, sane, youthful, 5'10", 155 (I work out daily), 60ish, highly successful, nonsmoking executive, seeks committed, exclusive relationship with bright, life-enjoying, attractive, financially secure, independent woman. I'm affectionate and multifaceted (enjoy performing arts and travel). I play piano and write. Enjoy sharing thoughts and feelings. Photo/phone/note. POB 6301, NY, NY 10150

RSVP—Lovely, bright, down-to-earth divorcee with elan and panache, seeks multifaceted monsieur, 55-65, with joie de vivre. 6173 ✉

Magic Touch—Handsome, fun and family-oriented, white attorney, early 50s, seeks very pretty and stylish Asian woman, 30-39. We will kiss in the rain and marry. Photo/phone for reply. 6159 ✉

Strawberry-Blond—Blue eyes, pretty, slim, 5'7", Ivy League grad. Sensitive, kind, articulate. Interests include tennis, the arts, politics. Seeking bright, educated, caring, affectionate, emotionally and financially secure Jewish male, 46-59, who knows that life is more complete when shared with another. Sense of humor a plus. Note/phone number. 6164 ✉

Fun, Upbeat, Semi-Sane—Nice guy, easy to talk to, tall, rugged-looking 51, business owner, looking to connect with kind, bright, passionate woman. 6158 ✉

Loving, Blue-Eyed Blond Widow—Grown children, needs a loving widower - match education, culture, great reader, music, mutual respect, hand-holder as well as passion and compassion. Near Westchester. 70-80. 6148 ✉

Accomplished, Studious—Upper East Side gentleman, mid 60s, 6'1", 185 lbs, nonsmoker, in good health. Enjoys reading, classical music, long walks, NY museums and travel. Seeking warm-hearted lady for friendship and sharing life's adventures. 6142 ✉☎

New England?—Very pretty forties female, 5'7", 135, warm, loving, fun, no kids, eager to escape city, seeks attractive, 46-55, 5'10"-plus attorney or other professional. jnspm@aol.com

A Very Special Lady—5'6", pretty, 41, brunette, slender, shapely, divorced Jewish professional, bubbly personality - and a mom too (son, 8)! My soul mate is a successful, kind, easygoing man, 45-55, family-oriented. Photos exchanged. 6170 ✉

Older, Sexy Lady Sought—By Asian male model, to enjoy and experience NYC. 6152 ✉☎

Introspective Extrovert—48-year-old MD, described as handsome, athletic, dynamic, thoughtful and thought-full. Eclectic interests from fine/performing arts to WWF. Seeks interesting, attractive woman. Prefer (201)/(845)/(914). Note/photo. 6171 ✉

Late Christmas Present—Recently separated male, professional, early 50s, tall, good-looking, loves to laugh. Seeks slim, financially and emotionally secure woman, 40-45. Bergen County, NJ preferred. Photo required. 6149 ✉

Brainy Guy—PhD in philosophy. Seeks girlfriend, 30s. POB 539, NYC 10101

Smile—Successful dentist/businessman, very handsome, 6', 180 lbs, great shape, loves dancing, travel, sports. You're 5'5", 25-40, shapely and buxom. Photo appreciated. 6179 ✉☎

Mr. And Ms. Right—Maybe me and you. 44, divorced, childless physician, 5'10", in good shape, full head of hair, ready now for marriage and children. Seeks Jewish female who is as seriously family-minded as I. Note/photo preferred. 6160 ✉☎

Contemplative, Handsome—49, 5'10", athletic, academic, liberal, seeks very attractive, sensitive soul mate, 30s-42, for life. Note/photo. 6155 ✉

Spend the New Year With Someone Special!

My name is **Samantha Daniels**. I am the president and founder of Samantha's Table. As an ex-Attorney and ex-Wall Streeter, I fully understand how difficult it is to make time to meet that special someone. So now I work as a private social consultant and devote all my time to helping busy, overworked people find their mates. My clients are very important and distinguished members of society - involved in charitable organizations, world travelers, highly educated and leaders in their area of business. The only thing that is missing in their lives is someone with whom to share all of their successes.

Currently I am working with a **man** who has it all, yet he is incredibly down to earth and doesn't take himself too seriously. He is a high-level executive at a prestigious investment bank. He is an Ivy Leaguer, with an MBA in finance. He has traveled all over the world and has a keen appreciation for fine art, wine and food, and he is athletic, a runner who hits a mean tennis ball and has a very respectable golf handicap! I am in search of a **woman 23 to 33**, who can give my client a "run for his money". She should be petite, sophisticated, well-educated and well-traveled. She should be culturally aware and also be athletic and active. *She should be able to turn heads in any room into which she walks.* If you or someone you know would like to meet my client, please send a letter and a photo (a must). I will contact you when appropriate. I am very discreet and your privacy will not be compromised.

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Gay Man, 35—Seeks monogamous partner for love, romance and domestic bliss. Manhattan and photo musts. 6180 ✉

Debonair, Handsome, Wealthy—Green-eyed, upbeat, romantic, divorced, supportive, white, Jewish (you needn't be) male, 50ish, 5'10", trim, world-traveled CEO. I enjoy tennis, theater, photography, race walking, travel and fireside cuddling at my Hamptons retreat. I'm eager to share my upscale lifestyle with a model-type beautiful woman of mind, body and heart, affectionate, unspoiled (allow me that pleasure). A treasured life partner, 38-48, whom I can respect, love and cherish. No baggage, foreign welcome. Note/recent photo essential. 6169 ✉☎

Truly Beautiful Doctor—Just moved to the city - 30, 5'4", sexy, classy, fun... Looking for Jewish gentleman - handsome, under 40, successful, with lots of love and humor. Photo a must. 6154 ✉

Widowed Christian Male—58, 5'10", 170, brown/brown, good-looking, many interests - Cabo to Monet and a million in-between. Seeking very attractive, slim, intelligent lady who's fun and travel-ready. LI. Will exchange photos. 6153 ✉

Attractive, 5'8", Slender—Successful, positively spiritual Jewish female, nonsmoker, early 50s, seeks similar gentleman with good heart and positive sense of humor. Big responsibilities need to be rewarded with some good fun. I am making the effort. Hope you will too. 6141 ✉

Stop, Look And Listen—Attractive, vivacious, personable, single, white Jewish female, looking for sensitive, humorous, successful, handsome, single, white Jewish male, from 40-53, looking for committed, long-term relationship. Phone number/note/photo necessary. 6175 ✉

Gay White Female—Femme, slim, young-looking 51, classy, financially secure, with diverse interests, in search of quality person with good sense of humor, who's slim, femme, nonsmoker, 40-50. Photo/note. 6150 ✉

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Th
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2 Fujiyama Mama Dinner 8:00 pm
3 Spanish Wine Tasting 7:00 pm
4 Fencing Class 7:00 pm
5 Group Board Games 8:00 pm
6 Swing 8:30 pm
8 Gospel Brunch 11:00 am Softball Game 2:00 pm Film & Discussion 5:00 pm
9 Indoor Rock Climbing 7:00 pm
10 Philharmonic in the Park 6:30 pm Yoga Class 8:00 pm
11 Chinese Banquet 7:00 pm
12 Cooking Class 7:30 pm
13
16
17 Drawing Class 7:00 pm
18 Laser Tag and Video Games
19 Tarot Card Workshop 7:30 pm Poker Night 8:30 pm
20

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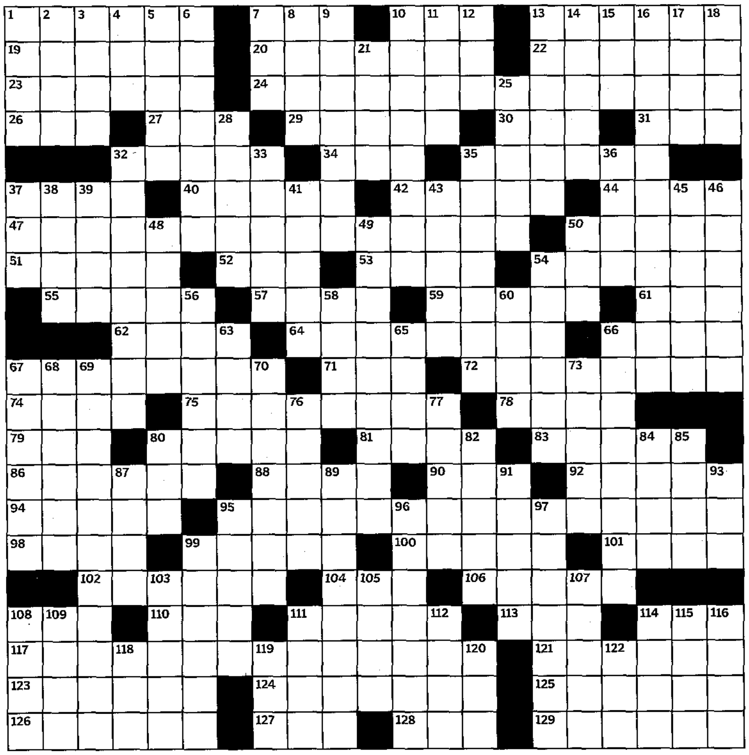
'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Removes the bottle top
7 Knight's title
10 Hum bug
13 Made sore by rubbing
19 Where Bradley University is
20 "—— Night" (1985 Phil Collins song)
22 Couch potato's control
23 Projecting windows
24 1945
26 Sine qua ——
27 Cry of discovery
29 Stupefies, slangily
30 Dedicatory poem
31 Loser at Appomattox
32 Took a crack at
34 Carpet-cleaning device, briefly
35 Eddying motions
37 Tennis Stadium near Shea
40 Dudley or Demi
42 "—— in the Dark"
44 Cupid's Greek counterpart
47 1944
50 Ghosts do it
51 TV announcer Don
52 The "S" in R.S.V.P.
53 Oscar-winner Patricia
54 Tenant
55 With which to chew
57 Charles Lamb's pen name
59 Sailing vessel
61 Hasten
62 Numbered rds.
64 1943
66 Factory
67 Dressing gown
71 Dawn goddess, to Homer
72 In a lustful way
74 "If —— be so bold . . ."
75 1948
78 Modern gaslight
79 This is nothing
80 A Muse
81 Bryce Canyon state
83 Sink outlet
86 Otis of elevator fame
88 Borgia in-law
90 Rarer than rare
92 Arm bones
94 Wedding exchange
95 1941

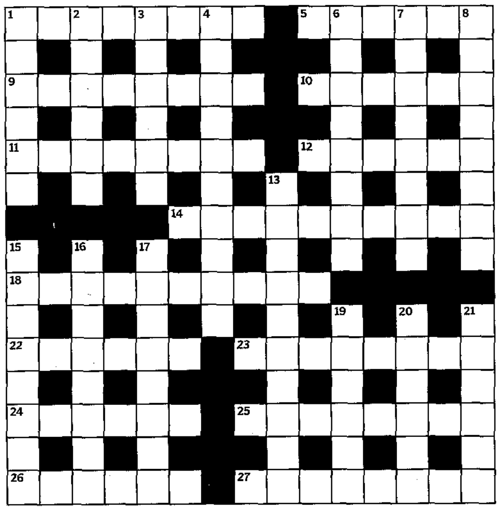


98 Religion offshoot
99 Perry Mason's girl Friday
100 Scout's mission, for short
101 Penn name
102 Encourage confidence
104 Between pi and sigma
106 —— loaf is better than none
108 Internet-access co.
110 Bankbk. entry
111 Cuts of pork
113 —— Paulo, Brazil
114 Barbary beast
117 1942
121 Kind of sword
123 Church creed of A.D. 325
124 Foretell
125 Skims along
126 Part of A.S.A.P.
127 Yo-Yo's family
128 Dundee dissent
129 Make a getaway

DOWN
1 Second fairy-tale word
2 Fiddling emperor
3 Slot input
4 Exist
5 Hemingway's guerrilla lady
6 Japanese-restaurant choice
7 Daughter's sibling
8 Don Juan's mother
9 Darned
10 Library sight
11 Slips up
12 Mouse-sighting shriek
13 Alternative to cash
14 Lumberjack, at times
15 Youngest of the "Little Women"
16 1940
17 French 101 verb
18 Astronaut Slayton
21 Talking bird
25 —— never (ultimatum)
28 Countless ages
32 1947
33 Stray calf, to a cowpoke
35 Not deep
36 Meadows
37 Rattlesnake's kin
38 Reduce the fly population
39 Put on the payroll
41 Nancy's friend, in old comic
43 Hoard away
45 Oona Chaplin, formerly
46 —— Dan, rock group
48 Crime's "Teflon Don"
49 Objects having similarity
50 Wise to the jive
54 Gave temporarily
56 Mohammed's flight from Mecca
58 Swedish furniture firm
60 Arabian Sea sultanate
63 —— precedent
65 "In earth —— is in Heaven"
66 1949
67 San Francisco gridders, familiarly
68 One of the Dionne quintuplets
69 1946
70 Getty of "The Golden Girls"
73 "I do not choose ——": Coolidge
76 Iraqi city on the Tigris
77 Chili con ——
80 Querying sounds
82 Place for a booby
84 "Picnic" playwright
85 Okinawa's capital
87 Three-chevron G.I.'s
89 Fragrant flowers
91 Horse-stopping shouts
93 RR stop
95 Pullman feature
96 Cal Ripken Jr.'s nickname
97 Magnify
99 Class dummies
103 Historic city of Tuscany
105 Top 40 songs
107 Paddock youngsters
108 Grain bristles
109 Cincinnati's river
111 Spend it in 103-Down
112 Grand-scale tale
114 Elton John musical, 2000
115 Little Bo
116 Celtic language
118 Knockout count
119 Motor-rotation abbr.
120 Spectate
122 Photo

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Gemini

ACROSS
1 Lag in a prison that's secure. (4,4)
5 Light punch with light meal. (6)
9 Writer entered an objection and hammered it home. (8)
10 Rear foot? (6)
11 Pretended to be deeply moved. (8)
12 Chicken which lays some egg! (6)
14 One with whose skill bad nose fractures heal. (10)
18 This Order gives special place to habit. (10)
22 Name, please, of this bird. (6)
23 Heartbroken country nymph. (8)
24 This German fellow is slimmer. (6)
25 More misty for ship island-bound. (8)
26 He may draw from edge of road. (6)
27 One girl to drop out is a wastrel. (8)



DOWN
1 Battle for crest has army in retreat. (6)
2 Way to common under contention. (6)
3 Reaching home straight, cut over to make a charge. (6)
4 Without protection, he's prone to accident. (2,3,5)
6 Shut up one delinquent youth. (8)
7 In folio, "usefulness" should read "uselessness." (8)
8 Rent covers one stabling yard mostly run down. (4-4)
13 Rang—nothing. Tried again with knocker. (
15 It's handy for Times to follow the Guardian!
16 A con man perhaps? (8)
17 Grave disease described when hack turned sounding raw. (8)
19 Fibre shown as batsmen's joint effort secur runs. (6)
20 Deciding which fish come under "game." (
21 Key to King Lear slipped round study room.

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 139.

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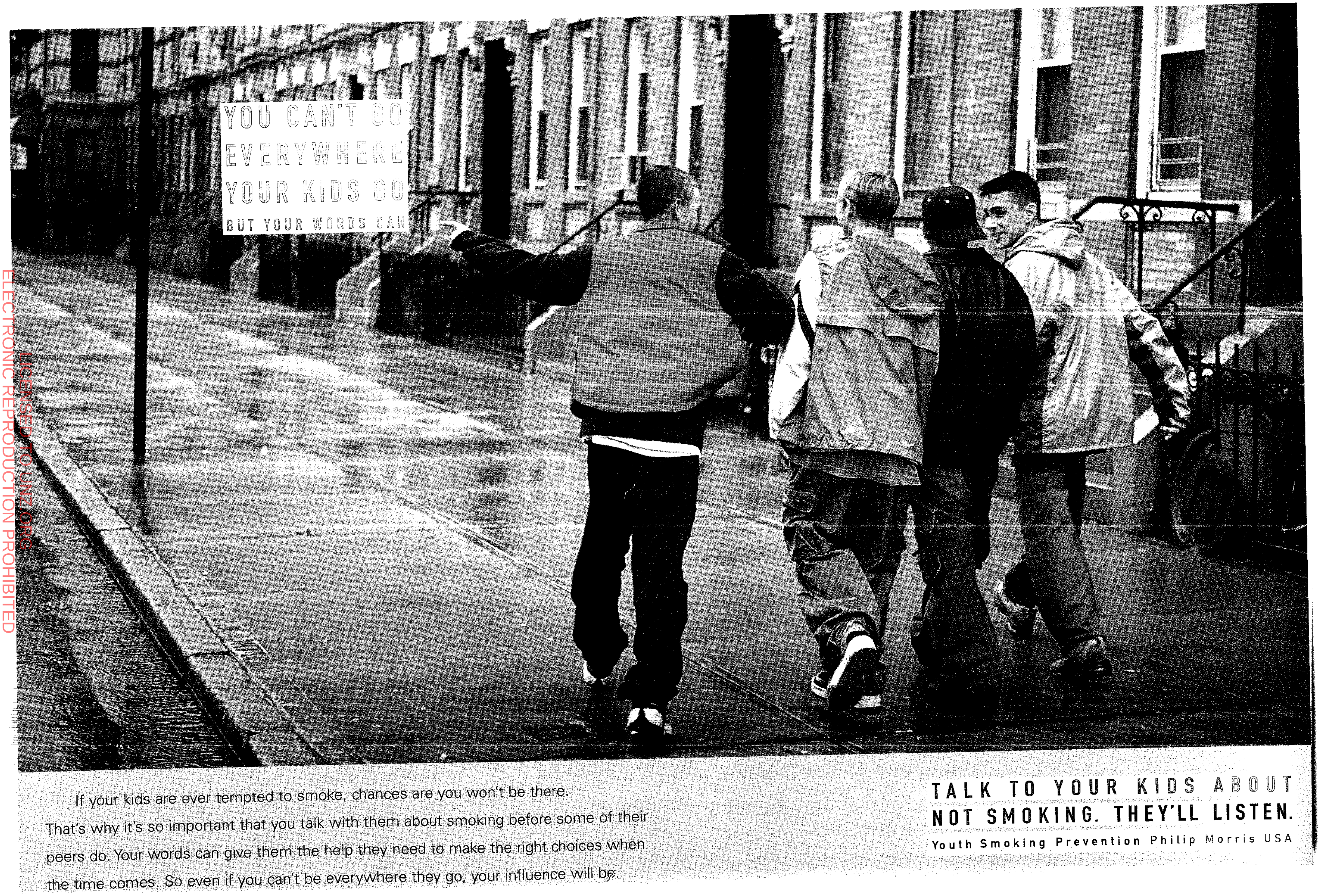
YOU CAN'T GO
EVERYWHERE
YOUR KIDS GO
BUT YOUR WORDS CAN

If your kids are ever tempted to smoke, chances are you won't be there. That's why it's so important that you talk with them about smoking before some of their peers do. Your words can give them the help they need to make the right choices when the time comes. So even if you can't be everywhere they go, your influence will be.

TALK TO YOUR KIDS ABOUT NOT SMOKING. THEY'LL LISTEN.

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